

ours Respectfully

PROGRESS

OF

LIFE AND THOUGHT,

OR

"PAPA'S SCRAP BOOK."

SIXTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

ITS TEACHINGS:

ESSENCE OF ALL ESSENTIALS. A USEFUL GEM IN EVERY HOUSE-HOLD. SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. TO DEVELOP A MODEL HOME.

As we climb the hill of science,
This beautiful world to see,
Progress is the watch-word,
O'er the things that used to be.

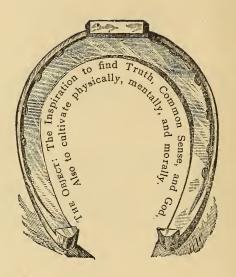
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PREFACE.

If the object of looking into these few pages is good, I will hope to gratify it. If the purpose is criticism, there is an "opening" for those that have a weakness in that direction, as I am well aware of the fact that what I do not know would make a very large book. I only aim to give you the essence of things known and honestly believed to be true.

The first part of this work was originally written for my children's benefit, but will interest others, as the intent is to benefit all ages and classes of people. I have been a cripple since the first year of the late war. Helpless or worse, all of that time, I suffered beyond description the first ten years; yet by careful management and strong determination, with buoyancy of spirit I have overcome many difficulties in a measure during the last thirty years. So I have been a student for the benefit of those near to me as well as others, so that we may be of some benefit to each other by past experience.

I, like many others, still feel in doubt whether I have ever yet got into my natural sphere in this mundane habitation. So that it is a duty we all owe to each other to aid in that direction. For if it is correct that we are all of the same blood and from the same source, as we have all been told, then we must be brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, city or country cousins, and as we are always all right we must look after "that other chap." Hence, will throw in my mite and say something to the dear little ones, the children, the youth, the young folks, then to those that have to do with the stern realities of life, step by step till they reach up to true man-Beginning with the bud, the plays, the pleasures, the scenery and surroundings, the schools and teaching, training, habits of people, with domestic affairs and reminiscences of all kinds, health, habits, war, history, biography, mental philosophy, science and psychological questions, all in brief and more incidently than categorically. Yet all the time trying to keep in view

the beacon star of a cheerful, happy, progressive life in culture, physically, mentally and morally, that will act as a telescope to look through by analogy from the highest point we may attain to the great beyond in search of the first cause of all we love to contemplate.

"Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way."

THE AUTHOR.





CORA.

LOTTIE.

ROSCOE.

PROGRESS OF LIFE AND THOUGHT

--- OR ---

SIXTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

— ITS —

TEACHING.

LF YOU HAVE READ THE PREFACE, YOU WILL UNDERSTAND AND ENJOY WHAT FOL-LOWS BETTER.

CHAPTER I.

INFANCY.

THE GOOD THAT THE CHILDREN DO

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.
No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands, on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love chords tender.
No babe within our arms to leap.
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our loving lips the sweet words lending.
Life's song indeed would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

Dear Reader: I think I can take one theory for granted, with more assurance than common, that is, that you were at one time a babe, an infant, a pappoose—or still more dear, a baby—whether pretty, ugly, good, bad, red, black or white, the deeply interested mother and father could see a spark in you—as if it was from the Great Creator—that gave hope of a good useful future, that made the parent feel a deep responsibility, that drew out equally deep, ardent love and jealous care, that watched over us all so faithfully during many years with toil, care and anxiety in providing for the

little hopeful. If wisdom guide such parents, too great love, kindness and respect cannot be bestowed in return by the offspring.

Please allow me to claim to have come under some one or more of the above described class of infants. I will claim for myself that I did have the care above described, and have still to a certain extent by a living mother.

The inference from what has been said, would be that a father and mother were essential sixty years ago, to the budding of a new life into this world of ours, also in nourishing it after it did appear.

And from what the writer has seen, heard and experienced since, he concludes that about that time he first began to "cry aloud" to "spare not" the nourishment necessary to develop the bust, that has only partially developed to this day. In other words, I was born September fourteenth, eighteen hundred and thirty-two, being a son of Eli and Elenor Richards, who lived near Fairfield, Columbiana County, Ohio. The purpose now is to give the genealogy and descent of the family in another part of this work, but I will say here that the Christian names of Grandfather and Mother Richards were Abijah and Ester. He was a minister in the Friends', or Quaker, church, but died some years before my parents were married, leaving a large family, of which my father was the youngest; Grand mother afterwards lived with us part of the time.

Mother is the oldest child of Arthur and Nancy Wherry—from whence came my Christian names, A. W. They were Baptists in belief, and all lived on farms in Columbiana County, Ohio, near

the Pennsylvania line.

It certainly is a good country from the productions, and the tenacity with which so many "stay with it." The scenery among those old native hills, from East Palestine to Acertown and Fairfield, is grand, especially when covered with snow, among the huckleberries and evergreens. I think this scenery made the first strong impression on my mind after leaving the breast works, to contend with soup, bread and milk, chicken gravy, mashed potatoes, apple sauce and pumpkin pie. These with nuts, taffy, crullers, dough nuts twisters or whatever you call them, made time fly like pop corn.

Pip pop Hip hop Tip top Pop corn.

Out of the pan
Into the fire,
Bursting and bouncing
Higher and higher.

White as new snow, Yellow as gold, You'd better be patient Till it is cold.

SLEIGH RIDING.

Those that were born in the fall naturally see the winter season before the summer and getting plenty of sleigh rides while being taken by the proud mother and father to grandpa's, uncles, aunts, cousins and friends generally to show the baby. Thus you see we little fellows soon learn to hold the lines, showing how bright we are, then hold "pappy" and "mammey," by the lines of love or worry, frequently the latter, till we drive ourselves into what some folks call "total depravity." Then we little sinners have to be watched, scolded, tormented by everybody till we think it is the fashion and without reason or patience left follow it. When with proper care of health patience, firm kindness and common sense training, all will drive clear of depravity, and be as happy as I was with my first kite, or sister was with her new doll.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

Mother was a "school ma'm" before my advent, this time at least I learn, and hence had learned the art of training the young idea in the way it should go. So she gave me a start in that direction. While in this honorable occupation she attracted father's attention while a young man in the vicinity, a farming, a fortunate circumstance for me. They first lived in a cabin, just to make a beginning I suppose at the bottom of the ladder, then near Fairfield, where I was born; they moved on to a good farm where there was a good hewed log house on the road a few miles from said place, toward New Lisbon, the county seat, where they stayed till I was seven years old, and did very well. While there Albert, Melissa Ann, Caroline and Mark, my brothers and sisters, were born.

We went about a mile to school. The house was quite good and stood in a nice natural grove, and was used also for a Quaker church. I am not very clear as to what I learned there; have a slight recollection that there was a very large wood stove with long legs—for about that time such stoves came into use; that the teacher required mischievous unruly, boys to creep under, to humble them, "cut their feathers," or give them a little fore taste of what was to come, etc. I am not sure that I was ever a subject, but somehow I had a dread of the spot, and do not think I made great proficiency in the

A B C and Ab's which was the routine then, but the grove and pasture field were splendid places in which to play in the summer season. I was rather small to remember just what the plays were, but much the same as those engaged in now-a-days I think, under like circumstances. There was a large mill-pond close by that was used in winter to skate on.

To tell the bad with the good faithfully I must say we found the itch there by some careless parents sending their children to school, but found it need not last long where there is energy and cleanliness.

I remember distinctly the appearance of the hills and valleys as I look back in memory, when all was green and beautifully romantic, as we would go from time to time visiting my grandparents and the many other friends there, as they appeared then; they are probably changed now very much. On one occasion, while at Uncle Abijah's, one of my cousins put my little sister, Caroline, I think, in the hopper of the fanning mill to shake her in play, or plague me, and I tried to stop him, but in doing so my fingers were caught between two large cog wheels and mashed flat, taking the nail and part of the end of the finger off, which still leaves its mark to warn others.

GRANDMA'S DISHES.

It would make your eyes brighten these days, even where there is silver ware, if you could see such a cupboard of pewter and tin ware as Grandmother R. had. There were large, round platters from twenty inches in diameter down, all as bright as new silver and nicely arranged and kept so.

While she lived with us afterward, she seemed to love to assist in keeping our little bodies and feet as neat and clean as was possible and saying in kind, sweet words, "Thee must not do this," or "Thee must not do that again."

Oh, what wonderful good impressions can be made by kind words!

I often wish I could use them more.

Notwithstanding the training father received among the "Friends," he and mother joined Alexander Campbell's church organization in that vicinity under his preaching, which society has grown to considerable proportions since and is progressive. I think father was consistent, liberal, faithful and kind, during life in such matters.

HORSES RUNNING OFF.

The sight of horses running off will make an impression on any one's mind, "let alone" a little boy as I was when father's team, a very fine large iron gray pair of horses, that had started off so quickly that he could not catch them, from where he was loading wood on a sled in the timber, some two miles from home. He had trusted them too far without hitching—a dangerous thing to do. At that time the ground was frozen and icy with a bed of snow over it; the horses ran astride of a stump which broke them apart and loose from the sled, and they ran for home with terrible speed. When I first saw them coming down the long lane, they were close together fairly flying, when the lightest colored one seemed to slip or lose all balance or foot hold, and fell broad side on the icy road, the other one breaking all reins that probably still connected them, without hardly breaking his great speed, passed near me at the house to the barn yard, reindeer style over the large gate, all right and safe; but the other one did not get up, and we did not know father's fate, but after awhile he came all right, and with the assistance of neighbors that collected lifted the fallen horse up, but found he had fallen on a sharp stone that had broken his shoulder so that he had no use of it; they partly carried him so that he hopped along to the barn where they placed a side of sole leather under his body, and with ropes swung him partially up to the joist, hoping by that means to care for the injury so that he might get well, but he suffered so severely nothwithstanding his good care for the several days, that father concluded it was his duty to kill him to relieve him of his suffering, notwithstanding the less of so valuable a horse.

FESTIVITIES.

What is there more pleasant for children to remember than holiday festivities. Those were pleasant to remember—not alone when we went elsewhere, but at our house, when we had apple parings, quiltings and such parties, for socials were not do nothing parties in those days, but were turned to some good use that helped each other which takes away formality and adds greatly to happiness, and the young ideas will develop if not enjoy greatly the antics of youngsters, frequently comprehending more than is generally supposed, and take in a full share of the sweetmeats, if they do suffer for it afterwards. But such is life, if experience is a dear school. Yet the little "chaps" must have their taffy, candy, nuts, raisins, dolls, skates, pretty books and papers and such things, then

infancy.

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thank God and all good people for the blessings vouchsafed to them. Though we had few Christmas trees we had plenty of big chimneys in those days well represented in the *Atlantic* in the following lines:

SANTA CLAUS.

The new moon saw a funny sight, As it looked on the world one winter's night; It saw old Santa Claus, presents and all, Sitting above a chimney wall, Where he had been caught in a wretched plight, For he had found the chimney wall so tight That his knee was skinned and his pants were torn, And poor old Santa Claus felt forlorn.

"Surely I've grown a little stout, Since a year ago I went about, Or, it may be, the chimney has narrower grown, Yet such a thing was never known; I have it! the fall of snow last night Has filled the chimney and made it tight. It might have been worse," he said, at last, "For a little smaller and I had been fast; And the world had forever laughed o'er the fate Of a Santa Claus trapped by his heavy weight."

Then he sat himself down in the soft white snow, To make up his mind where he should go. "One thing is certain, 'twill never do To try to go down a fashionable flue, So the rich must loo's out for a different way To make themselves happy on Christmas Day. 'Tis a blessed day the poor can have, Where the chimneys allow me to enter and give." And he gathered together his wonderful pack, And strapped it anew upon his back.

Then he jumped in his sleigh and took up his reins, And his reindeer ponies thought it strange, That he drove to the houses where dwelt the poor, Instead of the rich man's cheery door; Then out in the country, o'er fields of snow, Where the children scarce a Christmas know, And down the broad chimneys a century old, Leaving gifts that were better than silver and gold. The moon smiled to see him look down at his knee, And say to himself, "Who will mend this for me? Sure for once in my life I'm a regular hero, To go on this way when the weather is zero."

When the children awoke, there were shoutings of joy Such as never was heard. And many a boy, As well as his sister, said, "What can it mean, Such beautiful things we never have seen. I'm afraid we shall find there has been a mistake, Or else we are dreaming and not half awake," While the grumblings and poutings, and murmurings loud, From the children whom fortune has spoiled and made proud, Were soon all forgot in the general glee
Of Christmas games, candies and a beautiful tree.

Old Santa drove off to his home at the pole, Delighted and jolly; said he, "'pon my soul 'Tis the best Christmas work I ever have done, To make the poor happy is marvelous fun. With ten thousand or more to visit next year I'm sure to be busy, and sure to bring cheer, How people can live who have but a few Is a marvel to me. Pray, what can they do?"

A LITTLE BOY'S WANTS.

FIRST YEAR.

"He wants a merry rattle,
He wants a rubber ring,
He wants a dainty swing-crib,
He wants mamma to sing.

SECOND YEAR.

He wants a baby-dolly,
He wants to dig for shells,
He wants a penny trumpet,
He wants a string of bells.

THIRD YEAR.

He wants some blocks for building, the wants a horse on wheels, He wants a little wagon, To till with empty reels.

FOURTH YEAR.

He wants a sword and pistol,
He wants a fife and drum,
He wants some books with pictures,
Bo-Peep and brave Tom Thumb.

FIFTH YEAR.

He wants a cap and muffler,
He wants some mittens red,
He wants to skate on rollers,
He wants to own a sled.

SIXTH YEAR.

He wants big boots like father's, He wants a "v'lossipede," He wants a slate and pencil; He wants to learn to read.

SEVENTH YEAR.

He wants a goat and carriage, And just a few things more— Well, wait and see what Santa Claus Can spare from out his store."

-KATE LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER II.

Childhood, from Seven to Fourteen.

MOVE.

About this time my parents concluded to move southwest nearly two hundred and fifty miles, into Gallia county, still in Ohio, by land, as it was then called, in a covered wagon. While it was looked upon as a great undertaking by the older heads, we children thought it would be fun, but it turned out like the boy's lamb that he undertook to carry a few miles, he thought it heavier every step of the way. You have probably heard fretful people talk of having "so many ups and downs" in this world. If that road did not have more than its share of them I am no judge, as we were frequently crossing tributaries to the Ohio river, in a section of the country wherever you find a valley there are two hills to guard it. Still many people manage to live there, some happy and growing rich, others too poor to sit on the fence; with them it was root pig or die. You may be in the same fix, for it is fashionable still, where they can't help it. So we could have sympathy or good cheer alternately, as well as hills and hollows, but got along safe so far as I now remember.

Brother Albert, some fifteen months younger than I, being more the make up of mother's side of the house, large and bony, by that time was as large as I, who had more of the vital temperament like father and his folks, so that with our blue roundabouts and brass buttons we were spoken of as twins constantly during the trip by those we met, so that we attracted more attention than our share. The next two were pretty little sister, the youngest then a heavy boy babe, which made the trip a hard one on mother. Her caution requiring father to watch the horses constantly; she thought bridges and steep places unsafe to ride over. But we got to our destination with good appetites for what ever presented itself, near where Ewington, in Gallia county, Ohio, now is.

CLEARING.

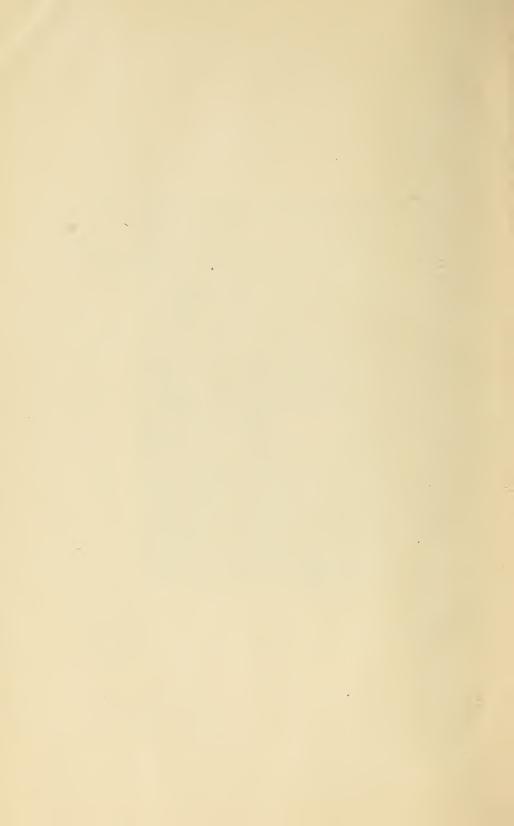
The farm on which we moved, was one that had been partly improved several years and belonged then to Hiram Burt, a relative of ours. Father proceeded to clear up more land, which gave us



STELLA.

STERLING.

SIM.



boys our first experience in picking and piling and burning brush, which was fun for us a while but after a little became work; still it had to be done. The rolling of the big logs together in "heaps" to be burnt was men's work. The neighbors occasionally turned out and helped each other in "a log rolling." At one time when I was assisting father in moving some logs, on a sideling place, he fixed a "hand-spike," about as big as my arm and six feet long, against one end of a large log and put it on my shoulder to hold while he moved the other end, in doing so it turned suddenly on to me, bending my spike and fastening me under the end of it, but with a tremendous effort on father's part he released me, but it taught me a lesson that I made practical during the large amount of that kind of work we did in after years.

LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE.

The log school-house on the hillside was close to us; a comfortable, neat place, with the old-fashioned "bench" split out of pretty straight grained logs, and if they happened to be placed against the wall you had backing, otherwise you must sit up straight like a little man and study your lesson, with occasional glances at the big "switch" four to six feet long, up over the large fireplace or in the kind (?) teacher's hand. I remember of crossing the floor very suddenly under such influence and being sat down among the girls to learn better. I suppose after I had disturbed the fellow in front of me with a pin I think, and foolishly laughed "out loud in meetin" I got caught that time.

VACCINATION.

Brother Madison A. was born while we lived there, an important event to him and the world. I suppose he and they felt as the rest of us felt about it at that time. All had to be vaccinated, which we dreaded as though it amounted to something. It does indicate that there was small-pox not far away, and it was best to break its force if it came nearer. As I have incidentally and closely connected my brother's name, I will remark, so may he break the force of sin, inasmuch as they are alike contagious.

ARM BROKE.

The breaking of an arm is an event that anybody would remember. One beautiful Sabbath morning in the fall when we had just enough frost to put the finishing touch on the forest leaves and the autumn fruits were all ripe and secured except the persimmon—that makes my mouth water, and pucker to think of, which was just

beginning to get good—father and mother started out to the back of the field to get some of them, and left us children playing in the yard. One of them remarked to us, "Now be good children and don't run romp and break your bones." I think I said, "We won't," but we were eating apples and after a little bit; brother Albert went down to the spring, a beautiful basin cut in a rock, that had high grassy banks around on all but one side; he lay down to drink out of it; while he was doing so I threw my apple core from where I stood on the bank into the water, splashing it all over his face: then he up and after me with vengeance in his eyes. I laughed too heartily to run well, but climbed two or three fences on quick time, fell from the top of the last high one, which shocked me, but still got up and ran like a tow-head for several rods, before I discovered that my left arm was broken, both bones half way from the wrist to elbow, sticking out at right angles; then I changed my tune to fit the variation in the drama, which soon brought parents back.

But I never have since tried the game over, and would not advise others to do so. The doctor that set my arm only extended the splints to my wrist when one should have extended into the hand; the result was, that my arm grew in a twist by the weight of my hand as it hung down while carrying it in a sling. So you see I paid very dearly for my ill-mannered fun.

BUY A FARM.

By hard work and economy my parents saved money enough to buy a farm on Strong's Run, a few miles distant. This was all paid for except two hundred dollars. Then we moved onto it, and improved largely for two years during the hard times, or scarcity of money, from 1840 to 1844. When the mortgage for the two hundred dollars became due father had plenty of stock to sell to pay it, but could not get money for any of it, not even during a trip for that purpose, with two fine salable horses, to Columbiana county and back on the horses, about five hundred miles. So the mortgage was foreclosed without a day, mercy or necessity, and we had to leave the place and lose the hard earned money and improvements that we had come to feel was our home.

While living there another brother, Eli Harvey, was born; the seventh and last, a very pretty child.

Among the incidents that come to my mind while still there, was my first attempt to imitate some men by chewing tobacco. It made me very sick. It is said that experience is a dear school, but that fools will learn at no other. I never tried it again, and

have never found that it made a boy manly. I have seen thousands who by its use have become coarse, vulgar, degraded in intellect and prone to other bad habits, ruinous to manhood. You will find that principle makes the man.

I also tried eating paw-paws. No go! though many love them. They were very plenty, are generally something larger than a goose egg, dark brown or black when ripe. They grow on bushes from ten to twenty feet high.

From there we went two miles to school, over a big hill that was quite a task for the little fellows when the snow was deep; got there tired and got right down to study or learning to write with our goose quill pens; but when it was pleasant weather we frequently enjoyed it and it gave us an appetite that made lunch taste good. Besides we could in the fall and winter gather wintergreen and the berries on the bluff hill sides, which were splendid eating; those, with the hazel nuts, walnuts, hickory nuts and chestnuts, frequently made it seem good to be there.

CELESTIAL FROLICS.

We frequently had heavy thunder storms that seemed to worry dear mother very much, which had no doubt much to do with my feelings on the matter, yet there was always such a grandeur of movements on such occasions that I loved to watch them and see the lightning play its pranks.

One summer's evening came an unusual display, that seemed unusually close, with peal after peal of thunder coming nearer; still I staid on the porch watching, when in a twinkle, the lightning struck a very large straight tree, a few rods distant, and tore one side of it all into slivers which flew at a fearful rate, altogether making one of the grandest sights I ever witnessed; then it cleared, Nature's great orb made his appearance most grandly, then with the bright pure sky we could look up and with another say:

When the sun had put his night-cap on And covered o'er his head, Then countless stars appeared amid The curtains 'round his bed.

The moon arose most motherly,
To take a quiet peep—
How all the stars behaved, while he,
Her sovereign, was asleep.

She saw them wink their silvery eyes,
As if in roguish play;
Tho' silent all to her they seemed
As if they'd much to say.

So lest their winking should disturb The sleeping king of light, She rose so high that her mild eye Could keep them all in sight.

The stars abashed, stole softly back
And looked demure and prim,
Until the moon began to nod,
Her eyes becoming dim.

Then sleepily she sought her home—
That's somewhere—who knows where—
But, as she went, the playful stars
Commenced their twinkling glare.

And when the moon was fairly gone
The imps with silvery eyes,
Had so much fun it woke the sun,
And he began to rise.

He rose in glory; from his eye Sprang forth a new-born day, Before whose brightness all the stars, Ran hastily away.

MOVE.

We now move some two miles, near the school house on an old farm belonging to the Frederick's, two miles from Vinton, into a double log house. "Grandma Frederick," as we called her, lived in a large frame house set up high on blocks. One of her sons, a very large man, soon came home and shook with the ague in the old fashioned way that made the large house tremble. We children getting a hint of it and never having seen the like, slipped on to the porch to look in. There he sat by the fire making every thing rattle. It looked solemn to us at first, as it was to him, but he noticed our excited gaze, and manlike smiled—oh what a smile that broke the spell, and we all laughed "fit to split our sides" at the ridiculous looking performance. But the next day before the time for the shake to come on again, he said he would try his plan to cure it—that was go out to a clearing and go to grubbing and work hard, as he did all day. Sweating freely, there was no chill that day; I am not sure how long he had had it; by using the remedy above I think he did not have it again. Try it.

OUR GREAT LOSS.

Father had got in his fall wheat and prepared some ground for spring after coming from where we had lost our home, and prepared some for winter, for he was a prudent man that provided for his household and did not forget others. I was the first that took sick with what the doctor there called winter fever and was quite low for some weeks; during which time some three or four

more of the children were taken down with it. I got so that I could get about a little but was weak and fell and broke my collarbone, which interfered with my helping others for sometime. November 14, 1844, our little baby brother, Eli Harvey, died of the same fever; but a few days before was a healthy, bright, pretty and good child just beginning to run around the yard; he was nearly fourteen months old. The pet of the honsehold—the first to be taken from the family, and we laid the little pet in the graveyard at Wilksville, now in Vinton county, Ohio.

But he had gone to sleep with a tender smile
Frozen on his silent lips,
By the farewell kiss of his dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of angel death
The last born bud of our family wreath,
Whose bloom the early frost hath nipped.

Over the bosom tenderly
The pure white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on his cheeks so thin,
Where the softest brush of the rose hath been,
Shutting the blue of his eyes within
The pearly lids closed to rest.

Hearts where the darling's head hath lain,

Held by love's shinning ray—say farewell.

We know the touch of his gentle hand

Brightens the harp in the unknown land—

That he waits for us with the angel band,

High up in the starry way.

Father attended brother's funeral, came home and took sick for the first time in his life, with the same fever, suffered severlly for two weeks and died, December 23d, 1844 in great peace, yea triumphing over death with the escort of angels that he said he could see awaiting to take him to that bright home above. His mind seemed to be perfectly clear to the last breath, which was used in pronouncing a blessing on his faithful companion and their children; all could not get to his bed side they were so low. The rest of the family had a seige of the fever, except mother, who had worked so hard and cared for all and still had to for a long time. About this time two or three of the children were very low, but finally recovered.

He who looked on the cheerful side of things, gave cheerful life and spirit to all around, was dead.

Our Father who loved us,
He who tried to obey the golden rule,
Was now dead to us, but alive to God,
Having been faithful over a few things
Could now claim the promise to rule over many.
He could sing buoyantly
As he did in his last hours:

"Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to insure the great reward. And while the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return."

The exemplary, noble, manly spirit had taken its flight, leaving only the outer mundane body, to be buried by the side of brother at Wilksville cemetery, near the southeast corner.

BROKE UP.

The winter passed and the rest of us got as well as could be ex-

pected after a course of medicine.

The writer, only twelve years old, and the oldest, could not be expected to work a large farm, hence we had to leave it. So the next thing to do was to turn such stock as we had to paying the big doctor bill, funeral and other extra expenses. This left us only one team, a cow and a few sheep.

We now moved onto Esq. Wilcox's farm, into a log house. Mother, with six children, feeling that we were truly broken up, but went to work with the best heart we could, mother spinning,

weaving and sewing from day to day for years.

Albert and I then put in a few acres of corn and some other things. Soon after loaned one of our horses to a neighbor to go to mill with, for those days it was quite common to take a sack of corn or wheat on the horse's back and go a few miles to mill. But before he got out of the field where we lived the horse fell dead under him. On examination the cause was found to be bots. This left us with only one horse. With him, however, we cultivated our little field of corn, till I think it was about the tenth of June, 1845, when I think it was about knee high to a man, there come such a frost as was said, never was known in that section of country at that time of year; it killed the corn down to the ground; when the sun come out and thawed it, it fell down flat to the ground. But we were not the only ones to be at a loss to know what to do; many plowed up their corn ground and put in other things; this we could not do for want of another horse; nearly every body said it could not grow in that condition, and if it did it would do no good, but in a few days that which had fallen was soft and dark colored, and all seemed to take a new start from the roots, and we could almost see it grow with a cracking or snapping noise, and finally made a very fair crop.

Brother and I, when not busy at home and could get work among the neighbors, could get only twenty-five cents per day; but this always beats nothing and was generally pleasant, but when it comes to putting little boys to sprouting and grubbing alone, long days, for a week or more at a time, and tortured with millions of little ticks, and feed him "corn dodgers" and fat meat grease or sour milk and nothing else for a week at a time, is more than human nature could endure. More than once, it makes me shudder now to think of that one time; I thought it would look as if I lacked pluck to quit, but never was so silly again. If there are coarse people that will live worse and more indecent than the lower animals, and manage to do every thing in the wrong time of year, let them do it themselves. Seek employment elsewhere. Do not delay a day, for every one counts something out to you or others, but keep out of "hell" as long as you can. I would much prefer working for the good old Quaker who chided me once for putting butter and molasses both on my bread at once.

"SPEAKING OUT IN MEETING."

Another little thing occurred while I was working for this last man, that made a lasting impression on my mind. meetings were occasionally held at his house. When it occurred all hands stopped and sat with them an hour, in silent meditation; just before one of those occasions, he got the idea in his head of getting the start of others in the neighborhood in making a horse rake, that some one had told him how to make by taking a large square rail and boring holes in it and putting large, long pins in and an arrangement to hitch to, so it would roll over when wanted. and had hurried up and just got it done in the back yard as all the Friends came into the house quietly and promptly at the time; as is customary with them, all the hands came with them. I sat thinking solemnly, during the time. At the close, the highest in authority commenced to shake hands, which went all around quite solemn to Judge of my surprise just at this juncture to hear my employer belch out the first word spoken in a loud tone of voice to one of the brethren, "Nathan, thee has not seen my new horse rake. Oh, I have got one;" as though he was ready to burst if he did not tell it. Nathan said, "Is that so?" The answer came quick and strong, "Yes, it is; come right along and see it." And

the invitation was extended to the others present. I could but feel he had thought of nothing else, which, in my verdancy, shocked me. But I have learned that, "a body can't most always tell another's thoughts." But I do think "actions speak louder than words." But when both come together it is doubly sure.

You may learn caution from this and not allow the things of the greatest importance to be lost sight of by undue excitement over comparatively trifling things.

PLAY.

Work makes play enjoyable occasionally, when one can get time to do so, if you do not do as the writer did once, run head first against a big black stump, in playing blackman.

> The ball and bat, Tit for tat, Catch the rat, This and that.

High or low, Up the hill we go, On the beautiful snow, Down on the sled you know.

A boy that has a mind Employment can find; If it's on an old see-saw, not mine, That you may here find.

ODD SEE-SAWS.

I saw a cow hide in the grass, A rush-light on the floor; I saw a candle-stick in the mud. And a bell-pull on the door; I saw a horse fly up the creek, A cat-nip at her food: I saw a chestnut-bur and heard A shell-bark in the wood: I saw a jack-plane off a board, A car-spring off the track; I saw a saw-dust off the floor, And then a carpet-tack; I saw a monkey-wrench a hat From a fair lady's pate; I saw a rattle snake a bird, And a hogs-head on a plate. I saw a brandy-smash a glass, I saw a shooting star,

I heard the corns-talk in the field, And a pig-iron crow bar;

I saw a pin-wheel off a post, And wheel wright in the shop;

I saw a gin-sling on the bar, I saw a ginger-pop;

I saw a house-fly o'er a field, I saw an ox-roast too;

I saw a shad-row and clam-bake,
And saw a chicken-stew:

I saw a sword-fish from a bank,
I heard the water-spout;

I saw tobacco-spit and then I heard an eye-ball out;

I saw a fence-rail at the din,
I heard the waist-band play

A lovely strain—a sweet spit-toon—And then I went away.

CHAPTER III.

Youth, Fourteen to Twenty-one.

CHANGE LOCATION.

We again move a few miles; now into Salem township, in Meigs county, Ohio, two miles from Wilksville, onto the Blacklage farm, a snug home-like house and farm, in which vicinity we lived during a long period of time, and made things move along to some purpose.

THE WHISKY SELLER.

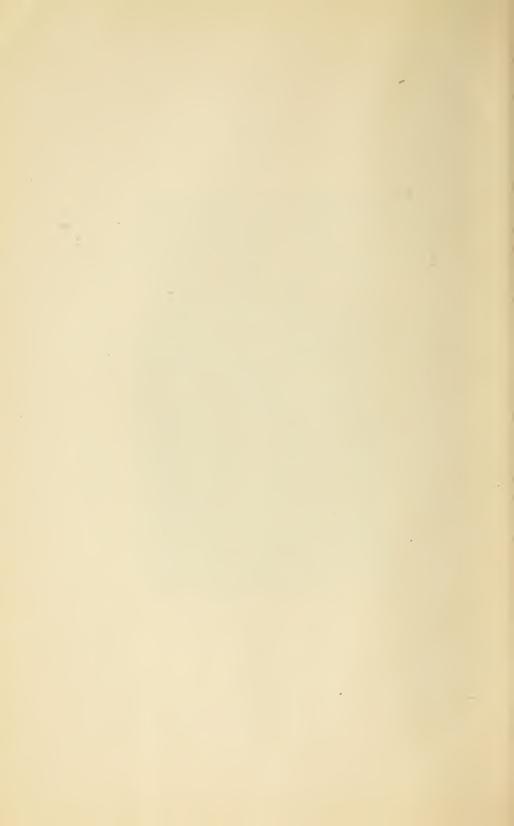
This was a more than usually good neighborhood, cultured, well to do people, the Nelsons, Strongs, Ponds, Thompsons, Shaws, Fordices, Russells, Davises, Webbs, Thomases, Calhouns, Crowels, Keeperses, Longstreths and many others. Some time after we came into this vicinity, a man who lived near us, went out to the "iron works" which was plentifully supplied from twenty to fifty miles, where they take the oar from the hills and melt it and make it into what they call "pig" bars such as a man can handle, which with the woodchopping makes business for many men. This man while there took ague and came home very much worse for the wear and shaking, like Belshazzar of old. The remedy then, as now with many people, was whisky principally, with it occasionally other truck, but it must be had if "the plow stands" or the children cry for bread, so I was sent for it, to a whisky shop kept by one George Arbaugh, there were also a few other things in his small house, which was situated less than two miles from us. I called for what I was sent for; he drew it, put it up all right, then drew about a gill in a glass, and very politely offered it to me. I declined. He said, "Drink it, it won't hurt you." "I don't want it anyway," said I. He said, "Why drink, I drew it for you." I declined and made a move like starting. He, with a stern mean look, stepped around between me and the door, and demanded that I should "take it and drink it; it won't hurt you," and putting it in my hand. I put it to my lips and tasted it only and handed it back quickly stepping out past him, and out of the yard, feeling anything but pleasant toward him.



ELLA.

JOHN.

FRANK.



Some time after this occurred I was working for a neighbor, Mr. Jonathan Thomas, whose wife, Mrs. Hanna Thomas, had gained an excellent reputation as a public speaker on slavery and temperance, throughout that section of country and was highly appreciated by her neighbors at home. In the course of our conversation while there I related the above facts to her. a few weeks there was an appointment for her to speak on temperance in the school house, within a half mile of the said whisky shop. The people turned out en masse, as usual, to hear her, for she always had something to say worth hearing. The dealer in whisky and tobacco was there, and so was I. Yet the lecture went on all the same. She went on to delineate principles, character, habits, influence, circumstances, till all were in a white heat, then "borax" was needed to weld them together, so she went on and related the above facts, just as a loving mother, with her tongue loose at "both ends" could do, saying the parties were both in the house, making it very plain just who we were, making a trembling among the dry bones such a feeling as is seldom felt in any congregation, and bringing the hardened sinner to judgment sooner than he looked for, no doubt. I would not have been in his shoes for his farm.

You may be desirous of knowing what followed and the fate of that man. All wrong doing is in violation of some natural law, if not of statute laws, the violation of which brings its penalty, if not in some cutward, visible way, it must injure one's finer feelings. Being conscious of the wrong done, one is not happy in the better sense no difference what amount of this world's goods he may obtain, for it is the qualities of heart and mind that makes the man, in wealth and happiness.

Well, things went on as usual in that vicinity for many months, the dealer keeping up his business as best he could, notwithstanding he was a church member and a professed Christian; but the above facts and other things worried the brethren till, I think, he was "dropped," and where he fell to in heart and feelings I could not say, but he certainly did not have the appearance of a man that saw any pleasure. Some people who believed in special providence, thought it applicable to the bad as well as the good, hence the final fate of this whisky seller. At all events it so happened, that he rode out some distance from the house one day, on horseback, said to be a very quiet horse, but from some cause the horse made a sudden jump with him on it, which quick motion, the dotors said, caused a knot to be tied in his intestines which, of course, caused pain that

grew worse and worse for several days, the doctors using every means and remedy they usually do. But he grew worse and worse till they took to their last resort, that is, they took some of his to-bacco and boiled it, took the juice and poured that into him. But to no purpose, only that it added to his torture that was beyond human nature to bear. It was one of the most horrible sights I ever saw; the poor fellow screamed, raved and tore at the clothes till death intervened.

Whisky and tobacco may be of use somewhere, but in sixty years' experience I have never found them a necessity. Frequently used so as to kill men and lice on cattle, and generally shortens life materially I have no doubt. So I cannot see where the benefit would come in to use them in any way, and if you begin a bad habit it will be likely to result like the little boy's cannon. He put in the powder and just lightly touched the match, a mere spark, but the thing went off and bursted itself all to pieces and left devastation and ruin all around. When the boy was asked what he did it for, he said, "The thing got going and I could not stop it."

THE DRUNKARD'S ALPHABET.

A is the young man's first glass of ale.

B is the beer which next will prevail.

C is the cider, so simple at first, causing in future unquenchable thirst.

D is the dram taken morn, noon and eve.

E is the extra one—eleven I believe.

F is the flip, thought so good for a cold.

G is the gin, not so pure as of old.

H is the hotel where often he goes.

I is the inner room he so well knows.

J is the jug he there fills to the brim.

K is the knocking of conscience within.

L is the landlord who smiles when you drink.

Mis your money he's getting, I think.

N is the nightmare which visits your brain. O is the orgies of the midnight rain.

O is the orgies of the midnight rain.

P is the poor, penniless pauper you become. Q is the quarrel, the product of rum.

R is the ruin rum brings to your door.

S is the suffering ne'er known before.

T is the tremens that make few calls ere death ensue.

U is the undertaker who comes to your aid.

V is the valley where your body is laid.

W is the wretched wail and wee

X ecrable drunkards alone can know.

Y is the yearning for misspent time.

Z is the zenith of the drunkard's clime.

HORSE TAMING.

Boys generally think it a thing to boast a little of to succeed in handling horses that have not been handled, or those that others fail to be able to handle from any cause. It is a dangerous business, and no one should undertake it who has not had experience in handling other horses, and but few of them. They should have large caution, human nature, causality, will power, and activity; then he may succeed.

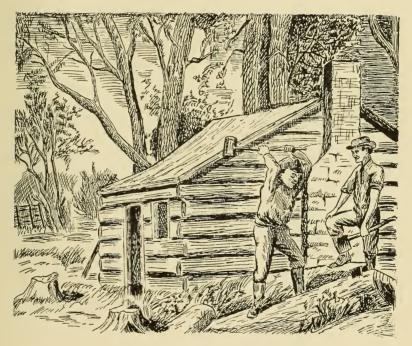
Having been used to handling horses and cattle, or oxen, as we call them, and not having discovered anything to be afraid of, I probably had my full share of assurance in that matter. So it happened that one fall we were gathering in our crop of broom corn, that we hired a Mr. Allen to come with his team a few days to assist us. We had all heard of his black mare that everybody was so afraid of, and how vicious she was, that she had conquered all but two men that had ever tried to handle her and injured two severely. Those that did conquer had taken advantage of her and whipped her to it. He brought her into the field and cautioned all to stand aloof and keep back. We did so and she went along very well till we got a little used to it, he moving them from time to time by leading them up, going to her and speaking to her as he took hold of the bridle close to the bit. She did not seem to notice him much, and as he was rather slow in moving up so many times, even when asked to do so, I became a little impatient and thought I would move them up and she would not see me or know the difference. So I deliberately walked up and took hold of both reins. probably a little more firmly than usual, and spoke coarsely as he did to her, a kind of imitation, that she detected quick, then the fight began, for I was not the kind to let go when a little "spunked up," besides it was not safe to do so then. She pitched right at me, as if she would swallow me, but the little fellow held a firm grasp and stiff arm and did not go down. This was repeated a few times, but no go. Then she reared up as high as she could get, striking with her feet; the little chap went up in this movement with her head a time or two, but was too short to get struck with her feet, and when she came down I was on my feet, and interested then in the fight, and in fighting earnest, so when on my feet again I shook her with all the power in me and spoke as earnest as if I was somebody. She stopped and looked at me and I at her till she looked subdued; I showed her I was victorious. This was all done much quicker than I can tell it, and so viciously on her part that the owner could not

help, besides he was slow and cautious, and scared, as of course mother was, who happened to be in sight, but he said I had conquered her which I felt was so, and had grown a little by the shaking up I got; so I handled her frequently from that time on, but with caution and firmness.

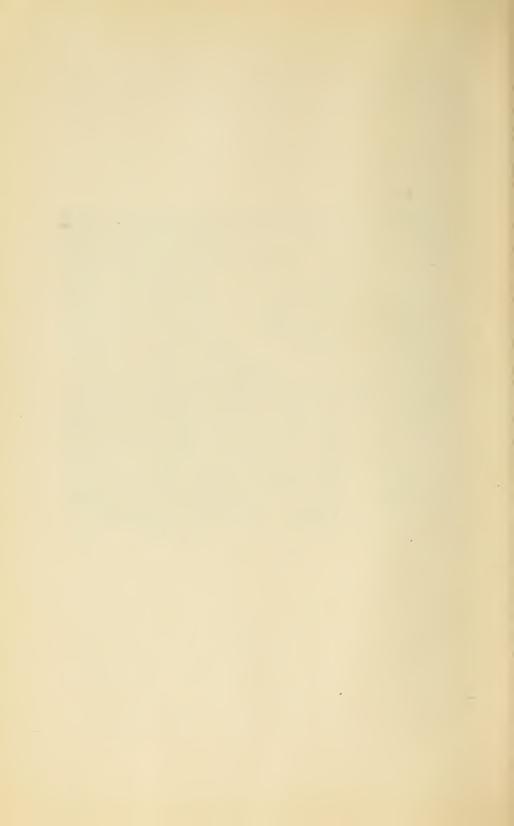
This set me up among the boys as one that would do to tie to in that direction. You know a fellow might be good for that and nothing else, and one success gives an additional pluck for another, hence had colts jump so quick with me as to jump from under my hat more than once. But I don't remember of ever being fairly thrown, but was got rid of once; I will tell you, so that you may judge whether the colt treated me fair. Some folks say everything is fair in war, but I don't know about that.

WAS THROWED.

I wanted to go six miles away, and went to a clever neighbor's to get a horse; they were using all they had, but a big black loosemade colt, about three years old, that they had tried to break to ride, but it had thrown all of them. They said if I could ride it I was welcome to it. So we caught it, got a saddle on it, and I got on it in the lane; no fear but that I could go all right; but of all the awkward movements I ever saw it capped them; it pulled its head one way and then another, like an old cow, I imagine would, till I was tired; from one side of the road to the other and stop and back, and whirl about, and so on, but I finally got off the place; it seemed to give up and go better, but so very awkward, occasionally wanting to turn back, but finally was going along quietly very well till we were probably a mile in the timber, when all of a sudden, when I was off guard and resting, it squatted down and jumped backward like an old musket, throwing its head down; this jumped me forward off the saddle, with my head down, but clasping my legs around its neck, and my hands hold of its mane and ears, a rather awkward position, but I held there, and it held its head down still and shook me in good earnest a few times, and with head nearly to the ground it made another of those quick backward jumps and shakes, which turned me a complete somerset, leaving me on my back there all alone in the timber and not hurt a bit, but could not help laughing all over, and, turning my head, I saw the colt running for dear life for home. But it was done so nice, and by an entirely new trick, that it seemed to do me good to lie there and laugh and shout. Now, do you believe it was fair to take advantage of a fellow when he was off guard, with new tricks?



OLD CABIN HOME.



Of course I had to go back and report not dead, and the fun, but Mr. Colty could not play that game on me again.

Go slow boys in such business; be sure your right before going into it, for it is an unsafe business, and it may "get away with you" worse than a big ox did with me once, when I jumped on him and he ran off with me, and wouldn't "whoa" a bit till he had given me one of the roughest rides a boy ever got.

OUR CABIN HOME.

"There is no place like home."

During the three years after father's death, by mother's hard work and good management, with what my big brother and I could do to help, we had lived better than some folks do, and decent, besides which, we accumulated stock, money and credit, sufficient to buy ten acres of land; some two acres cleared off and a decent hewed log house erected on it, near the head of what was called Rock Hollow, in the same vicinity that we lived in.

We soon moved on to it and went into the clearing business in good earnest, for it was our home if it was in the hollow between two hills, one too steep part of the way for a wagon. Boys let me ask you here if we did not get more surface of land in ten acres there, than if it had all been level? If you don't understand how to make figures show it. I think you would hardly doubt it after clearing it all off clean as we did, although we enjoyed it to some extent in many ways; among which was rolling logs down hill, burning brush, running races in chopping and splitting rails, with the variety throw in occasionally of catching an opossum, coon or ground hog. We could eat all this time with a good grace, as you may suppose, and so thought if one hog is good why not another, hence tried the merits of a young ground hog, that we heard frequently was "so good." When cooked the meat looked as nice and tender as a chicken, and so we thought rather than be called more nice than wise some of us ate a portion of it, and it really was not bad eating, but the thoughts of it left a good deal more of it on the plate than if we had thought it was turkey.

In less than two years we had bought another ten acres, which must be cleared up, so you see where there is a will there is a way—in many things—if mother has got it. This last piece was a better lying piece of land. On one side of the hollow the soil was black and loamy; the other side was partly very red and sticky when wet, but it all produced quite well. The timber on it, which is not common, was dog-wood, that grew to average three to four

inches in diameter, ten to fifteen feet high, with a red berry; gum trees occasionally grow very large, like oaks, and are frequently hollow, leaving only a shell, say three inches thick; they are used for bee hives and large troughs—very tough, gnarly wood, which it is nearly impossible to split. Beech never grow tall; their bodies vary in size, about like my readers; the beech nut is a three-cornered small nut, which is good to eat; the chestnut not so plentifully supplied, but it is a fine, useful tree, and has a kind of porcupine burr over the good nuts, you have all eaten and find in market.

The large, nice, straight, tall poplar and vellow pine were plenty. and used mostly for building purposes, after being sawed into The stately oak is used for frame timber, shingles and rails; black walnut and butternut for furniture. The black haw, mulberry, papaw, hickory nuts, walnuts, peaches, apples, cherries and most other small fruits did well there. Our clothing was homemade. We raised flax, rotted the fiber, then broke it out on a flax break, then switched it, and then mother took the lint and spun, wove, and made it into summer clothes and sheets; then we clipped the wool from a few sheep; that she took through the same process. for all our winter wear, dresses, blankets, etc. Thus you may see widowed mother had to run the little wheel or big wheel or loom the year round for six children, and frequently for the neighbors, and yet kept us all better clad than many of our neighbors that had plenty to do with; if not rich, we were never ragged; clothes mended promptly when worn or torn, and yet she more frequently complained for the want of work than that she had too much to do. A full share of visitors and never behind hand with her housework, and kept in neat order. A child that would not be grateful to such a mother hardly deserves to ever have had one.

SCHOOL DAYS AND PLAY.

To go back a little to our cabin home and prior. Our school days seldom exceeded three months; that in the winter season; from there we went two miles part of the time. I was not an apt scholar by any means, as generally understood. I could comprehend any principle or rule as readily as any one, but could never fairly imitate, let alone use and repeat the same words in full or language as laid down in the books, as many can. Orthography, probably my greatest stumbling block, if Webster is the standard. I could not memorize every letter in a word. I could not see the common sense in or propriety of spelling a word one way and then using different letters to show how it should be pronounced, but hope

the time is not far distant when there will be a change for the better.

Our school teachers were good, bad and indifferent in teaching qualities, as now. Whip, whip, whip, was the fashion those days, but generally the better the teacher the less the whip was used. If it had to be done just so much, I did not probably get my share; I generally got along with teachers well. One of the teachers that favored me most, and then whipped others for trifling things that I was permitted to do, or at least not even reproved for doing, made me feel that it was unjust, partial and unmanly in him so that I had to interfere to save others, and tell the facts to his shame. I never could tell how little I thought of a teacher that would favor me to another's hurt; they should never be tolerated.

The teacher if he is a good one is as much a benefactor as any calling in life; probably has more to contend with in controlling himself, in controlling others, than any other calling. It is hard to describe the good done; it is immeasurable; the faults are easier told than corrected.

In those days it was common to bar the teacher out on public holidays to make him treat if he did not without; or if he got in first to avoid it, then smoke him out by covering the chimney; sometimes the teacher did the smoking out; it was generally all taken in fun, but occasionally there was trouble over it, and no good to come of it. But boys will do many foolish things and think they enjoy it; for instance, they would get a "posse" of them together with a lot of hounds and go hunting; get dogs after a fox or something else, and for half the day or night or more, frequently follow to get it; some of them even men in age do so from day to day, that were of no account to do a day's work. We seldom put in time in that way. When our dog or some other treed a coon or other animal, which was generally at night, we would split up a lot of pine slivers, such as they make tar of-long knots of the yellow pine, and light them, which make a nicer light than a lantern for that purpose, and go to their assistance and get the game if we could; if you can't shoot then and cut the tree, they frequently get away, so it is generally poor pay.

But about the poorest paying thing I ever tried was card playing. I was bewitched with it from the first time I was shown how to play, and learned to love it in a few days while working from home, and for a few weeks made every turn and reasonable excuse to get with the boys that had the cards, in the hay-mow, cornfield, or in the woods, even on Sunday, and could soon beat the best of

them; but this was too sneaking a thing for me to feel well over; yet I was enamored with it, so that we got to playing on the road to Sunday-school by starting early and stopping in the timber, but we got caught at it by the old class leaders and superintendent, who told it on us, and that cut my "feathers" to the quick, not that we had played for anything but fun, but I was aware that where so enticing a thing might lead, so I never played any more.

We had socials, candy pullings and apple parings that we enjoyed very much. I never took any part in dancing. Log rolling and quilting bees were generally a mixed company of old and voung folks that was large enough to be useful as well as ornamental—for we had some of as pretty girls in those days as you ever saw, if they did not possess the qualities and look so much like a new doll as some do nowadays. Those parties were not formal by any means, but very enjoyable, frequently at some one's expense—generally those that put on airs, as on the fellow that was "going to put a 'condition' (for addition) on his house," and when laughed at claimed it was right. Still it was never forgotten; neither was the case of a lady at a quilting, where a number had been discussing finances, telling their financial condition, and so on, when this one in good earnest, said: "Well, John and me went to bed last night, and we sidered and sidered and sidered, and concluded we would sell three-thirds of our wheat to pay our debts, and keep the other third to keep the family on." This was seasoning enough for that occasion.

A VISIT.

After ten years absence from Columbiana county friends and relatives, mother and I went back on a visit. We took a steamboat at Pomeroy, our county seat, to go up the river. This was something new to us, and a great treat to have a change of scenery. This boat was a very nice one, but the beautiful variations along the banks of the grand, old Ohio river, was calculated to make a green country boy think whether it was Heaven or just the road there. When the river takes a high, it might not be a smooth road to that good place. They told me it took the highest high that it ever took the year I was born. I have never learned whether it was on my account or not, but it is a remarkable coincident that the very same year cholera raged all along the river, down to New Orleans, more fatal than ever before; a trinity of such evils is likely to be remembered. In passing on up the river at this time, 1848 or '49, we found that they had just stretched a wire bridge across the river at Wheel-

ing, the first structure of the kind; we stopped long enough so that I ran around and up on to it, it did not break, so I pronounced it a good job and hoped that none of those evils would get away with it, but they built a few big steamboats at Pittsburgh for the lower Mississippi that upon attempting to pass the bridge had to make their bow to it by taking off their hats, or chimneys, while ordinary boats could pass under without that etiquette. We passed on up to our destination all right. I think mother enjoyed it. I think it the first time I ever saw anyone crying for joy. During the three weeks they talked so as to seem to live their lives over again; a good thing to do occasionally if it only causes each one to look forward the remainder of the time, and not forget to take steps in that direction. I enjoyed it of course, who would not, with plenty of good-looking country cousins to take one sleigh riding, and here and there, even to a great ball at East Palestine, just to show me how they could dance? Besides this I found nine pretty female cousins in one family of that county, just to begin with. I could not stop to count all of them. Time went quickly as many good things do, and we soon found ourselves safely at home.

M'MAN HUNG.

I think it was in 1849 that my brothers and I went about twenty miles to Point Pleasant, West Virginia, where the big Kanawa river empties into the Ohio river, to see a man hung for murder. I think his name was McMan, possibly just Man.. When we arrived, there was a vast concourse of people about the jail and gallows and on the craggy heights overlooking the place of execution, in a pleasant valley a half mile up the river. When the time came to obey the behest of the law, he was brought out of the jail between officers and walked close behind a wagon with his coffin in so he could see it. This looked to me like unnecessary torture The coffin was taken from the wagon and placed beside the gallows, and he walked deliberately upon the scaffold. The clergyman prayed for him, after which he was asked if he had anything to say. As it made a strong impression upon my mind I think I can give you the substance correctly. He said, "This is the result of habits formed when a boy, notwithstanding my parents tried to raise me right. I first learned to use tobacco. Then when I went to the groceries someone treated me to cigars; then it came my turn to treat: this was kept up from time to time until the habits and associations were formed; next we must each treat to the beer or wine occasionally, until it became common and led me to the asso-

ciations of card players, then to gambling, then to strong drinks. This went on for some years and occasionally I got into a quarrel on account of drinks, and disputes about card playing as was the case this time. I had threatened him; on that fatal day I was drinking, got a new supply, took my gun, went up the river to where there was a skiff, got into it, rowed across, called the man out, and shot him in his own door. I do not know why I did it. real enmity toward him, and may God have mercy on me. I hope none of you will ever come to this." (The murder occurred up the river farther, and the man that was killed lived at Pomerov, Ohio, on the bank of the river.) They proceeded to hang him by first putting a black cap over his head and face. They were a long time getting the rope adjusted. The sheriff then left the scaffold and hit the triggers that let the trap door fall on which the man stood, with his feet tied together and his hands bound behind him, but the noose in the rope slipped and the man went down to the ground. This caused quite a commotion in the multitude, but he was soon raised upon the scaffold again, when we plainly heard him say, "If you are going to hang me, do it decent." The rope adjusted, the door fell and he swung clear until he was dead. He was then cared for by his friends. Oh! what must have been the feeling of friends or relatives? I never want to see another.

LEARNING A TRADE.

When near eighteen years old I concluded to learn a trade, and chose that of a cabinet maker, thinking, perhaps I would be better adapted to that and enjoy it more than other kinds of business. I feel that everyone should by that age decide, with the advice of some competent person, what his organization and make-up fit him for, for a business in life, and remember that a man that is successful in the arts, or mechanism, or agriculture is happier and honored more than the failures in the professions. If a man succeeds in the latter he must work for it like the former.

I made a contract to work two years as an apprentice to the trade with Solomon Howard, of Gallipolis, Ohio, a man over sixty years old, that had worked there over forty years and established a reputation in everyway that any good man might be proud of, especially as one of the finest, best, most honest mechanics in any country.

I lived in his excellent family and enjoyed the business, because I was successful in each branch; served my time and afterward as a "jour." I was especially pleased with the confidence he manifested in me in many ways, but especially when he set me at work to make

each of his daughters a very fine bureau and took down some of the finest cherry curls I ever saw to make the fronts of, that had been laid up, as something precious, for forty years in the shop. I made them and if no mishap befalls them, think they might be seen a century or two ahead.

The most damage I did while there was to break a good hand saw one evening. The next morning when the "boss" came in I told him how unfortunate I had been in breaking my bones at various times, and last night I broke your saw and was sorry. He excused me, with oh, such a smile.

I had the measles while there and thought I was well of them in two weeks, so on Sunday my shopmate (he was as long as his name Lorenzo Dow Dobens) and I took a skiff ride away up the river for a pleasure trip, then you know we could "float down the beautiful, old Ohio" so grandly, but I took cold and the measles returned and were worse than at first. Boys never go skiff riding on Sunday for a long time after you have had the measles, then ask mother if you may go, and obey her.

Brother Albert came while I was there and learned the wagon and carriage making trade, and got along very well.

I made a mahogany work box for each of my sisters Melissa Ann and Caroline, and a small chest to each of brothers Mark and Madison to retain as keepsakes. The reader will find it very pleasant to give or receive substantial tokens of love or friendship, which is frequently neglected to be cultivated.

Gallipolis is one of the oldest large towns on the Ohio river. I think Marietta had a few settlers before the little French colony settled at Gallipolis, four miles below the mouth of big Kanawa river. The little city became noted on account of the old bank by that name. There are some very fine buildings. I will describe one, and a circumstance as a warning to never build another the same way. A five story brick building with halls in the center of each story, and doors just alike at the front of each hall that frequently stood open, the flight of stairs starting from each one alike. A prominent doctor was called to the top story one dark night by the lady Good Templars lodge for some purpose. It attended to. he started down in a pleasant, jocular mood, came down one or two flights of stairs, probably thinking of something else besides his steps, walked out of one of those doors in the dark and fell on the stone pavement as I passed near the place. He never breathed, but seemed almost to be in a jelly. The fall must have taken his

breath at the start as there was no noise of any kind; nothing but the thud on the pavement. Those standing close by thought a paddy had been tossed out. But after a little some one saw his gold watch glisten on the pavement, then quickly discovered who it was. Then there was excitement and sorrow such as we never saw there before.

There was a colored population of nearly one-third of the city of free born and ex-slaves, and a large settlement in the county; generally industrious, and a few became quite wealthy. They had their own Methodist church and they would occasionally make it decidedly interesting for the boys, especially when they got in one of their "weaving ways," in singing, then a few of the sisters get to shouting at the top of their voices; they were splendid singers. Many of them followed boating, and when a large, fine steamer that employed a large number of them, would be coming into port, so gracefully that one would almost feel that it was a living angelic choir, then these colored men and women would get in a line on the bow of the boat and sing so grandly that it would add good cheer to all in hearing, and sounded better on the water. I wish I could repeat some of the songs, but they use more choruses than anything else generally, and with a long, drawn out, rolling sound that would vibrate on the water and echo back from the surrounding heights. One chorus was:

> Oh, oh, oh, Here we go, Floating down de riber, On the Ohio.

LEARNING POLITICS.

I had never taken much interest in politics while living in the country, not having a father to ask questions or hear discussing the matter. In fact, the newspapers then, as now, did not set forth matters in such a way as to give a clear understanding of the matter to new beginners, unless you take papers from all sides, or parties, that few can afford, but could afford in many cases if they would leave off the things that are worse than useless—stimulants in all forms, that make people coarse—while reading will cultivate. So in order to learn from a conscientious, able man, I asked my "boss," Solomon Howard, what politics were. The answer was, "The science of government." But how shall I learn what that is, I asked. The rejoinder was, "You get the three platforms of the the three different parties and read them carefully, and see which is the nearest true in your judgment." That seemed so common sense

a way to get at it in brief, that I soon secured them, as they had just been making the nominations of 1852. I read and re-read and studied on the different points, informed myself as best I could in all good conscience to get at the right. My father had been a whig, but my associations had been more with the democrats. The antislavery party was very unpopular there on the border of the slave States, but I had to decide in their favor to satisfy my conscience as to what was right, and have never been sorry of the decision though it placed me in antagonism to my friends, and hence had to defend my position, and posted myself for the combat that was coming, feeling that truth is mighty and will prevail. That he who has it on his side is thrice armed. I became zealous in the cause during the summer, and went home in the fall to the presidential election, a year before I could vote, and worked in a private way with kind words and such argument as I could. It counted enough so that among those that acknowledged it was a prominent politician of those days, Hon. Wm. Laidley, who called me to one side as soon as the polls were closed, and said he had pledged himself to carry that county for the democracy, but wished to say to me, that from that on he would be with me, and added very kind words and again pledged his honor to the cause I was advocating. How well it was kept I do not know, but it encouraged me to do my part as best I could. The platforms of the two old parties that year were nearly verbatum.

Principles are fundamental traits that do not change with circumstances, but they are so frequently tried to be twisted to suit party policy and circumstances that a man may have to change parties to keep in sight of principles if he has any. Again the party may not have any, having left all for the loaves and fishes. Some in their dotage, others born croaking, so that a decade may change the phase of things, and circumstances bring up new issues to suit the day and generation in so much that we cannot recommend any party for the future, so leave behind prejudices as much as possible and read up with the times or you may get in the fog. Regardless of politics, imitate James A. Garfield if you can, in progress, but keep in one line of business. He lived under different circumstances.

At fourteen he was at work at a carpenter's bench.

At sixteen he was a boatman on the Ohio canal,

At eighteen he was studying at the Chester, Ohio, seminary.

At twenty-one he was teaching in one of Ohio's common schools, pushing forward with his own studies at the same time.

At twenty-three he entered Williams college.

At twenty-six he graduated from Williams college with the highest honors of his class.

At twenty-seven he was tutor at Hiram college, Ohio.

At twenty-eight he was principal of Hiram college.

At twenty-nine he was a member of Ohio senate—the youngest member of that body.

At thirty-one he was colonel of the Forty-second Ohio regiment.

At thirty-one he was placed in command of a brigade, routed the enemy under Humphrey Marshall, helped General Buell in his fight at Pittsburg Landing, played a prominent part in the siege of Corinth and in the important movement along the Memphis and Charlston railroad.

At thirty two he was appointed chief of the staff of the army of the Cumberland, participated in the campaign in Middle Tennessee and in the notable battle of the Chickamauga, was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

At thirty-three he was in Congress, the successor of Joshua R. Giddings.

At forty-eight, having been continuously in Congress since he was thirty-three, he was elected to the Uhited States Senate.

At forty-nine he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States.

At fifty he was elected President.

YOUTHFUL RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Having lived in as many different localities as we had, I learned something of the doctrines of the different denominations that are so numerous and common. I found that what was thought essential to salvation did not so materially differ in spirit as in letter, as set forth in the different creeds and disciplines, but each riding his own hobby, and hence difference in the church rules and regulations and contentions about minor matters that in itself was calculated to procrastinate the time of deciding such questions by the youth that had a reasonable amount of causality and conscientiousness, besides my surroundings at home did not favor "children joining church," which left the matter undecided while at home. During father's life-time we frequently had preaching at our house, but afterward was among other denominations. Do not think I had many bad habits, but had a temper that occasionally something less than a flint, would make the fire fly. I used rough and cutting words, but do not think I ever swore an oath or took the name of

God in vain. Farther than the above was not conscious of having violated the laws of morality or the land.

I will try now to explain my feelings when I joined the church and afterward for three years while there in Ohio, In January, 1851, Rev. Andrew Carroll (the author of "Notes and Discourses on the Gospel"), known as the "wild Irishman," was holding a protracted meeting at Gallipolis, O., while I was at work there, at the Methodist church. He was its pastor, an able minister that appealed more to argument than feelings, was a very zealous, hard working man. Many joined the church; I was interested, but not excited as many seemed to be, which is the same only in degree. But on the 20th of the month I concluded to join the church, and went to the altar for the prayers of the church but did not feel that I was guilty of any serious wrong against God or man. The prayers or advice did not seem to touch my case, and thus it went on for a month. I felt anxious to do whatever my duties to God and man were, but at a loss to know what they were. I used every opportunity to learn, prayed earnestly and knew it was my sincere desire to get on the high way to holiness that others claimed to be, done all that I felt I could to relieve the burden on my mind as to what shall be done. ture continued till on the 22d of February, when Rev. Giffen, pastor of the Methodist church at Middleport, twenty miles up the river, came and preached at our church and told the simple story of the Cross. He was a light complexioned, tall, slender, saintly looking man, and told us of Jesus' birth, life, suffering, death, burial and resurrection, each part in detail, in a simple, sweet, coaxing, loving tone, and I followed him in the very spirit of it. It seemed to be just what I wanted. Manna to my soul seemed as though I was born, lived, growed up, worked, suffered, died in the Spirit and arose with Christ, and I triumphantly came forth at this point, from my seat over half way back in the great congregation. I felt I was all swallowed up in love, love, love; joy, joy, joy unspeakable and full of glory. I was too full for utterance, yet all around seemed to say, "Glory to God on High," and appeared angelic to me. I made no demonstration, yet all who saw me seemed to know what it meant. I was dressed in the finest broadcloth yet oh, how humble and loving in mind and spirit, and could scarcely keep from hollowing at the top of my voice when I got to the door and seen the natural objects outside. They all seemed to say to me, "God made me," in louder tones than ever before; even when the cold winter winds were whistling through the trees, and have loved nature's beauties and their Author ever since. I went into the class

room to tell the story of my redemption and sweet peace, and went on from week to month and years doing the best I could and growing in grace and tried to in knowledge of the truth.

I do not think I ever had any reason to doubt that it was as genuine a conversion as anvone else could have, though I have no doubts but the same result may be reached in many ways and by very different experiences but why, I like the Apostle of old should have doubts about my safety, fearing I might do some little thing that would be wrong and thus be a cast-a-way for all eternity, tortured me every little while beyond description. According to the teachings in those days I thought I might be tempted and do a wrong of some kind and suddenly be called to account in eternity, or might neglect something that I should do to save others from that lake of fire, whose torments would affect my salvation. Then could I possibly be hopeful and know that others, better in many ways than I, had gone thither, and it frequently urged that if we break one of the least of these laws or commandments, is guilty of all. And that "he that offends one of these little ones, it were better that he had a mill stone about his neck in the midst of the sea." So that my thoughts run as J. G. Whittier represents the "Minister's Daughter."

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

In the minister's morning sermon
He had told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason A saintlier soul was tried, And never the harsh old lesson A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service On that pleasant Sabbath day, He walked with his little daughter Thro' the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows Sparrow and blackbird sung, Above him their tinted petals The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory
The minister looked and smiled; '
"How good is the God who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my child!

"Behold in the bloom of apples And the violets in the sward, A hint of the old, lost beauty Of the Garden of the Lord!"

Then up spake the little maiden, Treading on snow and pink; "O father, these pretty blossoms Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no garden of Eden, There had never been a fall, And if never a tree had blossomed God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child," the father answered,
"By His decree man fell;
His ways are in the clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well."

"And whether by His ordaining Cometh to us good or ill, Joy or pain, light or shadow, We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him," said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him too;
But I wish He was good and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit, As the tremulous lips of pain And wide, wet eyes uplifted Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered
The words of the little one;
Had he erred in his life-long teaching?
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol Had he lent the holiest name? Did his own heart, loving and human, The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
From the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror Of Sinai's mount of law, But as Christ in the Syrian lilies The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb, Of old was his presence known, The dread ineffable Glory, Was Infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful, And the blinded eyes found sight, And hearts, as flint aforetime, Grew soft in his warmth and light.

Such feelings as these continued more or less for a long time, alternately with the great joys of believing and realizing something of the joys of the good world to come.

I was not baptized for about a year after joining, then by immersion at the hand of Rev. James Hopkins, of the Ohio Conference M. E. Church. He was one of the best of singers, but would use party and dancing tunes frequently to the hymns during service and at other times. Some of the older brethren complained of it to him occasionally as not the right thing to do, but his answer was, "I am not going to let the devil have all the good tunes, I am going to appropriate them to the Lord's service and if the 'old fellow' don't like it 'he' can lump it." True religion don't make men long-faced or miserable, but prompts to culture and purity.

MOTHER GETS MARRIED AGAIN.

Mother lived a widow seven years and had gained a comfortable little home, and the children, grown to be a useful size and strength, could get along without me, so I went to learn my trade. But there had been some attention paid to her by old gentlemen. Sometime in 1851 she wrote me she had just married Mr. Russel Van Tassel. She seemed to think the lively old joker preferable to the rich old music teacher. This added his five children to the family; they all lived on our place a while then all moved to where our step-father had a saw-mill on Strong's run, near Wilksville, now in Vinton county, Ohio, where they lived till 1856. That spring Perry A. Van Tassell was born, the only offspring of the old couple, mother then 47 years old (now 82 and father 89). His older children were Russell, Elizeann, Jane, John and Josephine. I think they all got along together better than usual.

From time to time each one started out,
With health and strength for his ideal,
But had much to do and find out,
So dare not be faithless or idle.

But many found too much to contend with,
To ever realize their ambition,
Still faithful enough to show their worth,
And are on the road to a better condition.

MY LAST YEAR ABOUT HOME IN OHIO.

My last year in Ohio was spent close about home, then at the saw-mill, on Strong's run, east of Wilksville. My step-father aided very materially in making home happy, being a cheerful, lively, good man that seemed to love hard work. He was a mill-wright by trade, but was handy at many things. He and I worked together in building derricks and shanties for a railroad that commenced to be built close past his house from Jackson toward Marietta but never completed, but a large amount of grading was done. We went over onto Virginia Valley Railroad and took a contract at the same kind of work. The old Virginians were astonished at his ingenuity in building houses "laying on the ground" and then putting them up so quick. Then father's witty jokes and Yankee tricks would keep those people that done everything in the old pod auger fashion, standing around looking and neglecting their work so that we could use them to good advantage occasionally in a heavy lift, etc. In fact, he made it lively wherever he went, and disappointment did not kill with him. In fact my step-father and my father both always looked on the sunny side, no difference how much loss of property, betraval of confidence, kindness not returned, loss of dear friends, personal afflictions, still the golden side would be set forth.

"There is many a rose in the road of life,
If we would only stop and take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And those beautiful trusts ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder."

BROTHERS.

Brother Albert got through learning his trade all right as he had always done in other kinds of work and school, for the limited chances he had, and he had done a large amount of hard work,

well calculated for a good mechanic or farmer, great on economy. Commenced work as a journeyman at Kygerville, Gallia county, some fifteen miles from home, for a Mr. Tenney, a well-to-do farmer and mechanic that had some handsome daughters, and not-withstanding brother was younger than I, his heart warmed up toward one of the damsels, that was reciprocated by her and they actually took the start of me and were married before he had attained his majority. The bride's maiden name was Sarah Jane Tenney, a good sized, well built, good looking, common sense, practical woman, a trifle older than the groom. They commenced house keeping at that place. To begin the poetry of a married life, may it "pan out" well, and they have something to show for it.

I had always been rather timid among the girls, hence not in young company as much as some of my age, in fact did not mature as fast as many. At twenty my face was as smooth as many girls, and fair complexion, but weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds. At that time love for all mankind was the uppermost thought in my heart, and as a matter of course some of the prettiest of the beauties among the Marys and Nancys, etc., had more than others. Yet I was not ripe (and it is doubtful if I ever do get so in many particulars, whether the reader is or not), to get married. Had no cage, if I had any disposition, but I spent many happy hours in good company, that I take a pride in looking back upon.

Tender, loving hearts should never be trifled with by either sex, yet it is too often done, be it said to the shame of both male and female, yet more often by the stronger sex. Every one should be true to himself and others if he ever expects to be happy or successful in business and cultivate all the good there is in him, or around him.

In fact culture, physicality, mentality and morality are the highest objects any one can live for, the friction in doing so will brighten up the iron, silver or gold in others so that all may see sweet fields arrayed in living green and pastures of delight.

LAST SCHOOLING.

Feeling the need of mental culture of commom-school kind, I went to the district school at home when twenty years old, and knowing the need of it, made good use of my time. I was not much ahead of my two little brothers, Mark and Madison, but it was a great pleasure to go with them and my sisters, Melissi Ann and Caroline, then young women, and to be at home with the motherly provider for the essential wants of her big babies.

When spring came I concluded to prosecute my studies further and for that purpose I went to Albany, Athens county, Ohio, to the Lewis Seminary, a very good institution, open to all races and where they had it arranged so that the students could work to pay their way in part if they wished, and advised all to work part of the time at something for health and general development, which I think of great benefit to all. I worked some at my trade and part of the time at house building and such things. One incident will show how anybody may fall after working his way up in the world. was assisting in finishing up a very tall, steep roofed house, while weather boarding up one end I built scaffolding about my length apart from the ground up to the gable end along as I worked my way up in weather boarding. While on the last (not pinnacle of fame) built scaffold finishing it up, the scaffold gave way with me so quick I could not catch anything, and when I struck the next scaffold it broke into; then with my weight and two scaffolds went through all the rest to the ground, I on top of most of them but not all, and things were badly mixed, but I was not seriously hurt, each scaffold breaking the force of the fall for which I was especially thankful.

We may learn to always put plenty of nails in the scaffold, and be sure the boards are sound, as we should in the platform of principles, if starting out for riches, honor, fame, or to just do your whole duty, the highest goal to be reached.

Keep in memory that it is easier to get down in the world than it is to get up, if the fall does hurt worse than the rise. The rise is where the pleasure comes in, improvement and culture at all points brings it. This is my hobby, I hope it will be the readers. If it is he will at once leave off all bad habits.

While attending that school I think I was benefited more than ever before in treble the length of time, because I was like a hungry boy, felt the need of it, and took a pleasure in it, especially in some of the sciences and philosophy, grammar seemed too simple to study but was rich to me in recitations. Orthography I never could see pleasure or sense in, pronouncing a word one way and spelling it another way, as Webster does so much, think there is a reform needed in that matter so that sound of the letters should be in the word but that is not my fort if I have any. So you can attend to that matter, if you please. There was a few colored young men there that succeeded well in their studies, and could "hoe their row" with the best of those in our debating club. There was other "col-

ored gentlemen" there that was as little force as some of the "white trash."

Think what I saw there proves that the race of colored people of African descent can be cultivated up to a standard far above the average of earth at this time in a few years or generations. But not as quick as the white man. Where they are mixed blood, there is many of them that seem to have vigor in muscle and nerve forces, that with little culture will soon make themselves felt as able, eloquent, useful men, with as big hearts as any and souls that possess a spark of eternal life as big as any, frequently with more music in it.

I had not the means necessary to continue to go to school then, but have often regretted that I did not work for the necessary funds and then continue; I did think seriously of doing so, and went at work at my trade at Wilksville. While there Mr. Ansel Barker, a good worthy man that had been raised in that vicinity, but who had been many years living in Iowa; came there on a visit, and gave so good an account of the country and its prospects that I was almost, yea finally altogether pursuaded to emigrate thither. In those days railroads were scarce, and it was thought by many that Iowa was beyond the bounds of civilization, and a great journey to undertake. But I thought I would take Greeley's advice, "Young man go west and grow up with the country."

Out on the vast domain, where you may find, The prairie dog, chicken, wolf and bear, The mink, fox, coon, deer and beautiful fawn, The wild horse, buffalo, bison, lion and tiger.

Some of my friends thought it was not the right thing for me to do and seemed to feel that I should go into a different avocation, that I was not prepared for, so I went on with the preparation necessary to go west. Feeling that I could not comfortably locate myself there short of many years hard work, and like thousands of young men, had ambition, not only to do good, but to be comfortably prepared to have an ideal home that I could feel was mine and some one to share in its comforts. Such a one as wrote the following lines, giving a God-like picture of life; one with such moral courage and good sense, should be practical in every feature of life and as pure as the snow from heaven.

A KISS.

You kissed me! my head Dropped low on your breast, With a feeling of shelter And infinite rest. While the holy emotions My tongue dared not speak Flashed up in a flame From my heart to my cheek. Your arms held me fast-Oh, your arms were so bold! Heart beat against heart In their passionate fold. Your glances seemed drawing My soul through my eyes, As the sun draws the mist From the sea to the skies. Your lips clung to mine Till I prayed in bliss They might never unclasp From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! my heart And my breath and my will, In delirious joy. For a moment stood still. Life had for me then No temptations, no charms, No visions of happiness Outside of your arms. And were I this instant An angel possessed Of the peace and joy That art given the blest, I would fling my white robes - Unrepiningly down; I would tear from my forehead Its beautiful crown, To nestle once more In that haven of rest, Your lips upon mine, My head on your breast.

You kissed me! my soul
In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man
Foolish with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there, if death
Would but come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath;

If my heart might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
And these were the questions
I ask day and night:
Must lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then,
And if you were here,
Would you kiss me again?

The London *Tid-Bits* offered a prize for the best definition of a kiss. Seven thousand replies were received. The prize was awarded to the author of the following definition:

"An insipid and tastless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love."

Among other definitions were the following:

What the chimney sweeper imprinted on the rosy lips of the scullery maid when she told him she rather favored his soot.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

Something rather dangerous,
Something rather nice,
Something rather wicked,
Though it can't be called a vice,
Some think it naughty,
Others think it wrong,
All agree it's jolly,
Though it doesn't last long.

What the child receives free, what the young man steals, and what the old man buys.

Contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart.

Woman's passport to her husband's purse, and a man's passport to a woman's heart.

A lip salve often tried as a specific in affections of the heart.

The poorest mother's richest gift.

A demonstration of love which will dry the baby's tears, thrill the maiden's heart, and soothe the raffled feelings of a tired wife.

CHAPTER IV.

Twenty-one to Twenty-eight.

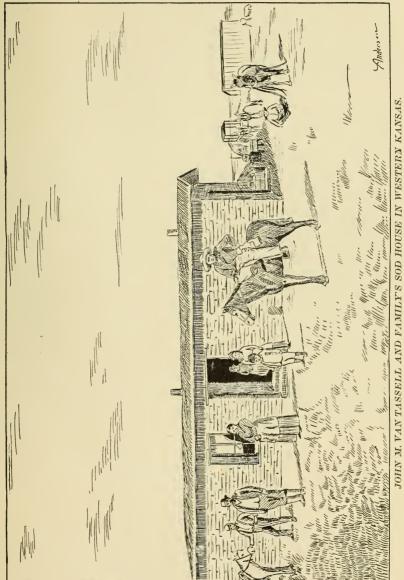
WESTWARD BOUND.

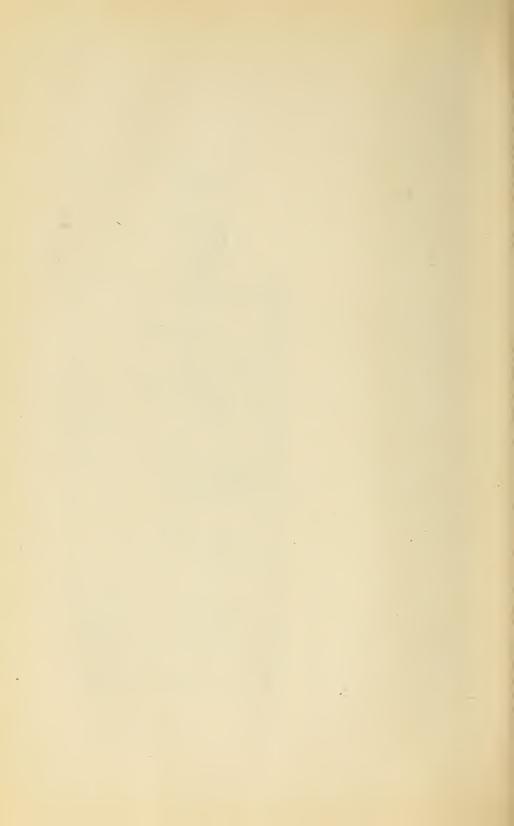
Bidding adieu to friends and loved ones and native State, for how long we did not know, Mr. Alonzo Wells, Mr. Jonathan Buzzard and I started for Iowa in May, 1854, by steamboat down the Ohio river from where the county seat of Meigs county, Ohio, is located on the river. Pomerov or Coalport, Middleport and Niestown, is strung out on the bank of the river from five to six miles long altogether, and back to the hills; part of the way only room for one row of houses and one street then widening out to a fourth of a mile in places. There were rolling mills where they make bars of iron of all sizes from the "pig" iron; large foundries, factories of various kinds, and extensive salt works, but the principal business there is coal mining. They dug through the first tier of hills in places and go on back into a second tier of hills, and work thousands of men along there within a few miles. The coal is shipped from there to all cities along down the river to New Orleans on flats that they let float with a few men to guide it in going down, just as thousands of rafts of lumber are floated. The coal flats are taken back by hitching them to steamboats; at one time they were pushed up by spike poles and oars which was very hard work on the men, and they would have to go ashore and tie up when they wanted to stop and rest. So it is with us all, after we work, work, work, if we want to rest we must tie up to principle or we will float back down financially, physically, mentally and morally; clear down to a place said to be worse than New Orleans in cholery times.

We enjoyed the pleasant breezes that beautiful May weather, "sailing down the river on the Ohio." The scenery at that time of year, when everything is showing signs of life, is very grand. The further south we get the heavier the foliage becomes; the trees as it were, bowing to the great river, and as Whittier says:

The forest tops are lowly cast, O'er breezy hill and glen As it a prayerful spirit passed On nature as on men. The craggy rocks, cliffs and glens following each other in such quick succession adds dignity and grandeur to the scenery. Then when you come to notice the roads and highways, the houses and people in some localities, you are reminded of the "Arkansaw Traveler" and his story of travel. Then comes the nice home-like farms, villages and towns along the valleys till we reach the Queen City, as it was then called, Cincinnati; I had then never seen so large a city.

After we investigated its merits, weighed it well, and prophesicd that it would grow to be a large city, we bowed our adieu and glided down the river to the great falls at Louisville, Kentucky, where we stopped a few hours to see the sights, among them the giant of those days, Mr. Porter, who I think was seven feet six inches tall and was born in Gallia county, Ohio. In leaving the city on boat, the wind very gracefully took my white "plug" hat and immersed it so thoroughly that I never wore it any more; take care of your hats. Nevertheless, we arrived in course of time all safe—heads all on, at Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio river, on the mother of waters, the Mississippi river. Cairo was a small village then, noted only for its locality at the junction of two great rivers. It is better known since by thousands of soldiers for other reasons. Thus far we had been on the soil of Virginia, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois and struck Missouri soon after on the opposite shore, as we now start up stream. Noticing that it was not clear like the Ohio, I learned the most of it came from the muddy waters of the Missouri river. The scenery was not so attractive or romantic as it had been, and was again as we ascended the river, when we left "Egypt" behind and could see the vast prairie from the hurricane deck, a vast sea of pasture land as it appeared to us, who had been used to seeing more or less timber on every small farm. We thought then, "oh, where is the lumber to come from to fence all this land?" If it is to be found, why, in the name of common sense, was the thought or query that men worked so hard grubbing, chopping and lifting themselves almost blind in rolling logs and digging out stumps, all to clear up a little spot of land. Then to have their shins all bruised up with the roots flving back and hitting them in plowing, and it is fully as trying on their temper, even moral character, as it was on the poor dumb brute, horse or ox, when all on a strain that had just give way, giving additional velocity, to be suddenly brought to a standstill against an immovable root or stone unseen, jerking the breath or groans from the poor animal, and probably leaving the plow handles almost driven into the driver's





stomach. Then he must jerk, pull sidewise, lift till he gets the plow loose, then to find the point broken off, or the beam broken, or the harness has given way, his patience cracked and temper no better. This I know to be the case from experience, and thousands of men can vouch for it, yet they continued that process from Plymouth Rock all over the great eastern, southern and middle States on through Indiana's heavy timber just to the border of these vast prairies all ready cleared, rich as a garden, ready to plow, sow, reap and mow and produce vastly more.

The query is, "why did they do all this before moving on to the land already prepared by nature for their use?" Could anyone help thinking why, oh why is it so? Do men love work? It is not so generally reported. Could they not have made a flank movement on the Indians and given them the timber to hunt in, and let them fight the British, and the white man have the benefit of this mighty Mississippi river and valley already prepared for their use, then grow like an apple from center to the circumference in this vast country of ours. But in that event our pilgrim fathers would have had a pleasant time farming for a few generations, and then the children would have had the clearing to do. But, again, we prefer doing the hard work ourselves and give the offspring the favors generally, and do it. Again, is it not best though to have the best first so you will have the best all the time of what is left? Then to reverse it, you might not ever get to anything very good. Thus we muse on seeing the fine prairies, but conclude the joke is on the fathers that are dead and gone, hence not here to use it as we are; they having relieved these later generations of the hard work. We having the blessings thus provided by natural laws, is certainly something to be thankful for to the great Author of all good.

The cedar and the mountain pine,
The willow on the fountain's brim
The tulip and eglantine
In reverence bow to Him.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

While thus musing we naturally go up stream into higher, better realms and soon find ourselves at the city. In this case it was at St. Louis, a comparatively old city for a new country, having been a trading post from a very early day when the Indians were thick over this fine heritage. After taking a look at the merits of the city we continued our journey, noting Quincy to be a nice little city set on a hill. Then in a few hours we get sight of the promised land, Iowa, at Keokuk, the southeast corner of the State at the foot of the falls of the Mississippi river. The place was only a little village on a rough, stony point of land, not very inviting in appearance, but when we go around up on top of the cliff above the place, the scenery was beautiful. We could see a great distance over Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois on the east side at the head of the falls a few miles distant could be seen Nauvoo, the city of the saintly There they lived and prospered for a few years, claim ing divine direction in locating there. They commenced the erection of a very fine temple of cut stone and marble and got it partly built before Joseph Smith, their prophet, priest and king was killed by an infuritated mob because the brethren, as charged, had been guilty of taking too much privilege with other people's property. When we come to draw near to the city, it is a beautiful location, high, and vet a nice grade off in either direction. But the Mormons had emigrated westward and were scattered along the route to Salt Lake, their present abode. There were a good many in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, where the colony tarried one winter.

It came to pass at Keokuk that my traveling companions left me to go direct to Osceola and Indianola, where Mr. Buzzard had some lands that he "must need go and see." Mr. Alonzo Wells, an old bachelor that had been to California, who wanted to buy land and

find the queen which he did, and still lives among us.

Left alone—a stranger in a strange land—I took a hack to go up to Montrose, opposite Nauvoo, around the great falls that large boats did not pass over. There I had to wait for a boat to take me up to Muscatine. While waiting at Montrose I was very lonely all day and night, not having the least idea of a friend near, but a few days after that I learned that I had a good old aunt living there, and married cousins well off. You see how bac it is when a fellow does not know quite enough, but so it is, and was. But then there is generally no great loss but there is a small gain in caution, or learning the way of things, or something else. If I had known it I would have been there and would not probably have had this fish story to tell you, but it is all true, fish story or not. I was sauntering along up the beach to while away the time, looking at what there was to be seen, and discovered something in the edge of the shallow water making a flopping noise. I ran down to see what it was and discovered it to be the largest cat fish that I ever had seen in a bed formed in the sand in the shallow water that it found difficult to get out of. I got a short pole very quick and run in past

it and with hard work and persistent effort I got it out on the sand. It was as big as a boy from eight to ten years old, and would not fall much short of one hundred pounds in weight as those said who saw it, for some boys happened to see me doing something out of common form down near the wharf. They came and saw it, then run and reported it which brought a crowd, all agreeing that it was the biggest ever caught there. I gave it to the boys and they got a rope and put it through its gills with a stick and tied it good and put it back in the water to see it flop and flounce about and take it down to the wharf boat. They talked of eating it; I thought it looked too coarse, but did not get to try it. I think probably it went out there on a boat wave and could not get back and laid there in the sun without making much effort till I arrived, then it made effort enough to have got back I think if it had been in the right direction. Do you ever make efforts in the wrong direction? Yet with all this notoriety as a fisherman, Aunt Edith Davis, a sister of father, did not happen to hear my name or find out who I was, Her husband, Isaac Davis, had joined the Mormons under Joseph Smith in Ohio, and came west with them, located at Nauvoo till the break-up there. Then he went as far as Council Bluffs with them and died there. One of their sons, Elisha, is a well known Mormon preacher and has brought over colonies from Europe, and part of the family returned to Montrose, where one of her daughters had married. We had lost run of the family for a few years.

INDIANS.

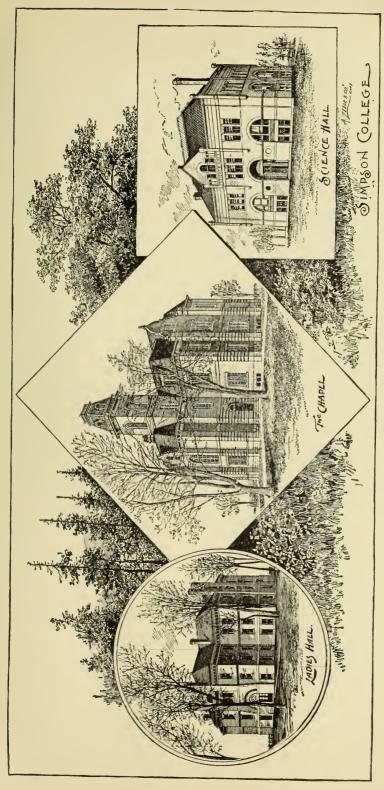
I went on up to Cedar county where I expected to find Uncle Roland Richards, but he had moved to Marshall county. I stopped with cousin Alfred at Iowa City and went to work there at my trade to replenish my finances. That city was then the capital of the State and a snug village. Quite a large stone building had been erected as the State house; no doubt with the hope of retaining the capitol, but was soon moved to Des Moines, or Fort Des Moines as it was then called. I visited uncle in Marshall county then a short time and enjoyed it very much. On the hill near Le Grand, Indian town, two miles distant on the Tama county line was quite a curiosity to me. Hundreds of Indians live there part of the time making it their home, but go off hunting frequently, many of them going great distances. Originally they had shanties and tenting places that looked like they could not stand the winters, but they are tough and have blankets and put on the different kinds of hides. They

are very dirty looking generally, but some few of them keep themselves quite decent; a few of them seem to be intelligent on many subjects; they are peaceable and generally to be trusted, but then some of them are as treacherous as some white men. They generally know their rights under the law. They naturally feel that this is their country until they sell it for some consideration, then generally leave it without any trouble. Those located in squads in various places, in ceded territory, are generally what is left of some tribe that has been so nearly annihilated that they cannot defend themselves against other tribes, but hunt, beg and occasionally raise a little corn, and thus get a sort of living. So "the poor Indian" is generally to be pitied, and no doubt there are some of them that need killing nearly as much, but not quite, as the white manthat has had advantages—that take advantage of them, if so severe a punishment would better their condition or humanity generally, but I think the facts do not warrant such a course. If both, the Indians and the whites, will act half as well as they know, there will be no trouble.

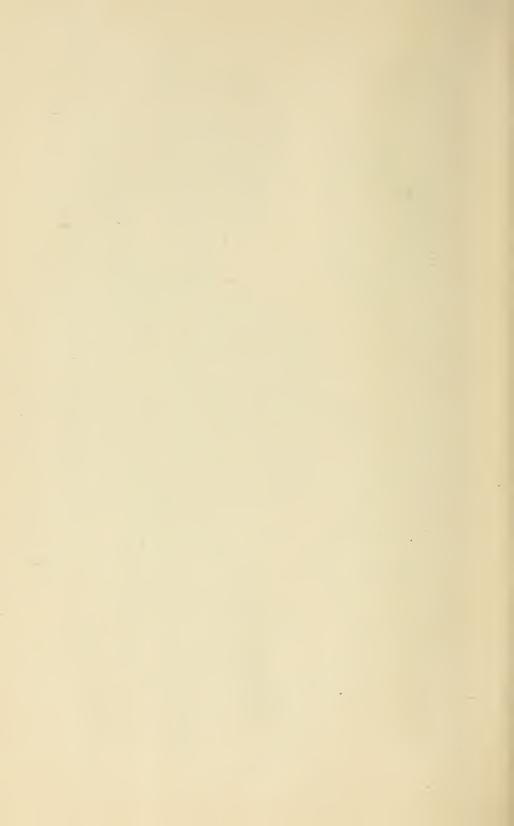
LAND HUNTERS.

The excitement at that time in Iowa was to see who could buy the most of the choice land. I was minus the "where-with-all" to get any, but interested while at uncle's in seeing many strangers out on the prairie, running from corner to corner, finding the numbers on the stakes and comparing them with plats and maps, then calling to someone in the vicinity to know if anyone had been seen in that locality within a few hours that might have got the start of them to the office of entry, or land office at Des Moines. So it was from day to day until the land was nearly all entered. On one of those occasions I went a sixty mile ride one day on horseback, and thus landed in old Fort Des Moines for the first time, a little southwest of the center of the State where I staved a short time and helped to build the "Des Moines house," as large a frame building as you often find. The place, only a village at that time 1854, was having quite a "boom," hoping to get the capital of the State there. in the valley of the "Coon" and Des Moines rivers that become one in the city and has since become the capital, and spread itself out over the surrounding heights; the new capitol building is as fine a structure as any state affords.

On the Fourth of July I met Ansell Barker in the city, the man that had put me in the notion of coming to this part of the west. In a few days after, I visited him at his request at Greenbush, twelve



A COMING UNIVERSITY AT INDIANOLA, IOWA.



miles south in Warren county. He was doing a fair business in general merchandising, a good, reliable man. He brought me to Indianola, where I had started for, and found things about as I had understood his description when in Ohio.

A vast sea of land, with few to till it; More coming daily, gave prospect of filling it.

INDIANOLA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS-ARRIVING

On arriving here in July, 1854, I found one of the prettiest locations for a snug town or city that could well be imagined-not exactly "a city set on a hill," but the highest elevation on a plain that gradually slopes off each way, one and a half miles to South river, conveniently drained in three directions. The town had been laid out in lots some five years before, but the country was too new to require much business, hence there were but few people in the place. But the few that were here were of the hopeful kind that show en terprise and had put up a good school building which showed a disposition to cultivate the mind. This two-story building on Main street, used also as a church, attracted many more good people hither, and was just then making a fresh start and built up very fast for the next two years. I was trying to do my part as a carpenter; contracting and building some very good buildings. Two saw-mills were erected conveniently near, one on South river and the other in town that furnished the native lumber and the walnut lumber was plenty and of extra quality, but to get dry pine lumber we had to send teams to the Mississippi river one hundred and fifty miles dis-Notwithstanding the great expense, we kept many teams constantly on the road to get lumber to complete the many dwellings and store rooms, besides there was a large four-story grist mill built by a company of our own citizens that soon supplied a large scope of country with bread stuff. But the greatest undertaking was to raise four thousand dollars here among us-few as there was of us-to build the Methodist Episcopal church of brick, 40x60 feet, with a good steeple that could be seen from nearly every point of prominence in the county in clear weather before the timber and groves grew up, but it was accomplished promptly. This public spirit seemed to be catching, and attracted that class of people from great distances which aided in building up the town and county materially for many years, and the religious disposition to cultivate the mind and build up the place and society, resulted in starting a seminary here, that grew gradually from small proportions at first.

in a few years to be a stronghold in that direction. Then began the struggle for a higher grade of life for the institution. It has had a full share of difficulties to contend with in building the different buildings. Then in securing the endowment necessary to make it a permanent institution which is now being renewed with vigor, but has succeeded in securing so fine a location and buildings with pleasant surroundings and quite a large endowment and patronage. that it leaves it at this time (1892) in a thriving, healthy condition. With Rev. Fletcher Brown, a successful financial agent, the late president having resigned, the trustees are seeking a strong man to fill the place. With a progressive, broad gauge man, comprehending psychology or the soul of education and things all around him, with practical common sense powers of making metaphysical thought, plain and simple to students, the college will make strides for higher life and honors I think than any institution of the society in the State. With the coming railroads and electric car connection with Des Moines, whose corporation is only twelve miles away, there is a good prospect. If our people will take hold of the matter of raising Simpson College to Simpson University with as many thousands of students as hundreds now, in a few years, if well managed, it would satisfy a long felt want among Des Moines business men that would come here with their families for a pleasant, healthful home, with many advantages over the city. Then we would more enjoy the hilarious college vell that always pleases me when hundreds repeat over and over again the latin thus:

> Hy! hare! tra! boom! Que! bizzum! yah! zoom! Hella! baloo! balonia! RAH! zoo! Simpsonia!!!

The old court-house that did stand on the south side of the public square was used also for an additional school room, at one time a regular preaching place, occasionally to camp in, is superseded by a one hundred and ten thousand dollar court-house of the latest and best style, as is our new ten thousand dollar jail, and two district school-houses, each at the same cost, which shows that the county has improved rapidly in all its branches that has enabled us to do all this in so short a space of time, and partly build two railroads and more coming this way. Also extra good county newspapers and a college paper, five good churches and other things in proportion. These things, in brief, will show the reader what energy and perseverance will do, and should encourage all to activity and hope.

The winter of 1854-5 was probably the most mild, dry, open, pleasant winter ever known in this latitude; but typhoid fever prevailed as an epidemic, and was fatal to many good citizens, probably from want of knowledge how to treat it. The next two winters were the most severe in our experience here; the snow was deeper than ever known, frequently hiding the fences in the drifts. The severe winds and extreme cold—as low as 28° below zero—killed most of the small fruit trees that had been put out, discouraging many people from any hope of ever being able to raise any kind of fruit in this State, so left the State. Many of them have returned since and discovered their mistake, as the hopeful, brave, energetic old settlers had tried and tried again—as the old school books taught-till they found fruits adapted to our climate that have proved to be a success. Notwithstanding all the difficulties to contend with in a new country, it is not surpassed in the essential qualities of success by any State.

At the centennial exposition the State stood No. 1 in soil, corn,

apples and many other things.

Think of the change forty years have wrought, then the Indian was here and all a blank. Now we have fine farms, horses, cattle, hogs, agricultural implements, bridges, electric light, mills, factories, railroads, dwellings, store houses, hotels, school-houses, churches, colleges, reading rooms, newspapers, with progressive literature, containing knowledge that tends to wisdom for a healthy, progressive class of people that have grown up here with the beautiful groves all around us.

LIFE'S CONFLICT.

All hail the day
As onward we go,
That shows us a better way
To each hoe his own row.

Improvements may do it,
If we all do our part
In thinking and working for it,
For all good things must have a start.

Then you may reap the profits,
In money, honor or good conscience,
And use it to other's profit
Thus further result to your good in the conflict.

PIONEER PLEASURES.

The writer never took a very active part in the wild game chase, but have been interested in the circle hunt where a whole neighborhood or county turned out and formed in a circle and then closed into the center with such noise and parade as to drive all the wild animals before us into some open space where all the circle could be seen and see the animals running to and fro seeking an cutlet. We had such a one in Ohio, and there was one in the northwest part of this county some years ago. Some kinds of animals will become so desperate after running the circle a few times that they will run through the lines or jump over men's heads. The dogs are all turned loose on them and it becomes decidedly interesting; many animals will run through the lines or be killed in the attempt, but the circumstances in this case are easier imagined than described. But I will give you some special cases as related to me by personal friends a little further on in this article, at the time but since compiled into the history of Warren county from which I will quote in part, for we have such a history, if it did cost us all it is worth; it is important that the experience of the early pioneers be preserved, as they go to confirm the theory that, after all, happiness is pretty evenly balanced in this world. They had their privations and hardships, but they had also their own peculiar joys, as we are creatures of circumstances to some extent and adapt ourselves to the surroundings. If we were poor, we were free from the burden of pride and vanity, free also from the anxiety and care that always attends the possession of wealth. Other people's eyes cost, them nothing. If there was but few neighbors, they were on the best of terms; envy, jealousy, strife did not interfere with their pleasures. A common interest bound all together with strong ties. A little world of our own, yet from all parts of the world. New comers were made welcome and gave part of the best room if there was but one. Then assist in getting them located and provide a habitation. If misfortune befell one, others were ready to help him, as when a house would burn or blow down. This state of feeling is common on the frontier, where laws have not been established as all must join in as one family for self protection against bad men that occasionally get away from law, to such a one when found out, the community is a law unto itself and men generally know enough to steer clear of such community. But their sports are peculiar. If a neighbor misses anything, he takes it for granted there is fun ahead in some way if it is at his expense; especially if he misses his boots, a quarter of beef, venison, or something and he will be expected to return the compliment, probably with interest, but will come round all right after the "spree" is over.

BEAR HUNTING.

Mr. J. S. McKemmy, with whom I first worked on arriving here, relates as one of his most dangerous experiences, the following:

"I discovered one day that one of my hogs had come up to Joshua Wallace's with one shoulder literally eaten off; yet it had traveled quite a distance, as tracked by the blood. In a few days one of the neighbors saw a huge black bear. So Thomas Cazon and myself went around to get the neighbors to give chase.

"R. W. Williamson, Mr. Houser and several others came, and the next day we began the hunt. We did not find Mr. Bruin until we had pretty effectually scoured Brush Ridge. Finally, however, success crowned our efforts, and bruin suddenly jumped out of a fallen tree top, and the fun began. The bear ran around the head of a small ravine, about half a mile away, when R. W. Williamson came up facing him and forced him to climb a tree. I was about eighty yards behind, riding a spirited horse, and I thought that in order to get a good shot before anybody else I would jump off my horse and fire away at him; but when I went to jump off, my foot stuck fast in the stirup, and as some of the party began to fire by this time, my horse became frightened and began to jump sideways, jerking me eight or ten feet at a time. This was a very precarious situation; but I took my disengaged foot and pushed the stirup off the other one, got up as quickly as possible and ran to the edge of the brush where I could see the bear. Just at this time bruin concluded to come down, and although as many as fifteen shots had been fired at him he reached the ground unharmed except by a single buckshot in his left foot, fired from Mr. Williamson's gun, and, to my horror, he started straight toward me. As he was not more than thirty vards distant, I thought this a little too near for comfort, especially as I had hardly recovered from the adventure with my horse. But I kept my trusty old rifle ready, and when the bear had come about half way, and had turned a little to one side, I drove a shot into his left side which felled him to the ground. Then Mr. Williamson's dog tackled him and received a rather warm embrace in return, but a ball by Ed Williamson loosed his hold and he again arose to his feet and started away, when another shot from a large eight-inch revolver which I carried brought him to the ground to rise no more.

"The bear was very large and very fat. An eye witness says that he never saw in all his life eighteen or twenty men so terribly ex-

cited as this company was. This was the last bear seen in Warren county."

Mr. R. W. Williamson also recounts some of his hunting adventures. He says, "I was an early settler in Warren county and like my father, was very fond of a gun. My first hunt alone was one which now would be considered quite a successful one for an old hunter, inasmuch as I captured three raccoons in one night, and my second hunt was one in which I killed eight deer in four days. Only a few days after this we had an adventure with a noted prairie wolf, long known in the neighborhood, and which was not much afraid of the dogs, but I had an immense greyhound which could capture any coyote. I got word one morning that the wolf was near our place, and my brother and myself went in pursuit of him. It was but a little while until we found him and the hound soon overtook him and ran violently against him, knocking him down and keeping him so until the other dogs came up and got hold of him. He played possum and we all thought he was dead, so I thought I would just tie him on behind my saddle on my mule and carry him home. The mule was a very wild one, and before I had an opportunity to complete the work my brother turned around and said, "look there, what jumps that greyhound is making," and as I looked I saw him going about twenty feet at a jump; I thought I would put the wolf down and go and see what the tracks in the snow some twenty yards distant were, and as I went toward my brother he turned in the direction of the place where the wolf had been left, and to his utter surprise saw the wolf quite a distance down the road, running as well as ever. We then had quite a chase before we succeeded in catching him again, and I congratulated myself on thus being prevented from tying that wolf on my mule, for had it came to life after I had mounted the mule, I certainly should have been thrown and the mule would probably have killed itself, for a live wolf on a mule's back would certainly have been a new kind of rider, as I was the only one who had ever ridden him. Since that time when I capture a wolf I am sure to ascertain that it is dead before I take any risk with it. I captured eight more wolves that winter, which was in 1856, and none ever fooled me again. One of them was so savage when he got hold of my dog's leg, I was compelled to pry its mouth open with my gun before it would let go.

"My next adventure was not long after this, when several of my neighbors and myself agreed to go on a hunt on Brush Ridge, and it is 'brush ridge,' sure enough.

"One T. Samples was along with us. He was a lame man, who, when he got under headway down hill, would run so far into the brush that he could scarcely get out again.

"As is always the case with hunters, each man thought he had the best dogs in the country, and it was but a little while till they had found plenty of wildcats, three of them in one lot. I shot one of them, and after running about an hour Lew McGinnis' hounds ran east after one of the remaining cats, and mine ran west after the other, in the direction of Bevington, or where it now stands. Mr. Stiles and my brother were with me. The dogs scared the wildcat into a hollow log, about forty feet long and hollow clear through, the dogs going in at both ends. There was some terrible fighting in there for quite a while, but finally the dogs came out without the cat.

FAST IN A HOLLOW LOG WITH A WILDCAT.

"I was the largest man in the party, and proposed that one of them go in and bring out the cat. But as they were not certain it was dead, or how many more there were in there, they declined to go in. We had no axe to cut the log with. I was anxious to show more scalps than any other member of the party, so I drew my coat, forgetting that I was always sure to swell when I got into a place where there was much pressure on both sides of my head, as had happened to me when a boy, I had tried to go through a crack or opening in the stable and got fast and stayed there till my brother pried the logs apart for me to get out. But I crawled into the log quite a distance, when I came to a place that it was with great difficulty I got through. I went on through until I came to another such place, which I found I could not get through. I then reached my hand through just as far as I could, and found I could just touch the cat's nose. I got my finger on one of the cat's teeth and commenced to draw it to me and go backwards, and was all right until I came to the small place in the log, when I got fast, so that I could get neither forward nor backward.

"I called for help, but it seemed at first that little could be done; I could feel myself getting larger all the time, I therefore insisted that they must pull me out and John, my brother, knowing the difficulty rushed in and took me by the heels. I was too much for him, so Stiles went in and took John by the heels and both began to pull and the buttons began to fly. They continued to pull until they rescued me from my predicament, with my vest torn off and my shirt and pants also badly torn, and several abrasions in the

skin, but I held to the wild cat all the same and brought it out, saying as I emerged, "we will beat Lew McGinnis anyway."

BOY IN A DANGEROUS PLACE.

"In 1858, I had a boy by the name of Wesley Johnson living with me, who was very anxious to have a wild cat hunt, and so we went over into the woods on North river, and "Old Rattler" soon put a cat up a tree, which we killed without difficulty. In about twenty minutes more the old dog had treed another up a tall white hickory. Johnson had lost his gun caps and could not shoot the cat. He was just about the age when a boy thinks a new knife a fortune. He climbed up the tree about thirty-five feet and cut off a limb with his knife, and put his hat on the end of the stick and was about to thrust it to scare the cat off, when suddenly the limb broke to which he was holding and he started to fall, head first, but he had an uncommonly large foot and his ankle caught in a fork that stood straight up. He was suspended by one leg and I knew that it was certain death for him to fall that distance, and was at a loss to know what to do. I told him, however, to hold on, and he caught hold of a limb and began to pull himself up and pushed his foot out of the precarious situation. I was thinking of the danger the boy had almost miraculously escaped; the boy was thinking something else. After he had extricated himself and turned a complete somersault, holding on with all of his strength, and with his back to the tree. I felt very much interested to know if he was hurt. The boy replied, "everything is all right, if I only have not lost my knife," at the same time feeling in his pockets. He knew he had been hanging head downward and was afraid his knife had slipped out of his pocket and was lost. He still had the pluck to climb higher and scare off the cat and we captured it after a bloody fight." These things show the fun and the profits do not pay for the risk.

A WIFE MURDER.

This, one of the greatest crimes known, was committed in Polk county. By change of venue the case taken to Jasper county, and then to this, Warren county, Iowa, in 1854, and was the first trial for murder in this county. I was only interested as a citizen and sheriff's guard in the case, and heard the testimony and what he had to say about it, which developed the following facts:

That Pleasant Fouts and his wife, Ruth, had two little girls and were well-to-do people; had two or three farms, but materially lack-

ing in harmony to get along peaceably—probably from a want of a proper knowledge of themselves as to their individual make-up, inclinations and purposes. These personal difficulties went on from time to time till he proposed to sell out and go farther west. She declined to sign away her interest; this did not help the matter and he used every strategy he could to induce her to do so. She refused still on the ground that she believed he intended to get his means together then leave her desolate.

He finally seemed to give it up, and went himself to California, where he stayed I think a year or more, as he has since said, brooding over the difficulties, and wanting his property in shape to do business with, finally concluding to come back and make things as agreeable as possible, which he did, but with the purpose of going back. She not being willing to sell out yet, he proposed moving to a farm they had in the north part of the county, from where they were, on the Des Moines river. To this she assented; so the renter was notified, or the arrangements all made for that purpose, and they moved in a covered wagon up there. The renter had not yet got out of the house, which was all taken pleasantly; and as the house was small and the weather warm (9th day of August, 1854), they concluded to stay in the wagon over night. The children put in their nest, Fouts and his wife retired to their couch. He again insisted on selling out and going west. She got up and out of the wagon and sat down on a chair by the wagon tongue, near some smoldering fire that they had had for some purpose there in the timber or grove, not far from the house. As she sat there—as was thought-crying, he got up and got a big, sharp knife, walked up behind her and cut in one side of her throat a deep gash. It was thought to be not necessarily fatal. She jumped and ran for the house, crying aloud so that the lady of the house heard her: "Oh, Pleas! oh, Pleas! you have killed me!" over and over again, as she fell against the door. The woman of the house (a noble and intelligent spirit of the house, as was demonstrated at the trial,) met the falling woman as she came against the door and dragged her in herself and shut the door and fastened it before her husband got his senses about him. The lady of the house, as quick as thought, sought for the injury there in the dark, and by the feeling of the blood found the gash and held her hand on it, directing her husband to stir the fire in the fireplace and put some chips on it to make a light (all they seemed to have for that purpose), which was done, and a little light showing it to be a horrible sight. The woman made an ugly noise and then swooned away. If the good woman removed her hand in the least, the blood would gush out fearfully. She wanted her husband to run for the neighbors, but he thought it was not safe. Just at this juncture some one rapped on the door. Said the lady: "Who is there?" The answer was: "Fouts." She replied: "You have killed your wife; go along off." He said: "1 know I have, but I want to see her once more." "You can't do it," replied the woman. He then stood and coaxed to be let in. and was finally let in. He came up and looked at her a little, and then suddenly grasped to pull the lady's hand from the throat, and at the same instant drew his knife across the poor, bleeding wife's throat on the other side, completely severing the arteries and windpipe. A struggle, and all was over with the murdered wife, whose husband had also cut the hand of the lady of the house in her effort to save the other woman. As soon as the murderer saw his bloody work was effectually done, he got out of the door in a hurry. The "man" of the house, from his own evidence, it seems, "was too much shocked to do anything," and it was quite a good bit before his good lady could get him started to fetch the neighbors. When he did go at last, he slipped out and ran for dear life, and. soon a squad of neighbors arranged for some to go for others, while a few slipped up as an advance picket line, rightly apprehending he would take a little time in getting ready to leave. They approached so quietly that he did not hear them.

CAUGHT AND TIED.

They discovered him at the branch, a short distance from the house, washing the blood off of his clothes which he continued at for a short time, they saying among themselves, in a whisper, "he will be sure to go to get a horse before he starts," but watched every movement. He went deliberately up to the wagon, looked around a moment as though thinking what to take or best to do, then went up as if to untie one of the horses. At this juncture they all rushed out and presented their guns at him and demanded him to stand still and throw up his hands; it was quickly done and he was secured. As the crowd came and learned the facts, there was a clamor for to hang him right up to a limb there and then, but a justice of the peace and some others, more cool, advised that it was a sure case and that it was best to let the law take its own course, which finally prevailed, and he was taken to Des Moines to jail, waiving any preliminaries, and the changes of venue had so that the trial was held here and verdict rendered November 3d, 1854, as

follows: We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree, after the above facts were fully shown.

The next day Judge Townsend pronounced the sentence, with tears rolling down his manly cheeks. The judge talked about the case for some time, how horrible it was, and the effect on the community and on those pretty little girls, then in the room, of this murder of their mother; what must be their feelings for life, and exhorted to obedience to law and good government, then said about these words, "The said defendant, Pleasant Fouts, shall be hung by the neck until he is dead, and that the execution of said defendant take place at some public convenient place within one mile of the town of Indianola, within this county, on the fifteenth day of December 1854, at one o'clock of said day."

We then, as a guard under the sheriff, took him to jail, and our old jail had steps to go up to the second story outside, and among the large crowd that followed along close was the two little girls. When nearing the jail and about to go up the steps the little daughters were crying as if their little hearts would break, and commenced hollowing in their crying, "O, don't hang my papa," frantically, and repeating it over and over again until he was brought back to them and assured them that he was just going in the jail and that the men would not hurt him there. Thus they were partly quieted and their suspense prolonged.

There was an appeal taken to the supreme court on a technicality in the indictment, and it was sustained; but the case was so plain a one that the court had the criminal brought before it, when the judge told him that only for the little error of the attorney that drew up the indictment, he would have got what the law provided for such men, but as it was his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, at hard labor, at Fort Madison, whither he was taken, and lived for twenty-three years, and died there. What little there was left of the proceeds of his property after paying his lawyers, etc., was sent to his girls in Kansas.

What a lesson this is to all to watch lest you fall into like temptation and wrong just for a little money, and how careful young people should be in selecting their companions for life. Seek information from those competent to show you what mental and physical qualities will give peace and harmony and conjugality. There is a true mental philosophy that will enable you to do so. Seek it; then cultivate daily all the good there is in you, physically, mentally and morally, as I have said and will say often; and then you will be on the high road to a better life here and hereafter.

DON'T LET YOUR ANGRY PASSIONS RISE.

Over thirty-five years ago, within fifty feet of where I now lie writing, I saw a shocking incident in the old tavern building adjoining my office now. There lived a peculiarly cranky, crabbed man who was keeping it as a hotel. Another young man and I had just stepped into the bar-room. He seemed to be very much excited and angry, I think, about a pane of broken glass. He went out around the house to where it was broken a minute: then he came in with a rough oath, terribly angry, and ran against one of his little boys, hurting him, and set to cursing him fearfully. That fairly chilled my blood-it seemed so terribly wrong. But he talked so fast and loud that no one had a chance to be heard; but he went on into the other room and got a hammer that I think he came in for, but just as he came out again on the "double quick," he met the child again and actually ran over it, as though he did not care for its being hurt, and threatened to kill it, with the ugliest oaths he could get through his teeth. I think I drew my face in as disapproving way as I could just as he glanced at me, and I said: "Hut, tut, tut, Garrison," as a kind of ejaculation of shame at him. He then turned his curses upon me, and d—-d me to attend to my own business, as he left the door, seeing my feelings in my face, no doubt, as I did not have any farther show to get a word in edge wise, he was so excited. But he went on around to the side of the house to repair the window. The old-fashioned stage agent, E. Havden's, buggy was standing there with a gun in it.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

He climbed upon the back end of it to fix the window. While doing so one of the little boys was in the buggy, playing with the lock or trigger of the gun, so that it went off and into his father's knee from behind him. In the strained condition of his nerves the shock was such that a man who saw him from off down the street said he jumped up very high and off some fifteen feet. I ran around to him, from the report of the gun supposing something was wrong. There he lay on the ground, shocked nearly past struggling. The doctor was there in a few minutes and said the leg would have to come off when he revived and reaction took place sufficient to do so. We carried him into the house then and laid him on the bed and awaited results. He never revived, and in an hour was dead. Oh, what horrible last dying words those were that he left me and his own children. Moreover, had he been in a

composed state of his nerves the shot would not have been necessarily fatal. Again, if he had been calm he would have probably noticed the little boy's actions with the gun and avoided the danger. So keep cool.

WORK AND VISIT.

The first two years were very busy ones here, in which I think I did my full share, if not more, in pushing the work, for I injured myself in this way. Having several good contracts and hands at work pushing it as fast as possible, I hired a half dozen teams to haul logs from the timber to the mill in town, and drove three yoke of cattle myself part of the time so as to see what to haul. It was in August, hence very hot, and by the time we had helped each other to load the logs we were wet with sweat. I, like the rest, got on the logs and "gee 'wo' hawed" Buck and Berry, Bright and Jerry, etc. O, how pleasant the prairie breezes did feel and I enjoyed it for a week. Little dreaming of the importance of putting on a coat when so over-heated, and I only mention it here as a caution to others, the next week I was prostrated suddenly while upon a scaffold at the work of putting on a front cornice on a building, but luckily did not fall off.

OVER HEATED.

The doctors said it was a natural result of my imprudence the week previous; a rush of blood to the brain, the liver clogged, and the heart and lungs in congestion. Then came a gorge of medicine, and a few days later everything seemed to concentrate at the plexes of nerves at the stomach. The doctors gave me what they called their last remedy, saying that it was the only hope to save my life. But I got better or you would not have this warning, then took a long string of "blue mass" pills, and between the disease and the remedies I did not get over it for several years and I do not know which was the worst, but I think the latter was.

Having a good set of men, my work went on and got through in the second winter. Then I went back to my native state on a visit, after nearly two year's absence. It was truly enjoyable, but

Oh, how big the hills did look,
How small the fields,
Where dinner, I so oft' had took,
While clearing up those big fields.

Marriage bells had been ringing during my absence, and my oldest sister, Melissi Ann, a jewel to any man, had been captured,

as well as some of the stars that had attracted my attention in former days.

Sister married Mr. Stephen S. Nelson, a bright, active, industrious man, the only son of one of our best old farmers, having been a schoolmaster for many years. Both were old enough and capable of looking out for themselves, as since proved by seven of their own boys, not a girl to love or spoil.

So I had many places to visit and talk of the past and of the west. Times were dull there, and land warrants for the soldiers of the War of 1812 were then being issued to the soldiers' widows or heirs, But they generally seemed to prefer to sell them than lay them, and they were bought up by the rich and poor and put in my pockets till they were full, for me to lay on land in Iowa. Then after a few weeks' visit there I left, as now seems to me, for the last time for home here, going and coming by Chicago and Indianapolis.

"THE GATES AJAR."

After returning from Ohio in the spring of 1856, I made some collections and a trade so that I got a horse and buggy for the purpose of going out to the western part of the state to select land, and started west alone with a number of additional land warrants and money for others to be located. After the first day's travel the roads followed the main divides, and being well traveled it became very monotonous. "Old Gray" was as steady as clockwork, so I frequently got in the condition of Rev. S. Haines' congregation, as I heard him say, stopping a moment in his discourse: "Well, brethren, you must have a heap of confidence in me that I will do the preaching all right; I see some of you can sleep quite soundly under it."

Some places there would be fifteen or twenty miles without a house, and too hot to drive fast. Struck nothing of more importance than a few little towns and one semi-Mormon colony some thirty or forty miles southeast of Council Bluffs, till I reached this last named city. Council Bluffs was the trading post for many who lived a hundred miles or more west, and had a few good brick blocks—was situated among the bluffs sure enough, some two miles from the Missouri river in Iowa. Here I met with a young man from near where I had lived in Ohio. He wanted a piece of land, and we had neither yet found what we wanted, so we got some township plats there at the land office, showing the vacant lands in Harrison and Monona counties. When we got into Harrison county we found it good land

as it had been generally where we had been, but the choice pieces were taken with land warrants or money. One night where we staid the man had known many of my folks, and told me Cousin Isaac Davis was living up in Monona county, it was good news to me. We started up there; thought we could find our way and toward evening we inquired where we could stay that night and was directed to a place, got there just at dark and very tired to find evidence that they had just moved out. What should we do? On the sea of wild land, no food for man or beast or place to lay our heads. So we moved on slowly and hopeful that we might find something or somebody. Our first difficulty was where the roads forked and neither very plain and no sign boards, but as the road was a little the plainest, we concluded to turn to the right as "the law directs," but like the "Arkinsaw Traveler," every house we came to was something else, nothing like it, but we did not know what a step would bring forth, one going in advance of "Old Gray" to keep the trail and watch for the mud holes. It was quite dark and not the sound of anything till we must have gone ten miles; not even a wolf, tiger or bear to wake up our lagging energies. Then, "Hark! a cow bell is it not? It seems to be ahead; let us go." The road was so crooked that we did not know what course we were going. We did not have a star to guide or lead us. "Hark! that bell is getting plainer," and we quickened the step a little and after a short time we seemed to be passing it. "You halt there to keep in the road and I will go to the bell." So I struck up a little hollow and found a small "dug out" or hole in the ground, but nobody to answer when I called, but after awhile I got to where there were hundreds of cattle, but not a sign of anybody to answer my call, so I went back by hollowing to my comrade. I got back to the road and we started on, feeling that certainly there must be somebody here on this trail, for there had been wagons along it, and then the cattle, whose are they? On we went hunting, miles after miles, or we were not good guessers. Every one seeming like the fellow's "six weeks in the long month of August," and really after land looking all day and doubly hungry and tired, and then poor "Old Gray" worse off; the 'lamb had got to be an old sheep," and getting upon a ridge could not see or hear a thing, I consented to unhitch the horse and tie one end of the line to him and let him eat grass. "Then we will have to hold him as he might break the buggy if we hitch him to it." So my comrade was attending to that matter and I was loth to give up the search and thought I would walk on further, so as to be sure there was nothing near to us, if nothing

more, and said, "I will be back directly." I went about a fourth of a mile, and what do you think I found? A fence just after crossing a little bridge and evidence of man. "Halloo there, come on I have found it," I velled back to comrade loud enough to wake the snakes; yea more, it seemed to awake a thousand head of cattle, with several bells on the lot not more than twenty rods away. "Pard" hitched up and came on while I held onto the fence so it would not get away till he came. "You bet" he came, but still I said, "come on, I have got it." We followed the then plain road along the fence a short distance until we came to a high gate. You need not query in your mind whether I opened the gate or not, I was just that kind of an angel then, while my "chum" could drive his carriage in with "Old Gray," who had a better right to go in if it did disturb the cattle and set the dogs to barking, off a short distance. But here we go—to Heaven or that other place—and soon came to an inner gate, higher than I could reach, so I concluded to climb upon it and take a peep into the inner courts before opening it, for where under heavens can we be? I could see the shape of many houses close together. I opened wide the great gate, and "Gray" went in first: I wonder if all good horses will. I followed and closed the gate securely so that we were really in; in to stay if possible, whether the place was very heavenly or not. We ventured to go on in and all was quiet and cozy looking in the dark. A few rods brought us to within a circle that appeared to inclose some eight or ten acres of land all smooth, and houses close together nearly all the way around; what could this mean, I had never heard of such a place. You may judge of our pleasure, and yet surprise and awe, as it looked rather comfortable and neat and it being after midnight Saturday night. It made me feel a thrill of pleasure to know we had a haven of rest over the Sabbath, where we might attend worship. But as we moved slowly along the circle of houses we found them so very small that while I was walking in advance it seemed that hotels were scarce, but finally we came to a house that looked like it was large enough to hold two of the lost sheep of the house of "Israel," and I made bold to go up the steps and knock on the door. No answer. I knocked again and again; the last few times so loud that an old lady in an adjoining house came and put her head out at the door and softly asked, "What do you want?" "We want to get to stop somewhere, we are strangers." "Oh," says she "that is our church," and pointed to and described a house that she thought would provide for us. I stepped back and

looked scrutinizingly at the sanctuary that I had been so unsanctimoniously hammering my fist on for admission. "Not worthy, ha." No doors flew open there, but when we got to the right door as the old lady had directed, and knocked, it stood ajar very soon, with another motherly looking old lady in long white robes dragging the floor, that really made me feel an awe seldom felt. I told her our wish. Indeed they would do the best they could for us, was the spirit of the answer. I went with her son to put away our steed and learned that it was a colony of Bonemoites, and that we were near twenty miles off our track. The lady set us a dish of bread and milk which filled the bill nicely and gave us a pallet on the floor up stairs for which we felt grateful, and for a day of rest over the Sabbath, as we went to sleep.

But imagine our surprise to be disturbed in our peaceful slumbers sometime after sunrise, hearing men hollowing "gee; "wo" "haw Buck," "get up here," "go 'long Berry." Thus it went with many men and teams; then we could hear the mill and other machinery going. Our curiosity was excited to know what this meant, as we understood that it was a religious society. So we had to go down and see, but all was knocked into the shade when we got to the foot of the stairs and met the landlady who had worn the long white robe when we went to bed. Here she was now to say a kind word to us, but she had slipped about two feet too far through her dark dress, vet she was not abashed 'tho her knees had very slight covering. This was a little too much for my native modesty; I blushed, bowed courteously, and walked out doors; "whither shall we go," for when outside we saw young ladies going about in the same attire. All had got through their raiment too far that morning by some means. Now that we were out in the commons, we became the curiosity for every lady in town seemed to be attracted so as to pass close, or standing in the door. All in the same uniform; all new to us, but concluded it must be the fashion. Some people act as though they would about as leave be out of the world as out of the fashion. But these folks seemed to be nearly out of the world and fashion to, to us, or else we had wandered into some fairy land where they kept the seventh day.

A NEW JEHOVAH.

But here was the ox; the old fashioned ox with hornes on his head still, the yoke on his neck, and tail behind him, so the fashion had not changed with him, and we must be still in a real world.

But here was another reason to doubt it. In their explanations to us that they were a colony of Bonemoites that held their property all in common, and possessed thousands of cattle if not "the cattle on a thousand hills," and all these things were in the name and under control of one person, but now he was chief priest and all called him Jehovah.

This was certainly convincing proof that we had wandered out of the veritable world that we were raised in, for if we understand ourselves aright, and we think we do, that personage, Jehovah, did not take a part in individual property arrangements in this mundane sphere. And this great personage published a little newspaper about one-fourth the size of a common country organ, in the common world, and this did not speak very well for so great a personage, but every avocation advertised showed that he was proprietor. I kept one of those papers many years. For every mill, store, factory and shop, a foreman was designated by name and added Jehovah, proprietor; even down to the lady that run the soap factory, his Honor was proprietor. On a second thought, the latter did seem quite appropriate for this personage, for soap is a purifier.

But we soon struck another evidence besides the ox that we were still in this mundane sphere, because when I asked the men if they knew Isaac Davis, a cousin of mine. Yes, they did; he lived at the other end of the county. And there Jehovah had run for the office of school fund commissioner, against my said cousin. And Isaac Davis had beaten this great I am. Office seeking is certainly an evidence that we are on terra firma, we thought.

So we struck out for the school fund commissioners and got there all right in due time, and as an evidence that we were in a real genuine old fashioned world yet. We ate an immence amount of fresh fish and venison, gotten up by one of the most skillful hands in the culinary art I ever struck, a good cousin that time. Had a good time generally. Selected four thousand acres of land, and went back to Council Bluffs, after looking through Nebraska considerable, just in time to loose all our trouble (money spent and land), for congress had just passed an act granting alternate sections of land to three lines of projected railroads across the state, and ordered the land offices closed till they were selected.

This was another evidence that we were in a world of "trouble and disappointment."

As we learned a few years later the said *Jehovah* had been taken into that community when he was too poor to pay his expense

there, yet he tried to hold all the property when the society broke up, as all such societies must sooner or later. The principle of putting the wise and the ignorant, the industrious and lazy, the miser and spendthrift, the delicate and refined with the coarse and vulgar, all together and divide the property and comforts, enforce social equality where it does not exist, will not work. It is violation of natural law, common sense and what is right among men. But we were not of the "cast out" kind that could draw away even a third part of those "bloomer" angels, from that fairy haven.

ENTERING LAND.

Having returned from the fairy land of disappointment in the west and returned many land warrants, still having a few for per. sonal friends to locate, I started for Osage, Mitchell county, Iowa, close to the Minnesota line—a long ride; called on friends in Marshall county and exhorted the people to flee from Buchanan to Fremont, they being the candidates for president, and did such things as I could to give variety to the monotony of travel of those days; I got there, and found hundreds of men in the same business, so that all the show to get land was to use your judgment from maps and such information as you could pick up, and enter haphazard such as you could, for if you went to look at it it would be nearly all taken before you got back, so I ran the risk and came out very well.

Times had become dull and work at my trade dull; I came back to Marshall county, to uncle's, traded for a team and a share in a threshing machine, and ran it during the season; I got word that Mother and Father Van Tasell and family had moved out from Ohio during my ramblings and were then at Pella, Marion county. Selling my interest in the machine I brought aunt Edith Davis down to visit my mother and family.

FRIENDS.

Early in the spring of 1857 Father Van Tasell moved on a farm two miles west of Indianola; of his family with him, his children were John, Jane, Josephine, Perry the babe, and by my surname, Caroline, Mark and Madison. He did well on a farm for a few years, then moved to town, still farming some, but all these years his principal business had been house moving. His oldest son, Russell, moved out here and stayed a year, went back to Pennsylvania and died in the late war; father's oldest daughter

came out since, and is now Mrs. S. Nunnemaker, here. Jane married Ward Whooten, John married Miss Lottie Fortney, Josephine married Mr. Hugh White, who died in 1879, his wife dying in Kansas in 1890. All well respected and doing well.

HORSE HUNTING.

As the writer looks upon this as an extraordinary case that others might profit by, he will give it. In the spring after Father Van Tasell had located west of town, and got his crop in, and a large amount of corn just ready to need constant plowing, he unluckily turned his three horses out one night to graze on the prairie grass which had been done occasionly before in day time.

But this time they were missing in the morning. He hunted "high and low" for a week, I think as far as twenty miles away in some directions, and did not hear a word from them. It was becoming hard on him and his crop. Not willing to give them up for lost, yet not knowing what to do. Could not believe they were stolen; thought if they aimed to go back east that he had followed the road far enough to hear of them. I was engaged, but felt it my duty to try to find them if they were to be found. Securing a riding horse set out with the determination not to leave a "stone unturned." So started, thinking as one had been brought from Ohio, "Old Dick," "Fanny" from Indiana, "Prince" not known. each had some peculiarity, I started east far enough to convince me they had not followed the main road. Then I sought the county records to see if they had been taken up in any of the adjoining counties. Not finding them there, I rode in a circle nearer home, got off a few miles farther each time back and forth, which was continued for ten days till I was forty miles from home and not a trace of them yet, feeling that they ought to have been seen the next day after leaving somewhere in that distance or after that. Hope is made of desire and prospect; I had the former if not the latter, so I used determination in place of the prospect, to make hope out of, and so kept on knowing that the darkest time is just before day frequently, and if you don't succeed try and try again, so kept bravely on. Having learned in asking disinterested men about such things that you must interest them some way long enough to make them think, and refresh their memories. If you have to give them the most noticeable features about the matter sought, always reserving something, by which you may know that they are correct, as we all want evidence to base a belief on. On these principles I was moving cautiously along, when I rode up to the

yard fence of a well-to-do farmer and called to him, told him I was hunting stray horses, asked him if he had seen any kind of stray work horses in the last two or three weeks; "No," was the answer that I had so often heard. Then I described one, "No, he had no clue of any." I still kept trying to interest him in the matter, his wife had come to the door and seemed to become more interested than he did and I described another that had a peculiarly deformed pastern joint, that gave forward in place of backward, yet a very fine large bay horse, that walked very proud and high headed like many people that are not just right. But without digressing further; now, there was a woman interested in this matter, that had her thinking cap on, and she exclaimed (excitedly) "O, yes Pa" to her husband, "don't you remember that about three weeks ago, that neighbor" such a one by name, "a way over yonder by the timber, told us about such horses lying there all day?" "Well, yes, I do now," and then they went on to tell more about the horses and circumstances that satisfied me they were the right horses; I told them so. They had got so much interested as to draw near me, and seemed to feel as extremely good over it as if their mother-in-law had just arrived, and I felt almost as good as if I had a prospect of one. I thanked them heartily for the first clue to the direction they had gone, and with my most grateful bow to my informants, I struck for the "tall timber" where the horses should have been seen, made sure that the name of the person was right, got to the place, begun the skirmish determined to make them prove the matter to me, if they had seen them, for so many had seemed so anxious to tell me something that would help to find them that they imagined they had seen them somewhere, but on investigation they failed to materialize. Questions in this case as usual, "Have you seen any stray horses lately?" Answer, "No." Q. "Think a little, please." A. "No." "There is such an impression out," I said to the man, who was out a short distance from the house. A. "Well, now I believe I did see some colts a week or two ago." Q. "Are you sure they were colts not work horses?" A. "Yes, I am sure of it for I drove them off." Q. "Not seen any work horses in the last month." "No." The matter began to look blue to me; soliloquizing to myself, had those other folks been reading my mind, no says I. "Mr. I was told by a neighbor over yonder you did." His wife was in the door and he hollowed to her and told her about the matter, after talking a little, they both said "no." We were talking of it farther, when the lady exclaimed, "O, yes, John, don't you remember those horses that came up early one morning about three weeks ago and

laid out there by the fence all day?" Allow me to remark I heard every word of that matter distinctly, for there now you see there is another woman in the matter. "Yes, yes, I do remember it now." said the man, "and I remember that I noticed them particularly at the time, but it had passed from me," He then went on and described each one as carefully as if he had thought of buying them. just about as I would describe them. That settled the matter definitely that they had been there and quite clearly that it was the next morning after they were turned out at home, between forty and fifty miles from home, in one night and nearly three weeks ahead of me. at that rate, where would I be likely to overtake them at the rate I had been going? Boys, make a calculation, please. I was encouraged, concluded they must have struck nearly a "bee line" south-east to get there in that time. He said they started off in the evening around the field. With many thanks to them for the information—if I did have to weary them a little to get it—I started on concluding that they would be likely to keep near the same course but might vary several miles, and be taken up by some one, so I went in a zig zag, back and forth over the direct line, so as to be cautious enough not to miss them, if they should be stopped. In this way I went on, thirty-five to forty miles further from home, when I happened to hear where there was an important trial going on in a justice's court. I went to it and by public inquiry, heard of the large bay a few miles from there, and heard the others had been seen with him, probably the next day after leaving the other place heard from, he was behind and stopped with other horses to pick grass, and staid with them

FOUND ONE.

I went and found him and put him up, then went on as usual. Some fifteen to twenty miles further a man out in the field plowing corn some distance from the road, answered me that he had 'seen a sorrel about medium size and a larger dark chestnut sorrel going along the road in a sweeping trot, the larger one whinnying after the other as if afraid of being left or lost." He did not remember the day, but it was about the right time and description. I kept right on as usual through the brushy rough section in northeast Missouri, till I was about one hundred and fifty miles from home, when I heard of them being taken up by a man "away over yonder in a deep hollow between two hills." I found the place, saw the head of the little sorrel sticking out of a little log stable,

went on to the cabin, found the man at home but the women and three babies had gone several miles on "Old Dick."

The man scrutinized me very closely. I described them both so minutely in every particular, openly and frankly, that he seemed to think the probability was that they were mine, but that I would have to comply with the law to get them, that is, prove them by two witnesses. He thought he had gone according to law in taking them up and advertising and keeping them. I told him I could not bring witnesses short of home, a hundred and fifty miles. I staved with him that afternoon, talked on this and other matters till the queen of the house came home with two children on behind her and one before, on "Old Dick" just at dusk. Then I concluded to stay all night and let him dream over the matter. I knew it was as he said that if he let me have them without the proof that some "scalawag" could come on him and claim them and put him to trouble and expense. I did not want him to get in trouble, was frank and honest with him, and offered if he would let me have them to furnish the evidence when he called for it at home, or if necessary bring proof to him, etc.

The next morning he said to me "I will risk your face." I thanked him for the favor and compliment, paid all expense and trouble, and the little children a bone. With grateful thanks to them I started, homeward bound, with a light, cheerful heart, feeling that they were anxious about me at home, mother probably looking on the worst side, and would now be doubly glad to see me come home. With one horse to ride and two to lead, could not go very fast.

Having learned that the little mare was the leader in this trouble all the time I concluded that I would trade or sell her if I could, and, as the boys say, "have one of my own." The first good offer that I had was to trade for a yoke of oxen. I traded and drove them before me, which did not add to the speed any. I got to where the other horse was which left me three and the cattle to manage. The cattle were excellent good ones, but did not match in size or looks. It so happened that a man where I staid had a yoke of cattle like mine and offered to trade so as to match both yoke of cattle. He wanted me to say what I would give or take, but I told him that I preferred to have him say what he would give or take as he was an older man but that there was a difficulty in the way, I had no money to pay the boot if I chose the large ones. He said he would take my word for that, because he said the least yoke would be worth as much together as either yoke was as they

were now miss-matched. So he offered to give or take ten dollars to boot. I decided to "run my face for the difference" and took the large cattle that were well matched and worth at least twenty dollars more than the smaller ones, so we were both benefited ten dollars in the trade.

The weather was hot, and road dry and hard. Passing along as fast as was safe the cattles' feet got very tender, they were admired by all that saw them.

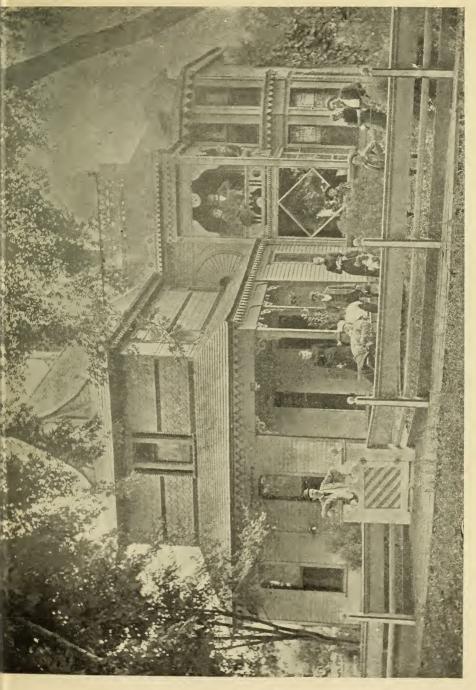
After an absence of some three weeks, I arrived safe home about midnight one night.

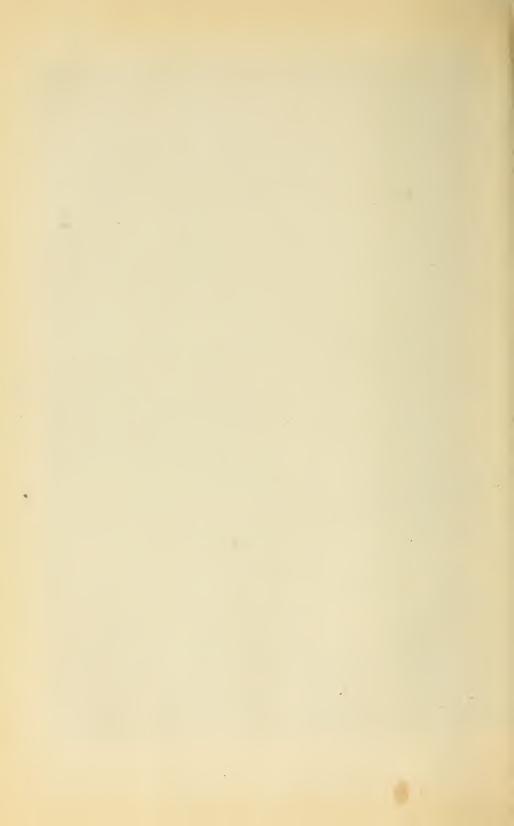
WELCOME HOME.

The reception I received is easier imagined than described, as I brought all up standing by the yard gate. I hallooed, "Haloo there." I heard mother halloo out loud enough to wake the others "O dear there's Arthur, poor fellow he has come at last." I thought what sleepless hours she has passed. But here they all came in a trice in their night clothes making a grand picture in the star light. Poor mother wanted to know if I was alive; Father Van says "I think he is from the looks of things. All the rest on end to know where I had been so long, and where I got so much stock. With a little love feast for "Old Dick" and the rest all was put away, but the family all too wide awake and thankful to go to sleep soon.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

In 1857 times were rather hard, and not much being done at my trade, so I traded some stock, horses and cattle, for a small clothing store, run it a while, traded it for land and the land for a stock of groceries, which business I was running when one day a young lady that I had not seen before, was just passing the door, when a clerk in an adjacent store, called her, "Miss you have left your change on the counter," and he brought it to her. I was "struck." Her face colored a little as she thanked him, but I thought her the very picture of innocence and purity, and with her large brown eyes that gave me a shy look as she passed, showing her abundant black curled hair to good advantage, also a light drab suit on a well developed, medium sized person, filling my ideal of a queen among ladies. Although I had not posted myself on that subject as everyone should do, and hope they will; unless they are the kind that go "hap-hazard" and think this world came by chance. I was now twenty-five years old, light complexioned, light brown hair, sandy





beard, one hundred and eighty pounds or more in weight, so was big enough, old enough, and did not have to be as handsome as the girl that passed to marry. And there was not many hairs between me and heaven. Had I not better look a little out. It was not long till necessity brought the said young lady into the store to get some butter and, of course, I had some that was "hice," but in cutting off a slice with a large, sharp knife I managed some way to cut my finger; can't tell how, but certainly was not looking at the butter and there was a finger to be tied up. How careless I was. but "blood will tell," and of course she was concerned to know how my finger got along and called soon to get a box of matches. "Match, yes, why not a match," was my soliloquizing. I soon learned she was the only child of a widow lady that had but recently moved to town to do needle-work for a living. Her step-father. whom I had known as a worthy man, having recently died in the north part of the county. Circumstances formed an early acquaintance.

> Weeks and months did pass, But not very many; Still not your privilege to know all that passed, If your curiosity is excited any.

Then to the Phrenological lecture we did go,
Where I was put on exhibition
And all my weakness set forth you know,
Which left me in a condition.

What could I do to let me out,
But get her put on exhibition
Which I soon set myself about,
But could get her, on no condition.

Time passed on pleasantly
December came at last,
To make it as pleasant as May
An important question should be asked.

When we a carriage ride did take I intended to decide the matter, So asked if she would "me take For a life partner."

Her head on my shoulder dropped
As she gave her assent,
But thought the question must be popped
To get her mother's consent.

Incidently for a mother-in-law I had asked, Now I must ask for a wife; Our mother then we did ask And got consent for life.

We were married December 6th, 1857, by Rev. H. H. Badly. Mrs. Richard's maiden name was Miss Margaret A. McKowen, was born October 26th, 1839, being the only child of Joseph and Mary Jane McKowen, he being a son of John McKowen and she being a daughter of Noah Silvers, all of Essex county, New Jersey. Mrs. Richard's father died when she was two years old, of fever, in Florida, where he had gone to work at his trade a while, that of a silver smith. Her mother and Grand-father Silvers afterwards moved to Sidney, Ohio, where her mother married Mr. Benjamin Branden, a well-to-do farmer of that vicinity, who afterward moved to Iowa and settled in the north part of Warren county, where he died less than a year before we were married. During the week that we were married I rented a comfortable house one block northeast of the public square, where George Hughs now lives, and went to house-keeping with a mother-in-law to train us up in the way we should go. Although my wife was not a professor for nearly a year afterward, I set up a family altar the first evening and tried to have everything go on systematically. During the first year we had three weddings at our house; the last one was my mother-in-law to Esq. E. W. Bryant, a worthy, well-known old settler, and he got a wife with many excellent qualities

In the course of a year I traded out my business and bought the property where we now live and moved into it in the spring of 1859, so then we were really at home. If the house was not very large, then we were at home. Having had a taste of paying rent promptly every month, I did not want any more of it, as I don't think it prudent for poor folks with health to do so long. With persevering work and management almost anyone can get a small beginning in a few years; it may be economy for the rich to rent sometimes.

In our new home I planted the lot full of fruit trees and strawberries, such as would be useful. The lot is in a good location, high and dry, and a comfortable home as illustrated. Running over nearly two years our first born was born here. Then each jewel with some extra quality followed in succession.

The first fruits of wedded life Came in the autumn of the year; Who would not have a wife, When such fruits did appear?

A boy, with large black curley head, With body all in due proportion, Large bright eyes, in mama's bed Was as grand a sight as the ocean.

Soon my mother-in-law said he had the colic, And we knew no better; She said he must have some "pelagolac," But experience has taught us better. Preston, Frank, Ella and Johny was the talk, Stella, Sim and Sterling gave us a good start, Lotty, Cory and Roscoe now complete our flock; Each gem from two to three years apart.

The lack of some must be made up by others.

If we would "multiply and replenish the earth,"

Keeping in mind the rights, love, care, and condition of the mother,

Then cultivating, physically, mentally and morally from birth.

BROTHERS.

In the youthful experience of the two youngest of my full brothers, Mark and Madison, there was nothing very remarkable, yet more than common, I think, in steady habits, purity of purpose and character, worked faithful many years and appreciating the necssity of culture, became more studious, seeking knowledge that would enable them to be useful in after life, so commendable in any one. It seems from home reading they had meditated on religious subjects, for one day on visiting the farm where they first lived, west of town, the last named asked me to accompany him to a private retreat to pray with and for him, which was a pleasant surprise to me, for I had always felt at least an elder brothers care for their welfare in all respects, and as they had proved themselves worthy of more than ordinary love. They had it on my part.

The winter brought on the regular Methodist harvest time and they were among the first fruits as they seemed to be fully ripe for such help; hence, good results followed. They did not blow away as chaff before adverse winds, as so many do when they undertake anything. They were consistent with what they thought was right and that on the broader gauge as I believe.

MARK'S DEATH.

He was the oldest of the two above described, and died June 29th, 1859 of inflammation of the brain, after the most terrible suffering that could be in rending assunder soul and body of a healthy, stout, well developed young man that had just passed his twentieth year. He was mild, pleasant, obedient, industrious, thoughtful, loving disposition that made it a sore affliction to the family and friends, in fact the whole neighborhood seemed to feel that one of their special friends had fallen when least looked for. They turned out in a mass to his funeral, making one of the very largest that ever has been before or since in this vicinity.

O, what a warning to the young should be seen in the dissolution described when they look into the cause. With all his good qualities, he had violated a natural law, as I verily believe, by going in

the cold water where he and others went seining for fish. A short time previous, he took cold that run him into a spell of fever which went very naturally to his large brain. Medicine seemed to do no good. If one so vigorous must succumb under such circumstance, even after suffering so long that his mother would say as the last breath left him. "Thank God his sufferings are over." What would be the chance for the reader under like circumstance or by violating natural laws in any other way? If you take warning and do your duty, his sufferings must not all be in vain.

TEACHING AMONG THE QUAKERS.

Madison, the youngest of the original family, developed in mind and body and proved his integrity in what he believed to be right, even while yet a boy, as will be seen in the following incident:

He had so far advanced in his studies that I think it was while teaching his second term of school, when near seventeen years of age, in a goodly neighborhood of Quakers. After he had taught some weeks, and as was his custom, opening the school each morning with prayer. This, it seems, was something new in that school, besides some of the boys were not any better than the law required, and were not polite or respectful enough to conform to the rules during these occasions and they complained of it to their parents, who, while being very strict professors in their way, complained also of the practice; upholding the children in their opposition and finally sent word to the teacher to desist. This did not help the matter any, and again word was sent to cease, or quit the school. Still it went on as though nothing had occurred. Then others complained, the matter being stirred, still not those in special authority; then they were complained to, but the school was so good in all other respects, and a contract with the teacher that would not relieve them any, that the teacher claimed it as his right, privilege and duty. Yet a large number of the patrons of the school who were of the same opinion still, arranged to meet at the school-house on a certain evening to consult on a forcible dismissal if the teacher. They met at the appointed time; the teacher "appeared also" in a back seat. The brethren proceeded to discuss the matter, and when through not having complained of anything else other than opening the school with prayer. They all, or nearly all seemed ready to vote a dismissal of the teacher. At this point he arose and said, with their permission, he would like to say a few words. No doubt that the spirit or inspiration that moved him was of fully as high an order as that which had

prompted their course. He said among other things, he hadbeen accustomed to do so, and had made it a rule to not do anything that he could not ask God's blessing on, and was conscientious in the matter. and did not propose changing his rules, habits or principles on this point, let the result be what it would; that they had the right to their own opinion to take the course they thought best. At this point one of the "goodly" old brethren arose and said something "Well, if thee is conscientious in this matter, I cannot further favor thy dismissal;" "Nor I," says another, "Nor I," "Nor I," said others on around till the matter was settled; even the leaders in the matter, although feeling much chagrined, sent their children to school. The school was highly spoken of as a success, and I think the teacher was held in higher esteem. While the reader may decide for himself which was right, he may learn the necessity of personal contact if not familiarity with a teacher as well as others, so as to have an understanding between them as to anything they may differ on. Such a course between neighbors and friends, will as in this case, dissolve all differences like the sun's rays on a cold snow drift in the spring time. Then good results will follow, as between the sun and earth, first the bud, then the blossom and finally the good ripe fruit. If anyone is so little as to be a bigot, that you cannot get him out of his mustard seed shell, leave him to his glory, and be sure that you are right, broad, liberal and kind. then with a clear conscience you will not likely be displeased at the results. Our Quaker friends, as usual in the outcome, showed the right spirit. After this brother went to the college at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, one year then returned here and was the principal teacher of the seminary one year, making it a success, thus working his own way to make money to go on with his studies in higher grades of education. If more would do so, better results would follow. He then went to Delaware, Ohio, where he graduated with all the honors of the institution. He was then stationed, his two first years at Mt. Auburn, in Cincinnati, and has filled a number of the best pulpits in that conference, and was then stationed in 1880 at New Castle, Delaware, then St. Paul Church, Wilmington, then Green Street Church, Philadelphia, three years, and the same at Lawrence, Massachusetts. He has a natural faculty for teaching in any position, and has been frequently spoken of in connection with college presidencies, which he is specially adapted to if he would accept such a position. Besides he has proved himself popular wherever he has been, and a good financier for himself and the

church. And a good judge of human nature, as you would conclude in getting acquainted with his selection of a companion. He married Miss Anna Mary Stuart, a daughter of a well-to-do farmer, near Seven Mile, Ohio, a lady with a well balanced brain, refined and cultured, a good wife and well calculated to assist her husband, though not, physically as strong as would be best for her own happiness. They have one daughter, Luella, who is everyway worthy of such parents. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Simpson Centennary College, June 17th, 1882. But the doctor located in 1888, at Seven Mile, Ohio, on his fine farm; dairy and blooded horses his specialty, and has broad views of his own.

Perry A. Van Tassel, my only half brother, was born in Ohio after I came west, and I did not get to see the young gent till our folks came to this State. As he grew in days and years, he proved it more and more that he was a "chip of the old block," in wit and capacity to do anything he took in hand to do, an apt scholar in school and has had a good chance, but frequently had too much mischief on hand to "attend to such small matters;" a leader among the boys, always trying to get all the fun out of anything there was in it, even if it was work, and he was an excellent good worker when he undertakes it or feels he has time to spend in that way, but more in his element in the ball room or theatre playing some amusing part here at home. He commenced the study of law as being the nearest in his line of antics and ethics.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL.

An independent young man;
A right-kind-of-stuff young man;
A deep, comprehensible,
Plain spoken, sensible,
Thoroughly self-made young man.

A not-to-be-beaten young man; An up-to-the front young man; A genuine, plucky, Happy-go-lucky, Try-it-again young man.

A knowledge-seeking young man; A real wide-awake young man; A working-in-season, Find-out-the-reason, Not-too-smart-to-learn young man.

A look-out-for-others young man; A practice-not-preach young man; Kind, sympathetic, Not-all-theoretic, One-in-a-thousand young man. An affable, courteous young man; A know-what-to-say young man; A knight of true chivalry, Frank in delivery, Making-his-mark young man.

A now-a days-scarce young man; A hard-to-be-found young man; A perfectly-self-possessed, Not-always-overdressed, Kind-that-I-like young man.

-Cincinnati Commercial.

Later, though broken down in health, he became noted as a city marshal, successful in every way, even among the State Society of Marshals, of which he was secretary and treasurer until he appeared to cough himself out of existence, and died among a multitude of friends here at home, April 28th, 1890.



IOWA'S NEW CAPITOL, DEDICATED JANUARY 17, 1884.

Longth of building north and south, including porticos, 363.8 ft.; length east and west, 246.11; length north and south fronts, 175; length east and west fronts, 118.8; height to top of cornice, 92.8; height to top of stone work on dome, 181.4; height of top of outside stone balcony, 219.1: height to top of ball of main dome, 295.5; height of basement story, floor to floor, 13.1, height of office story,

floor to floor, 23.9; height of second story, floor to floor, 22.9; height of third story, floor to ceiling, 20.9; square feet of ground covered, 54,850; above the level of the sea, 1,151; House, floor, 74x91.4, height, 47.9; Senate chamber, floor, 58x91.4, height, 41.9; library, floor, 52.6x108.4, height, 44.9; Supreme Court room, floor, 34.5x50.2, height, 23.9; diameter of rotunda, 66.8.

Fourteen granite columns in rotunda; twenty-four Scagliola columns in dome; seven boilers for heating purposes; steam pipe, diameter from \(^2_4\) to 14 inches, 184,076 feet; gas pipe, \(^1_2\) to 4 inches, 45,000 feet; brass pipe for hot water, 3,410 feet; galvanized iron pipe, \(^3_4\) to 4 inches, cold water, 4,426 feet; iron ventilating pipe, 1,955 feet; cast iron soil pipe, 2,145 feet; total pipes, 241,012 feet, equal to 45.65 miles; foundation, granite hewn from Iowa boulders; yellow stone came from St. Genevieve, Missouri; grey stone came from Carroll county, Missouri; total cost to October 1st, \(^5_2\),362,-531.60; height to top of finial, 275 feet.

The noble capitol to-day becomes a monument between two eras in the history of Iowa, dividing the frontier transitory record of the State from its grander history begun with the census of 1880. The past of our State presents a brief record which is within the memory of living men. No misty traditions of antiquity have either obscured or illuminated our course. We have lived chiefly in our anticipated future, to which we have sought to give form and reality. When the bell of Independence Hall rang out the peal of liberty in 1786, Iowa was unknown, except as a land whose borders had been discovered by the French. When Spain ceded the region to Napoleon, and Napoleon in turn ceded it to the United States in 1803, it was still unexplored, unknown and nameless. First attached in 1804, under the name of the "District of Louisiana," to the jurisdiction of the Territory of Indiana, it became in 1805, part of the Territory of Louisiana, and in 1812, by change of name, part of the Territory of Missouri. In 1834 all the country north of the State of Missouri and west of the Mississippi river, as far as the Missouri and White Earth rivers, was attached to the Territory of Michigan. Two years later, in 1836, Wisconsin Territory was created, and embraced all that had so lately been transferred to the jurisdiction of Michigan.

After two years more, in 1838, the Territory of Iowa was established, including what are now the States of Iowa and Minnesota and a large section of Dakota. Seven years later, in 1845, Congress offered to admit us as a State by the side of Florida, on certain conditions, which established our western boundary at longitude 17 degrees, 30 minutes west of Washington, separating from us the

entire Missouri "slope." This our people wisely refused; and finally, in December, 1846, Congress extended our western boundary to the proper limit of the Missouri river, and Iowa became one of these United States.

THE TITLE OF "HAWKEYE,"

by the way—the story may bear repeating—came about in a very peculiar way. Judge Rorer, of Burlington, desirous that the citizens of this part of the world should have some agreeable designation, wrote a series of newspaper letters under the caption, "A Wolverine among the Hawkeyes," and applied the latter term to Iowa people frequently throughout the articles. As they contained many criticisms of prominent Iowa men and public officers, they created much interest, and the name "Hawkeye" was ever after adopted to designate the State and those who live in this best of all States. Judge Rorer is still living, yet the name will survive him, for it is the nom de plume of the best State in the Union.

The number of school-houses in Iowa in 1892, was 13,000, and their value, \$13,000,000; number of scholars, 320,000. "A school on every hill top, but no saloon in the valley." Population in 1892, 2,000,000. Last year we had:

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

| Corn | . 335,031,598 | Bush. | \$100,509,479 |
|--------------------|---------------|-------|---------------|
| Wheat | . 2,071,968 | 66 | 25,741,039 |
| Oats | | 66 | 26,636,484 |
| Rye | | 66 | 1,333,410 |
| Barley | | 66- | 1,811,467 |
| Buckwheat | | 66 | 276,000 |
| Potatoes, Irish | | 66 | 5,380,273 |
| Potatoes, sweet | | " | 207,900 |
| Grass seeds (est) | | | 1,750,000 |
| Flax seed | | " | 2,523,212 |
| Hay, tame | | Tons. | 33,497,340 |
| Hay, prairie (est) | | | 6,800,000 |
| Broom corn | | " | 270,570 |
| Sorghum | | Gal. | 904,718 |
| Butter | | Lbs. | 33,738,148 |
| Cheese | | 6.6 | 450,000 |
| Wool | | | 300,000 |
| Horses | . 1,095,300 | | 76,726,750 |
| Mules | | | 3,322,618 |

| Sheep | 452,000 | \$ 1,430,750 |
|-----------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| Hogs | 5,921,100 | 29,475,236 |
| Milch cows | 1,278,612 | 23,973,975 |
| Other cattle | 2,680,247 | 47,038,341 |
| Orchard and vine product | | 3,000,000 |
| Hive product | | 650,000 |
| Poultry product | | 5,600,000 |
| Small fruits | | 750,000 |
| Timber | | 3,000,000 |
| Miscellaneous, unenumerated | | 10,000,000 |
| Total | | \$419,897,605 |

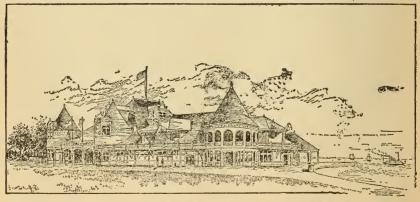
A UNION SOLDIER FOR SENATOR.

The plain Iowa people have a great many sensible notions. One of these notions is that the Republican party should not put all of its enthusiasm for the Union soldier in its platform and forget him in its ticket.—Register.

Mr. Richards has a strong delegation at home and friends in Clarke county, and with his known ability and condition should have the support of all. It would show a noble spirit and large-heartedness of the people that the State and Nation would admire, and the people of this district get the best servant possible. The Murray, Clarke county, News says:

While it is uncommon to send a physically helpless man to the legislative halls, it is just as uncommon to find helpless men who have his ambition to do good for the people. We judge that Mr. Richards has natural legislative ability and would command a large influence in the General Assembly, and perhaps greater than if he could move about upon his feet. COMRADES.

My daughter, Ella, was postmistress in the legislature in 1886, and my son, Roscoe, a page in 1892.



IOWA'S BUILDING AT THE WOBLD'S FAIR.-A VERY LARGE BUILDING.

Iowa's State Fairs (John R. Shaffer, the efficient secretary), have no dcubt surpassed all other States in the showing of agricultural products, machinery, stock and horticulture for so young a State.

Sure and productive of so large a variety of good and necessary things each year, we have not had to "pass the hat," but have supplied many States and Nations with needed supplies of food, free of cost; the last one being ship loads of corn and other things to the starving Russians in 1892, the free gift of our good people.

We are now preparing for the World's Fair with a meagre appropriation of \$125,000, yet expect to make a showing second to no State or country in our specialties, not yet fully developed, but carried off the first premiums at Philadelphia and New Orleans great fairs. The World's Fair at Chicago, to be opened October 21, 1892, in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery of the American continent, and it will show something of the progress made in that time.

Iowa's notable commission is to show our progress in one-eighth of that time, and invite good people to come and assist in cultivating it to make it their Garden of Eden till they go higher.

WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION.

President—J. O. Crosby, Garnerville. Vice-President—J. F. Duncombe, Fort Dodge. Secretary—F. N. Chase, Cedar Falls. Treasurer—Wm. H. Dent, Le Mars.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

S. H. Mallory, Chariton; H. W. Seaman, Clinton; S. B. Packard, Marshalltown. The other members are: Theo. Guelich, Burlington; J. W. Jarnagin, Montezuma; Henry Stivers, Des Moines, and Chas. Ashton, Guthrie Center.

Compilation of archæological, historical and statistical information, Ashton, Crosby and Jarnagin; auditing, Guelich, Packard and Stivers; department of live stock, Packard; agriculture and dairy, Chase; horticulture and forestry, Dent; geology and minerals, Duncombe; press, Stivers; woman's work, Crosby; manufactures and machinery, Seaman; education and fine arts, Jarnagin.

If health and circumstances permit I may manage the intelligence bureau.

Iowa was honored by President Harrison appointing Hon. W. I. Buchanan, of Sioux City, as chief of the bureau of agriculture for the World's Exposition.

CHAPTER V.

Slavery and War.

This chapter begins with the late war over the extinction of slavery. Will give my experience, after giving a brief history of the origin of slavery so far as is known and the cause of the late war. Will not pretend to give a history of the late war, as that would require too much space, and the records are plenty.

SLAVERY is a condition of bondage in which one person is the property of another—a chattel—and obliged to labor for his master's benefit, without his own consent. History gives us no account of the origin of slavery. It was in the earliest ages of the world.

War, piracy and kidnapping have been the common modes of obtaining slaves.

History tells us that in the earlier times slaves were mostly white and the condition of the female slave was much the hardest. It is known that the Romans had slaves at the earliest dates of their history, when the Roman army began to conquer remote nations, the slave population was made to include the most cultivated classes. We of the western world can hardly credit the manner in which wealthy Romans would shut up and make slaves of even their own countrymen, and the government did not interfere from some cause. Slavery varied from time to time in its nature in different nations. Up to the fifteenth century, the negro was sold, not simply because he was a negro, but because he was a man whose labors could be turned to profitable account.

At the time of the discovery of America the slave trade had become unprofitable; but was afterwards renewed on account of the increasing maritime commerce. Slavery first existed on this continent in Mexico, although in a rather mild form. The slaves were allowed to have their own families, and their children were free; no one could be born to slavery in Mexico—an honorable distinction that has not been known in any civilized or even Chris-

tian country where slavery has existed. Their slaves were seldom sold and often liberated.

The first slaves brought to this country were landed at Jamestown in 1620. Slavery then spread to most of the States, and was not disturbed for many years. After the revolutionary war Congress "resolved to abolish slavery" in 1808. America was thus in advance by fixing a time for the cessation of the traffic in human souls. Yet, be it said to our shame as a nation, many European nations freed their slaves before we did, simply because the cotton trade became so profitable to us.

In 1820 Congress passed a law declaring the slave trade to be piracy. But these vigorous efforts made for its abolition by no means stopped the trade, so great was the demand for slaves. Self interest more and more perverting their minds to cover up their consciousness of their wrong doing, and teaching each generation following that slavery was right, and that they had divine authority for it, and could quote Scripture for that, just as many others do for things that are wrong, leaving room for a doubt as to whether their authority was any more right than they were. Ministers preached it, taught it, helped to subject the slave to his bondage. That pleases the slave holder, and of course he would pay the minister well, so they were more zealous as a class than the politician.

The slave owner became an aristocrat, and looked upon the north as a set of "hirelings" or "mudsills," as they termed us.

Finally, the injustice of the slave traffic made such an impression on the north that they determined that it should not be extended into the new territories. This brought on political strife; that brought on the war. The masses of the people elected Abraham Lincoln, president. The south would not submit till forced to do so through all the horrors of war, so vivid on the minds of all of us who saw any part of the blood-shed, carnage and lingering diseases. Besides this the effects are still felt in the confused state of political and social affairs, and in our enormous public debt.

But slavery, that curse that has blighted the escutcheon of nearly every nation of the earth is wiped out in the United States. Still some people tell us the world is growing worse and worse. Are they not to be pitied. They cannot see that any good thing ever did come out of Nazareth.

Thank God, culture has and will make the world better.

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

THE ORIGIN AND CORRECT TEXT OF THE FAMOUS OLD SONG.

From the Marshalltown Times-Republican.

During the summer of 1861 some one wrote the following lines and they were published in the Chicago *Tribune* at that time. Immediately following it there came out anonymously also, the tune which became so popular and was the key-note to so many victories, and which we believe there is not an American but is familiar with—old "John Brown's Body Lies a Mouldering in the Grave." I will venture to say there is not one in a million who could sing the song correctly as it was written, which is as follows, and written from memory:

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave.
While weep the sons of bondage whom he ventured all to save.
And now though the grass grows green about his grave,
His soul goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul goes marching on.

John Brown was a hero, undaunted, true and brave, And Kansas knew his valor when he fought her rights to save, And now, though his body is a mouldering in the grave, His soul goes marching on.

CHORUS.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so few,
And he frightened Old Virginia till she trembled through and through.
They hung him for a traitor, they themselves a traitor crew,
But his soul goes marching on.

CHORUS.

John Brown was John the Baptist, of the Christ we are to see, Christ, who of the bondsmen shall their liberator be. For soon throughout the Sunny South the slaves shall all be free, For his soul is marching on.

CHORUS.

And now John Brown, the martyr, he looks from heaven to view,
The Army of the Union, with its flag, red white and blue,
And heaven shall ring with anthems o'er the deeds they mean to do,
For his soul is marching on.

CHORUS.

-P. D. Winship.

REBELLION.

"To arms! To arms!" was the cry throughout the Nation in 1861, when Fort Sumpter, at Charleston, South Carolina, was fired on April 12th, by the citizens of that State and others, who were the leaders of what they now call "the unpleasantness."

Abraham Lincoln had been elected president, which meant no more extension of slavery; no more could northern men be made blood hounds to return fugitive slaves; no more crouching and "I am at your service" to the slave oligarchy.

The new president had issued a very pacifying message and there seemed no disposition on the part of the masses of the people to interfere with slavery in the States where it then existed. Some people favored abolishing it by law soon, but the reasonable probability is, that if the south had quietly acquiesced, the matter would have run along for a few years until slavery became less profitable and then there would have been enactments by Congress making gradual emancipation, probably with part pay to the owner for what they claimed as their chattels.

Although there had been threatening by the leaders that they would not submit, if they were to be surrounded by free states. Few thought that treason was deeply enough rooted in their minds to ever be put into execution. But come what will there was a stalwart class of men that had grown up in the north, east and west that was ready for any emergency if they did choose to rebel.

That if there was any case wherein war was right or justifiable it was in self defense, and where the probability was that it would result in freeing three millions of enslaved human beings, many of our Quaker Abolitionists, they nearly all were, became enthusiasts over the prospects, "peace or war?" The rights of humanity were at stake.

The southern leaders, anticipating what would come, had, while in Congress, and in the cabinet of James Buchanan, transferred all the munitions of war, and treasury funds of the government to the south, and a prominent man in North Carolina during our last election, avowed that one of said cabinet actually went to North Carolina, with the President's knowledge, to organize there and be in readiness before the new President was inaugurated. Of course, there was not many knew of these things.

President Lincoln had been mild, kind, and careful to give no cause for offense, but proceeded with the regular business of the government. In doing so he must of necessity send supplies to the fortifications at different places. In sending them to Fort Sumpter the ship was fired upon and the attack on the fort began. Major Anderson, commanding the fort showed the right kind of "pluck," stuck to the fort till it was battered down. Then the cry went through the land, "Sumpter has fallen," "Sumpter has fallen," "to arms," "to arms."

Yet we were not prepared to believe that all the slave States would join this small beginning. Never having had any experience that would justify us in such a conclusion. True, South Carolina had to be brought to terms once before for insubordination threatened by John Calhoun as the leader, taking the State out of the Union, but General Jackson was then president and put his foot on it. Then we had a little whisky insurrection at one time in Pennsylvania, and a little insubordination about the State line between Ohio and Michigan. That was settled by giving Michigan her mineral regions north of the lakes as you can see on the map.

So that we had come to believe all such things of this kind in our government might be settled in this way by prompt action. And I think it is probable if we had had a General Jackson kind of a president in the presidential chair in place of James Buchanan, it might have been "nipped in the bud," but everything had been prepared for this event before the new administration came into power.

Even when Fort Sumpter had fallen the President called for only seventy-five thousand men for three months.

Each of the northern states then tried to see which of them could get in the largest proportion of men, and in a few days it was more than made up. Then the south began to feel that their "honor" was at stake, and men and states fell into line on that side, that had opposed it, and others that had never thought of doing such a thing.

Our mother country in Europe, being jealous of our prosperity, began to pet the spoiled child and predicted success on their part, and made light of our little volunteer army which soon began to grow at the rate of three hundred thousand men at a time till there was soon a million men on the march. England furnished the confederacy munitions of war; and vessels that destroyed many of our vessels at sea during the war. This greatly aided and encouraged the enemy, prolonging the war and causing the loss of thousands of precious lives.

But after the war was over the demand was made of England for pay for their fun, and they finally concluded that our volunteer army was not to be trifled with, and agreed on a commission of select men from disinterested nations to settle and say just what should be allowed to settle the 'little" affair, and they agreed that England should pay to the United States \$15,500,000. This commission and claims are known as the "Alabama claims," taking the name from the largest vessel of the enemy. These things and the

award of said commission go to show what help the enemy had during the progress of the war, besides they had the "bone" of contention—the slave—behind their armies to stay at home and raise the crops of corn and cotton, etc., to supply the army that was using the guns and other munitions of war, as well as the gold, that belonged to the United States and its supporters. But we manufactured our guns, amunition, clothing, and even money and credit, as we went along through near a thousand battles, great and small. The colored man could not be depended upon, on the side of the master, to put into the front of the battle for breast works for them, but when "Massa" Lincoln's "hirelings," as the negro and master called us, come in sight then, you could see the white of Sambo's eyes and teeth shine, and say, "sho' me Massa Lincoln," when some long, bony wag would be pointed out as the looked for redeemer from slavery. Many of them would fight for "Massa Lincoln," and many regiments were made up of them, and they did good service.

September 22, 1862, Lincoln made his first proclamation about slavery and January, 1863, the long hoped for proclamation of freedom came; then it was to be enforced. The western army that had conquered Donelson, Corinth, Vicksburg, Shiloh and so many other important battles, started now on Sherman's march to the sea, November 15, 1864, through the very heart of the rebellious States, down onto the coast where Commodore Farragut and so many other gallant commanders of our intrepid navy had done such valiant service, from New Orleans to the mouth of the Potomac river, and inland waters, with a portion of this fleet in the James river, the western army moving toward Richmond, the eastern army with part of the western troops there already surrounding Lee and his forces at the capital of the confederacy at Richmond. This was making it uncomfortable for their president, Jefferson Davis, and his followers. So General Lee started to move out and vacate the place, but only got to Appomattox, when General Grant, who was then in command of the United States army, threw his forces, under General Sheridan, in front of the retreating army which cut off their retreat, and General Lee surrendered to General Grant at that place, April 9, 1865. President Davis slipped through the lines and was caught some weeks later in woman's clothes trying to get out of the country.

This virtually ended the confederacy and rebellion, still there were roving bands of outlaws for years after this to contend with.

Then to put the crown of shame on their pyramid of treason they by the hands of John Wilkes Booth, assassinated our noble, generous and kind president, Abraham Lincoln, April 14th and he died the 15th, 1865.

That caused the nation to mourn with deeper feelings of loss than it had ever felt before.

WRONGS MAY BE RIGHTED.

What has been gained, you may ask, in return for all this blood-shed and carnage? The emancipation of three million slaves, and in this the character of the nation, opened the way so that in a few years more the negro may be cultured up higher in the scale of humanity. We have taught the world that a republican form of government may live through the fiercest trial that can come, and that "a house divided against itself" need not necessarily fall.

For wrongs may be righted And we all united.

Then other nations will respect us for our course, morally, financially and as a volunteer military power, and progressive, cultured people, that can hold up their heads and say, "We have a free country," that they may stand in awe before us, while we invite them to

"Come from every nation, Come from every way; Our land is broad enough, Don't be alarmed, For Uncle Sam is rich enough To give you all a farm."

But when we come to consider the cost of these things gained, it makes us fear and tremble to approach the subject.

Our national debt at one time soon after the war and when many claims had been settled, reached the sum of \$2,756,431,571.43 August 31, 1865, besides the many millions that had been collected during the war and paid over from the various sources of revenue. Then the commissioner of pensions says there is now, twenty-five years after the war, being annually paid out in pensions, \$118,560, 649.25.

It makes one shudder to think of the precious lives lost on the battle field, and then the thousands starved in southern prisons.

Greeley says 2,688,523 union men enlisted, our loss about 300,000 while out. If the rebels lost as many it would be 600,000, and the mortality from disease after returning home some 400,000, making in all 1,000,000 of men lost to the nation. Thousands of us almost constant sufferers for the last twenty-five to thirty years. Many of us deprived of getting out into the sunshine, or society, or business world, or doing the good we would like to do, or even having the

comforts of life we had before the war, and anticipated having in our riper years. Notwithstanding the government is aiming to do equitably by us and the poor widow, with a void in her bosom for husband and father sacrificed for his country. Then the poor orphan children that might have been rich and happy could a dear father have lived to provide for their wants, to say nothing of the parents, brother, sister, friends and nation that miss "the brave soldier boy." He may be thinking now "do they miss me at home." Yet those that linger here suffer far the most, whether you appreciate it or not, and do your duty in comforting their tender hearts. If you have a heart, show it by your acts. You may fail in health and finances when you least expect it, and feel the want of sympathy and other favors. Do not think because the sufferer has lingered many years he is used to it, and make light of their afflictions; their hearts are tender, minds sensitive as well as their bodies. And it won't clear your skirts to depend on others doing what is your duty. Some of us doing our very best to make others as comfortable and happy as we can, trying to have a cheerful face. and not inflict our affliction upon you, and, thank God, there are people that have minds large enough to comprehend these things; and to look south and try to comprehend the forlorn condition of the orphan, the widow, the maimed, misguided confederate soldier. The leaders do not deserve sympathy or a right to vote or hold office, but we should have charity enough for the masses to be very lenient toward them, and let them develop gratitude for the favors shown by President Hayes' most excellent administration, now duplicated by President Harrison. Then we will try to do better in accord with the "silver rule" if they will obey the "golden rule." In accord with these grand old rules the "soldier boys" are heartily in accord with the spirit of Comrade Sergeant Tilman Joy, who at the close of the war brought home with him "Banty Tim" a negro to which a "white man committee" said, the "nigger must leave." Sergeant Joy's answer to them has been put in shape as follows by John Hay, in Harper's Weekly:

"BANTY TIM."

I reckon I git your drift, gents,
You 'low the boy shant stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Democrats, you say;
And whereas, an' seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' jint,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky Pint.

Le's reason the thing a minute:
I'm an old-fashioned Democrat, too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I came back here allowin'
To vote as I used to do—
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' such things as you.

Now, dog my cats if I can see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shall go or stay.
And furder than that, I give notice
Ef one of you teches the boy,
He kin check his trunks for a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanov.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And tattered and torn we lay,
When the rest retreated I staid behind,
For reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in and a leg on strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord, how the hot sun went for us,
And bril'd and blistered and burned;
How the rebel bullets whizzed 'round us,
When a cuss in his death grip turned;
'Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell,
That nigger—that Tim—was a crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees,
Bnt he staggered up and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
'Till safe in our lines he dropped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, than's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim;
He trumped death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him.
You may resoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you teches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilman Joy!

THIRD IOWA INFANTRY.

When Fort Sumpter had fallen, and President Lincoln had called for volunteers, we were not behind others in appreciating the necessity for them, though then further from public transportation, than the people of almost any locality in the northern states. Yet Warren county proceeded promptly in May, 1861, to raise her first company. It was done with a feeling that such a rebellion must be "nipped in the bud." But when it came to the test with those of us that were married and had families to know whether it was our duty or privilege to go, it was no small affair. How could we provide for them in our absence, we could only hope to get eight dollars per month for our service that would not keep the dear ones at home, and if we were killed, it would leave them unprovided for. Most of the married men said then, "Let the boys go," the boys felt that there should be some older heads to guide them. What should we do under such circumstances, we asked ourselves over and over again. If I ever earnestly praved to know just what was my duty in any matter, it was then the result of this earnest desire, was, while plowing a piece of ground in the big field north of townnot having work at my trade—while thus between the plow handles. There suddenly appeared before my mind's eye, a grand panorama passing slowly before me with such a variety of suffering pleasures, evils and benefits that seemed to grow brighter and brighter as it left. It left me going higher and higher, as it were heavenward, its grandeur, receding so slowly and beautifully. As if it represented the government, and me so small a speck on the bottom line of the scenery that so attracted my heart and mind, that it seemed real when it had vanished as it had when present. But there I was plowing as though nothing unusual had occurred. was all aglow with pleasure, there seemed to be a bright ending or future to what I felt then a plain duty and pleasure. Nothing of the kind has ever occurred to me before or since, though it frequently comes fresh to mind with a pleasant assuring sensation. it was so out of the common or natural events of life. I never told a living soul of it before writing this, and will not now attempt to explain it. I could not comprehend it then, nor fully yet. If I ever do will try to give you the benefit of it. It has seemed to add to my hopes and pleasurable anticipation. Gross, unthoughtful persons may speak lightly of such things, while the thoughtful cultured person, will meditate if not investigate them.

But under all the trying circumstances I was decided, if I could make arrangement to take care of my family—wife and son—which I did, quickly, and went and volunteered. Then there were "awkward squads" to be drilled and no tactics handy but we had two or more ex-Mexican soldiers that had us "fall in two lines," like the regulars, "front face," receive our arms, clubs, canes, broomsticks, pitchforks, or anything else, to imagine was a gun; then, "ground arms," "take arms," "right shoulder shift arms," "right face," "forward march;" "left, left," and so on, right or wrong, until we imagined we were "sojers;" then soon came the "rub" for a free born American to "present arms" to persons they did not feel like worshiping, but we could do it as a matter of form, and occasionally with a respectful spirit.

We had enlisted for three months, but now comes the word that the call for seventy-five thousand men is full, and another call for three hundred thousand men for three years, is made. This looked like business, and I do not remember that a man flinched; it was, as for me and my house, "we are in for the war, no preventing Providence." The next thing to be done then, was to elect the officers to be shot at or hide behind a tree, owing to circumstances. Besides these advantages, they would have better pay and the "honor" of some kind of a name, good or bad, as they made it, while the honor to the rank and file would come largely after we were killed, if brave. Yet we knew so little of drill and the duties of an officer then that we did not feel competent, and I, among others that were put in nomination, declined, not wishing to take the responsibility if we could have been elected, and you know there are few things more uncertain than an election, in many places. But A. L. Ogg was elected captain; a small man, who had been in the Mexican war as a private; George W. Clark, a large, fleshy young lawyer, was elected first lieutenant, who was afterward made quartermaster of commissary for the regiment, and after that, colonel of the Thirty-fourth Iowa Infantry—an excellent regiment, which did valiant service, the colonel being breveted general; P. G. C. Merril, a large, middle-aged, worthy old settler, was elected second lieutenant, afterward first lieutenant. were presented with a nice silk flag and a testament apiece, both of which showed the effects of bullets, etc., during the service.

PARTING WITH LOVED ONES.

"The maid that binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles—
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

"The wife who gird's her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

"The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words, and brief,
Kissing the patient brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor."

Then the hard trial of parting with loved ones; their part probably being the hardest, not being as hopeful and detemined as we were. Some of them went along with us several miles, when we started for rendezvous at Keokuk, Iowa, in wagons; and, as turned out to be the case afterward, the old "deceiver came also" and "boo-hooed over us," more than any one of our true friends, out two miles from town; his "satanic majesty" soon after slipped off and through the lines down south, where he properly belonged; the latter party was no worse than those that were a snake in the grass behind us; their putting out the well wishes and tears of the crocodile persuasion, was plastering it on too thick for the boys to ever forget and forgive.

We got on the cars at Ottumwa, Iowa, and were soon in rendezvous, at Keokuk. Here we soon got our hay and blankets and were quartered in a large brick, where for a few days we used our own spoon, knife and fork on a tin pan for a plate, to the best advantage we could, on what "Uncle Sam" furnished. There was considerable contrast, it is true, with the feasting furnished us by friends a few days before. Some complained, but it was generally thought they were the ones who had generally fared worst at home, but they frequently found it harder afterward. But most of us did not expect home living and pleasures, hence got along very well. We were mustered into the United States service June 8, 1861, for three years. Nelson G. Williams, of Delaware county, was appointed colonel.

IN CAMP.

We went into camp on the heights above the city, choosing our mess mates as near as we could, cooking our own rations, as some of us soon learned how to cook our beans in a sheet-iron kettle, or bucket about a third larger than a common wooden bucket, but others of the boys would manage to let them burn as often as a very careless woman would; in our tent we tried to have it family-like as possible, even to the altar, which we kept up when possible.

The obsequies of Senator Douglas was celebrated June 11th, in whose death the country had lost a great leader. But he had just lived long enough to advise his element of the democratic party to assist in putting down the rebellion then breaking out and it did a vast sight of good, I think. While there in camp some of us got the benefit of our first heavy, drenching rain; doing guard duty, walking our "beat" to and fro in silence, was a new wrinkle in Iowa, that did not seem a necessity there to us. Then we would carelessly forget to present arms, or raise our old hats to the blue coat with brass buttons, and a gold banded Zouave cap with an officer inside, we must of necessity be drilled daily till we could come to time in all the little maneuvers; the smaller the man, or officer, the more he required of us; but it was a regiment of large, stalwart men that meant business and did not care to have too much formality about it. On the 24th of June we got our first pay and the old Springfield musket, which was about as dangerous at one end as the other; four days later we broke up camp to go on to the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad in Missouri, where the First and Second regiments had preceded us two "long" weeks. We wanted to get where there was something to do that would leave the sham part behind; we found it, but had a pleasant parting with the good people at Keokuk, also had a ride down the river to Hannibal.

Then we went west, looking for "Rebs" which were in the majority and they were then organizing under General Harris. Hence, we were in danger as we had not yet been furnished with ammunition. If the enemy had known this, they would probably have

attacked us. This was very imprudent, for, had we been attacked. we might have lost many good men if not an "officer." We all had too much baggage to even run well, but we soon learned enough to send our extra fine clothing home, and watch as well as pray for the enemy. The Union people were glad to see us, as they had been kept "in hot water" now for several weeks. We received many eulogies as being so uniformly large a regiment of men, but as afterward turned out the lighter class of men proved to be best adapted for the varied service. Even some of the smallest well proportioned men, like Silas Corvell, or "Curly" as we called him, were at the foot of our company, never were found wanting. Something would hit or hurt the big fellows frequently. But we run the gauntlet, stopping a few places on the railroad, before we stopped at Grand river and Utica close by to guard the very large bridge over that stream, and made it headquarters, while scouting all over that part of the country and running to and fro on the railroad to protect it at other points. On the Fourth of July we celebrated the day as we never had before. We had been notified that we might be attacked any minute. About three o'clock while sleeping soundly, an under officer came around saying to us in a subdued tone, but very earnestly "To arms! To arms!" and as a comrade says, just in time for us to hear two or three shots from the sentinels and the long roll begun to beat at a fearful rate. We had not heard it before under such circumstances, but knew what it meant. We jumped out of our beds quicker than if a tornado had struck us. It took, of course, two or three seconds to get awake; where were we? What is to pay? Suddenly the whole thing flashed upon us. We were soldiers, in the enemy's land.

Imagine a soldier in this predicament; he springs for his gun, then for his shoes, "where are they?" "someone has got them on," is a common clamor, and no attention is paid to what is said, even doubtful if another hears him. A cool listener might hear through the canvass, "Where the devil's my hat?" "Who's got my boots?" "They're right on us; don't you hear the guards firing?" "Hold up your gun there, you will jab somebody with your bayonet!" "I don't load till I get orders!" "There, I've lost my last cartridge!" The officer outside saying, "Fall in! Fall in!" Some of the soldiers had shoes on, but "they don't fit; goll darn it." He bumps his head against the tent pole and other things happen until he is wide awake. "Fall in! Fall in!" and he falls in, gun in hand ready for business.

"Where, oh, where's the enemy," all kinds of feelings and thoughts are darting through him. "Is it a false alarm," "which way are they coming." Then word comes that the guard had fired prematurely on some animals in the dark. "Break ranks and go to your quarters." These things frequently occurred. Occasionally spies would aim to creep in through the picket lines, so we had to be on guard.

The word had just reached us that Capt. John Scott, of Story county, had been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and Capt. Wm. M. Stone for Major of our regiment, the latter since Colonel, then Governor of our State. The regiment and loyal people celebrated the Fourth in good earnest, and these new officers made speeches, such as few men could make. In our mess I got up the Fourth of July "slap jack" for our first lady visitor from home. Mrs. Lieutenant Merrill. She had a hearty laugh over our "modus operandi" in the culinary line. I only took my turn at that business, but could cook the beans without burning, and hence I or Rev. Little had to do such things on extra occasions. Yet I do not think I ever cooked a half dozen meals of victuals at home before or since. It was a treat to have a good visit from a lady at home. The next day we got our new uniforms, ammunition, cartridge boxes, knapsacks, haversacks and canteens. Our suits were gray cassimere of excellent quality and shade in color, furnished by the State of Iowa, nicely trimmed in blue and buttons of a good quality put on as the officers, three on the sleeves. With our jockey hats we made a fine appearance, but it was soon learned the enemy had adopted that color, and the government furnished the blue. So we sent these suits home, but when we came to put on our woolen shirts at that time of year, it seemed out of place and those of us that had never been used to it had a terribly nettly time of it, but when we got used to it found we were more comfortable in them than in cotton, even that time of the year. Our company G guarded Grand River bridge there for over a month. I, with others was on picket every other night from dusk to daylight, hardly an exception. This was made almost intolerable by the large mosquitoes that tried to eat us up, while they kept us awake, yet it was almost impossible to hold a gun in readiness and keep your hands going constantly to fight the mosquitoes. They made us sore. This with camp duty, drill, and scouting parties kept us very busy, and the malaria gave about half the boys the ague while we were there and others of us took it after we left there while on long marches.

BORROWED TROUBLE.

Some parts of the regiment had been in pursuit of General Harris' forces, and had little skirmishes with him and others. During the time we were at Grand river our scouts reported the enemy approaching a number of times, occasionally in strong force; so it was frequently "to arms, to arms," nearly always at night, and we would have to stand in line of battle for hours, occasionally with the railroad for breastworks, or elsewhere. The purpose with the enemy generally was to burn the very large, long bridge at that point. But long continued vigilance on our part, and anxious expectation and apprehension was the price we paid for safety; it was not all borrowed trouble either, like some people have, similar to that of "Biddy, the maid," who came in from the back yard with her head down, breathing hard, as if there was something terrible the matter. When she was asked by the sympathetic lady of the house: "What is the matter, dear?" "Oh! dear me!" The question was asked again. "Oh, dear! I was just thinking if some good looking young man would come along and we should get married; and, and, and our dear little boy should fall down in that open well in the back yard, how terrible it would be!"

General Hurlbut was in command along the railroad, who ordered us relieved in August. The regiment camped after this for a short time at Brookfield, and was at Chillicothe and Macon City. There were many expeditions by the regiment from these points during the summer, fall and winter, where they did excellent service in ridding Missouri of the enemy, many of its members being wounded, crippled, diseased or injured in some way, which would be interesting to relate, but this article is longer now than I intended to make it, only aiming to show what new beginners go through and feel like in starting out on such an occasion. I would like to speak of my comrades in their individual relation to us if I had space and could do each one justice, many of them being worthy of more credit than those higher in rank. As they went on through the war or fell by the way at or between such battles as Blue Mills, Wilson's Creek, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, rebel prisons and Sherman's march to the sea, and the many hard marches they went through, I will give a brief synopsis of one of them and close this article.

KIRKVILLE TRIP.

The last days of August and first days of September, 1861, were spent in an expedition from Macon, Mo., to Kirkville, in pursuit

of General Green's forces. Those of the regiment able to go, about one-half, fell in line at midnight, with forty rounds of ammunition and three days' rations, with three pieces of artillery and a company of mounted Missourians, all under Lieutenant-Colonel We marched along, speculating what might happen, as usual, seldom having any correct idea of it until afterward; the weather hot, and roads dusty, a day's travel made very sore feet for many, and we were glad to stop and rest and eat our pilot bread and raw meat—old bacon, the crackers so hard we could scarcely break them at all. But it is appetite that makes things taste good occasionally. At La Platta we learned there was a gruff, tough old landlord who occasionally displayed a rebel flag. A lieutenant and a couple of men proceeded to get it. The landlord boasted of it. The lieutenant told him, "We will take it, if you please." Then the lady claimed it as hers. They refused to give it up. The lieutenant said: "Men, take him along," and they walked him out. Then the tune was turned, the old lady and children crving, "You may have it, you may have it." So we had it as an ornament.

The home-guard thought they had discovered camp fires ahead. After some cautious movements by a squad of them it "panned out" to be two old women washing; then there was some fun at their expense. As we marched along, tired and sore-footed, we had many additions to our ranks of loyal men with their rifles, who seemed to mean business, and were "wondrous glad to see us." Only one man was seen on the road at work, though thickly seltled; the boys cheered him. An old negro seemed amazed: "Hole heeps o' people; look dar! gory mighty, de'eve got lightning rods on der guns! de Secesh no stan' dat!"

As we approached Kirkville we heard that Green had some fifteen hundred to three thousand men, and it seemed probable he would attack us. Colonel Scott and Major Stone made speeches to us; the boys seemed anxious to meet them, and we marched into Kirkville to the tune of Yankee Doodle on the martial band, flags a-flying; soon arrested a few of the leading "rebs," they took "the iron-clad oath" and were released. Many of our men wanted to proceed and attack Green where he had retreated to, seven miles out of town, but the Colonel's orders were to stop and hold the place.

We went into camp in the edge of a dense grove in the southwest part of town. No camp equipage, and supply of hard crackers and meat exhausted, so we had to take what we could get after the rebels had scoured the country and town, but still the leaven worked, and we got some corn bread and other things. During the week that followed, there were things got contrary to orders by some of the hungry boys. Scouting parties were sent out as soon as we got settled. One of them got inside the picket line of the enemy and called on the pickets from that side and when challenged answered "friends," and rode up on to them drew their guns on the picket guard and took them prisoners, and brought them in. There was all kinds of talk before them as to what would be done with them, as shooting, hanging, and others favored treating them as prisoners of war, and hang the leaders. The prisoners claimed they had been deceived, were not bad appearing men. They were finally allowed to take the oath and were released.

Our pickets reported a cavalry force approaching, I think three times. We cut saplings and piled them on a fence for breast works; a few shots from our cannon and all was quiet. Corporal Dix of Company "C" was killed while out on a scouting party. They had went into a house and a larger party came on them, when there was a sharp fight between them with this sad result, which we all felt keenly as he was a brave, daring fellow.

The home guard kept coming in till we had four hundred of them. They called us the regulars and would order their men to "fall into line like the regulars." This caused a great deal of amusement.

Then General Hurlbut came with the Sixteenth Illinois Infantry and we now had all told sixteen hundred men, and expected to be led to Green's camp. But Hurlbut would not go or allow our regiment to attack, but issued an order of some kind and sent it to Green, he took the hint, and struck out southeast. We pursued him on hard marches, that some of us were not in a fit condition to do, having taken the ague since starting, yet the first afternoon we went sixteen miles and camped. This was killing on us that were not well. Thus we went for four days in Green's wake, and not food enough for one-third of the men, and our company failed to get the "sheep" provided for the third day, another company getting two and eating them for their breakfast, that left us minus anything. The days were long and terribly hot, and this kind of marching killing off men faster than a battle with Green's forces. I believe. At all events we would have thought more of Gen. Hurlbut had he given us a chance and not let Green get the start of us. Some of the details on this march would be interesting, but cannot give them. After making this trip of about one hundred miles in the circuit, the afternoon of the last day, one of Company "A"

boys was killed and others wounded, by going ahead of the command when it had stopped at Shelbyville. This caused our company to be thrown out on either side of Gen. Hurlbut as a skirmish line to go through two miles of timber just when it was more than hot and sultry; this left us nearly boiling hot when we got through the timber. It had clouded up and commenced raining soon after leaving the timber, and rained very hard till night, by which time we had gone five miles after it commenced, and it had turned to a cold "northwester" that chilled us through very soon after halting, as we had not a dry stitch about us or to put on, first wet with sweat then rain. But we had just reached the railroad at Shellbina, a deserted station, from which point our colonel with a few of our men and other troops had gone down to Paris in pursuit of Green's forces. We built up fires of the railroad wood to dry, but this was too long and tedious a task for soldiers that were worn out. Of course many took severe colds, some to last a life time with terrible suffering. The next morning we got on two trains of cars that had come for us to go to Brookfield camp. We had run only a few miles when we were attacked by a considerable force of rebels concealed in the timber through which the road passed. Our company was in the front car of the front train, and they made everything ring for a little while, the bullets whizzing about our heads like bees, peppering the car full of holes. We were stopped quickly to pursue them, but by the time our forces got started into the timber, one train each side of it, the rebels had run back to where they had horses and went out of the timber as fast as horse flesh could carry them.

We then went on to camp; General Pope came on and relieved Hurlbut, and he and Colonel Williams were sent to St. Louis for trial. They had been drunk, and failed to do their duty. All honor to the boys.

At a reunion, banquet and ball by the soldiers of Warren county held Christmas day, 1881, we had one of those grand, good, social times such as we had when our regiment met in the fall before. Let us all cultivate this whole-soul, free and easy spirit that will make us all purer and wiser every time we meet, and look back over the past. Then let our thoughts rebound to the great future of this country and we can then see the fruits of our labor. Among the many other good things that occurred on that memorable evening, was the following, as reported by the *Advocate Tribune* in reference to our national bunting:

COMPANY G'S FLAG.

The most interesting part of the evening's proceedings was the action had relative to the old battle-torn flag of Company G, Third Iowa Infantry. The company was called for, and the eight or ten who responded were heartily cheered.

Mrs. Ella P. Clark was called upon by General Given, upon his displaying the old flag of Company G, to make a historic statement respecting said flag, when she said:

Over twenty years ago ladies of Indianola made and presented this flag to Company G, of the Third Iowa Infantry; this was the first company raised in Warren county and was regarded as our first beloved. It was composed of some of our best citizens who went forth at our country's call to defend our flag, and if need be, to die for it, which many of this company have done. This company has been riddled, decimated, shattered, and by the exigencies, casualties and the fatalities of war reduced to a mere handful.

Their bravery was repeatedly put to the proof, and was not found wanting, as the arduous achievements at Blue Mills, Shiloh, Matamora, Vicksburg and Jackson will testify. A precious remnant re-enlisted as veterans and marched with Sherman to the sea, thence northward to Goldsborough, and afterwards participated in the closing scenes of the war.

Here Lieutenant L. C. Anderson in an appropriate speech returned the flag to the original donors, the ladies of Indianola. Mrs. Clarke received the flag and spoke as follows:

You have returned this flag to us covered with glory. It is worn, shattered and torn like the company that carried it. Yet in consequence of that which you and your comrades in arms have done our union is maintained one and undivided. I have not been able to see all the ladies that made this flag. They too are scattered far. Some have found homes in other States and some in other counties of this State; and three whom I remember have been called to their home in heaven. Yet those whom I have seen think with me that you have earned the right to repossess and keep this flag. Therefore we wish to again present it to you; not to be carried in war, but to be kept in our midst in peace as an honored relic. Teach your children to respect this flag and to love the principles of our free government. Let the oldest of this company residing in Indianola take charge of it as long as he shall live, and then hand it to the next eldest, and so transmit it, and finally let it be put in our public library for safe keeping when the last one of you shall be called to close up the broken ranks in heaven.

At the request of the company the audience voted upon this proposition, deciding it in the affirmative. Under the rule adopted the flag fell to the care of A. W. Richards, and is now at his house.

The following original poem is by one of our good citizens, for the occasion. He is also the author of "Old Kentucky Babe," of fame.

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

[POEM READ AT THE VETERAN'S BANQUET BY CHAPPELLE CLARKE.]

Arma Virosque Cano.

Hark, the boom of guns at Sumpter! Strikes upon the startled ear! Smoke and flame commingling lifted High in spiral twist appear. Now, it comes, that mad rebellion, Lifting high its horrid head: And with warlike preparation All the sky is black and red.

Every patriot feels insulted, Feels the insult is his own: And the workers of secession For this insult must atone.

Not with greater speed did Putnam Hasten to the ranks, of old; Plows were left to rust in furrow, Hastened they to be enrolled.

All to war were unaccustomed;
Everything was strange and new;
But the ranks with speed were crowded
With the eager boys in blue.

Less than two months' preparation; Short the time and great the work; Few there were that wished to dally; Few to idle, few to shirk.

But there were a few of this kind.—
Copperhead! they bore that name.
All devoid the pride of patriot;
All devoid the sense of shame.

Northern traitor!—Southern rebel!
Wide extremes that won't compare—
One a base and sneaking coward
'Tother brave to do and dare.

Of the skirmishes and battles, To recount I've not the time; Now and then a wretched blunder; - Others in their plan sublime.

Instance of the first at Bethel;
Ball's Bluff also comes to mind;
First attempts for taking Vicksburg—
Valor led by eyes all blind.

Bull Run was the biggest blunder; Shiloh shouldered up quite high; Large the forces, vast the numbers, That marched forward but to die.

But the second day at Shiloh,
Buell coming on the field,
With Crittenden, McCook, and Nelson,
Forced the rebel ranks to yield.

All that fought had equal merit;
All were brave as brave could be;
Armies dashed in maddened conflict,
Like the billows of the sea.

Not more true was Spartan valor
History has handed down;
Not more grand was Roman prowess,
Conquering field or fort or town.

Ne'er a war of such dimensions, Has the eye of mortal seen; Search the annals of all battles, First and last and all between.

Count our men and our munitions; Count the fields by valor won; Not such feasts of martial bravery E'er were seen beneath the sun.

Xerxes with his power and projects;
Alexander, called the Great,
Fought no battle to be proud of
When compared with those of late.

Cæsar with his mighty legions,
Bonaparte more recent still,
Cannot quicken up our pulses,
Make the patriot heart to thrill,

Like the deeds of Grant and Sherman—Show their equal you who can—When they war to save a nation,—Fighting for the rights of man.

But it cost us, Oh! it cost us!
Treasure? Money?—They are dirt!
Brave ones killed, our dear ones wounded,
Loss of friends, 'twas this that hurt.

Scarce a home within our borders,
That a relic has not got—
Soldier coat of father, brother,
Punctured by a rebel shot.

Oh! the brave ones unreturning!
Braves that spoke their last good-bye
To the fondly loved companion
With the anxious tear-dimmed eye.

Anguish tore her heart at parting:
Sorrows througed her, day by day.
Fear was on the constant outlook
All the time he was away.

Bright and pleasing is the picture
Rises to my mental view;
'Tis the soldier home returning
To the hearts that love him true.

How she watched and longed and waited!
How her anxious heart did yearn!
Hopes and prayers found full fruition
In her husband's home return.

We've a country all united;
Brothers all from Gulf to Lakes;
Naught of war's wild loud commotion
On the listening ear now breaks.

Men their peaceful avocations
Now pursue throughout our land,
Happy homes and happy households
From the mountains to the strand.

Indianola, Iowa, December 26, 1881.



PERAMBULATING COT OR INVALID CHAIR.

A double blessing on wheels, the first cot of the kind ever made.

MY INJURY AND ITS RESULTS.

The writer's present condition is one of the fruits of the last described expedition. The purpose now is to give the circumstances of the origin, and continued results for thirty years, as briefly as I can, to make it plain.

The exposure during the summer of 1861, while at various points in Missouri, in the United States service, especially the malarious

conditions on Grand river caused half of my comrades to have the ague. In my case it did not fully develop until on the long march at Kirkville, Mo., when exhausted with fatigue.

Then I shook each day
In the good old-fashioned way;
The doctor "shoveling quinine" from day to day
To scare the tormentor away.

The next day after it left me we routed rebel General Green's forces and followed them sixteen miles, in the afternoon, it was hot as August gets. I was fleshy, my head buzzing from the quinine I had taken, but not having had any that day, or afterward, I felt very weak, having eaten very little for a week past, and then did not have enough for one good meal a day for the next three days while pursuing Green's forces, yet I marched all the way, and would get so stiff in my lower limbs when we halted or stopped awhile at night to rest, that I could scarcely start at all, so the officers allowed me to walk out of line and get along as best I could and keep in motion when the command would halt to rest, so that I could go and keep along. I did keep along, but God only knows how. The last day of the march our company was thrown out as a skirmish line on each side of General Hurlbut, to go through two miles of timber, where the enemy had killed one and wounded others of our regiment that were in advance. I fell in line under protest of my friends, who knew, as I did, that I was not in condition to do so, yet I did not want to be found wanting where there was danger or duty to do. But I went through that timber, part of the way on "double quick," as I was the extreme left hand guide man in the line, expecting at every step to meet the enemy. When we started in it was not only very hot, but sultry, as just before a storm, occasionally. When I got through I was probably as hot as a man could get and live; my friends claimed then I would drop dead if I was not careful. I think now it is probable I would if I had stopped a few minutes; but we had five miles further to go to get to the railroad, and it soon began to rain; we hurried on, and thus I kept up the heat and circulation, notwithstanding the storm burst on us in torrents, blowing from the northwest fiercer and colder till night, by which time we reached Shelbina, a railroad station in Shelby county, Missouri. Thus double drenched with sweat and rain, and quite cold to us in our wet clothes, without a dry stitch to change, it seemed like one extreme following another. We made up fires and I tried to dry my clothes for a while, but felt so exhausted I could not stay up, and friends helped me into an old house, and some one secured a quilt somewhere there, and all of us laid on it that could on the floor.

The next morning I was so stiff all over, that it seemed like breaking every fibre in me to move at all. But when it came time for the cars that had come for us to go west to camp, to start, I got on, but cannot describe my feelings. Once there sitting on our bench in the front car of the front train, I felt a little brighter, and held on to my gun as all did, for the railroad was a dangerous place then. We had run less than five miles, I think, when passing through a point of timber, the bullets came whizzing about us so fast that it was no use to dodge. Yet it seemed a little natural to try to miss their course, especially when they would make the splinters fly in hitting the wood at an angle, and really make one restless, no difference how much starch he had in him, and then feel as if he wanted to strike back at those reckless fellows that were wasting so much ammunition by their carelessness when the confederacy could not afford it; all in all it was enough to make us feel like killing them for their own good as well as the country at large for it is a nuisance to have such a reckless body of men anywhere, and Major Stone-since Governor-no doubt with the intent of killing those "fellars," ordered the cars stopped as quick as he could dodge the first pint of ammunition, and get a word in edgeways, which he can do if any man can, while we were dodging the balance. He said, "Come boys," and he made a leap over a very deep wide ditch from the side door of a box car up on a track eight to ten feet high, the boys following like so many lambs for the slaughter, but many of them could not make it, and went to the bottom of the ditch and had to be helped out. I was a good jumper, generally, and did not think of my starchy condition just then, so I went over the ditch, but it was my last jump, September 3, 1861. I had sprained my back in a lighting and injured the bones at the joint where the sciatic nerves put out that pass over the hips. The rebels had run back to where their horses were and we could see them going as for dear life over the ridge beyond, so there was but little ammunition wasted on them, and did not stop to see if it did any service.

Then it was to help each other on the cars. I must have got there somehow, but the how I cannot tell though I suppose it was by the pushing and pulling process as would be usual in such cases with a lot of live men. Three comrades say they helped me on the train and swore to it.

MY INJURY.

Then there was constant pain at the injured joint in the small of my back. We got to camp, but the next few days I was too sore all over to be guilty of moving unless it was a necessity. In action for ten days my bowels injured me. I was then full of quinine and the cold taken as above, seemed to all settle in my back in the lumbar vertebrae, etc., affecting the sciatic nerves especially severe. The next week after the injury I was taken as by "snap judgment" with rheumatism, that seemed to draw me up into knots all over for some days, then settling down in my back so I could get no relief. I was then sent to Quincy (Illinois) Hospital, where I was treated a few weeks and then sent home on thirty days furlough. Could walk about a little with a cane, but suffered all the time. Then I had to return to St. Louis where the regiment had got to then. Here I was treated for a short time by the surgeons at Benton barracks. As a last resort they put a very large blister poultice over my back, and as they did not tell me how long they wished me to keep it on, I kept it on all night and when they came around too look after us one of them said: "You d-d fool, why didn't you take that off?" I answered "Because it did not hurt as bad as my back and I hoped it would do good, but it has not relieved the pain." None of them had ever seen or heard of such a blister before, so they said. They opened it and thought there was a quart of waste "aqua" come from it. After dressing it for a week, a board of doctors examined me carefully and ordered me discharged for disability, which I just now (1892) learn from official sources, they called "sciatica," which was the effect of the injured joint on the said sciatic nerve where it enters into the spinal cord. In this condition I arrived at home June 1, 1862.

INVALID AT HOME.

When I got home, could get about, by being careful, with one cane to steady me, but beside the steady pain in my back, the rheumatism ran over me until I had to use two canes, then crutches. Before spring I was taken down for several weeks with spinal and rheumatic fever; would get so I could go on crutches a spell, then was down the same way three long sieges that summer. I had a number of our best medical men to see, consult and treat me in all their various ways, but they could only change the conditions a little occasionally, with medicine internally, externally, and injected, cups and blisters. That continued for ten years, at intervals, no permanent good resulting, then I quit that medicine business.

After five years the rheumatism was not so bad, but my back worse. The first year the pain stayed at the joint injured, then it started up on the spinal cord or sheath of it, at the rate of six or seven inches a year, so that in about five years in all, it reached my brain. When at the base of it, and I standing in the door one day, it seemed to scatter into the brain with such a sudden shock that it felled me instantly; all my nerves seemed to be in a drawn unmanageable condition, till relaxed by medicine, which caused relief from this feeling sooner, probably, than would otherwise have resulted, and from that time on had more or less dizzy or giddy spells; at first they were very bad and came very often; a shock, a quick turn of the head, a cold, heat, anything disagreeable would bring them on, and still does occasionally.

The first year a little hard bump of the size of a pea grew on the injured joint, and in the next four to five years it grew to the size of half a common peach seed, with not much change since. At the end of the seventh year the bones at that joint had so honevcombed, softened and wasted away that it mashed together and settled down on the outside; my backbone kinked inward, seeming to bind the spinal cord, making it nearly torture for me to walk with sticks or to sit up, but kept doing so a little; in about one year more it took another kink inward, having settled together more externally, since which time I have not been able to sit up a minute; moving would cause dizziness and pain. At the upper end of the lumbar vertebræ the joint opened so that you could feel the spinal cord throb with your finger; since I got up my cot to suit my condition this is not so bad, and I can roll over sideways from my cot to my bed and back on the cot, evening and morning, if very careful, without pain, generally.

I suffered more or less in my head from the start, but after five years when the disease reached my head, it was much worse; if I hurt my back the pain shot to my head, or if something occurred disagreeable to the mind it would go to my back, and from there to the head; aside from these features the pain was of a throbbing character, something like toothache in its various stages.

When I got so I could not sit up any, I could not have a pillow under my head; it seemed to stretch the spinal cord and head must be lower than back, and could not lay on my sides a minute. This made it very disagreeable for me and friends that visited me to talk. They would say, "Oh, can't you have a pillow under your head," so sympathetically, that I would get my hands under my head and hold it up or over a little, and then back to relieve my

back. But in the course of a few months I did get a pillow under my head part of the time; that did not satisfy them any better than it did me. So between us we kept trying so that a few months later we got the second one under, but it was not long till my neck seemed to break or give way. That shocked me terribly, and inflamed my back and head, and my neck so bad that I dare not move it without paying too dear for it. But in a few weeks it got better, then I could hold my head up high, leaving a kink up in my neck, the cords having stretched or slipped out of place or both, so that I can get my head up in the world a little.

In the winter of 1872-3, I think, friend Hallam brought Dr. Lockwood, of Ottumwa, to see me. He was one of what was then called "faith doctors," now "magnetic healers." I had no faith in it but he offered to treat me without "money or price," and thought it would do me no harm if not good. He rubbed his hands lightly over my head a half minute and relieved the severe pain then in it; then touched lightly down either side of the back bone for probably three minutes. It set every nerve all over me going like so many whip crackers. The sensation on my spinal cord and brain by that time was so great that my teeth were set, so that I could hardly tell him to desist. They went away saying he would be back in a month to see me, the whipping kept going some two to three hours, but my spinal cord was badly, if not dangerously inflamed for several days.

It did not require faith to realize that. Faith that comes of idealism with experience, is necessary to induce one to plow the ground and sow the seed, but it takes genuine work or some kind of power as a means to do it and bring forth results. In this case I knew there was a power, but whether it could be utilized in my case for good, did not know. When he came again, I inquired to know his theory; he had none; did not know what it was. He was a pious, reverential man and I think felt it was a direct interposition of God through him to afflicted man; I concluded that it probably was animal magnetism, that was then comparatively little known as to its power. He after learning how it affected me before was afraid to touch me, for fear it might kill me. He was then curing many kinds of cases. But I told him I would risk another trial as I could not last long the way I was suffering anyway, and would not blame him if he helped me through a little sooner. If he would rub my head and then down the back bone, and rub outward. My ideal was to get a circulation started away from the cord, if possible. He did so, the whipping process went on as before, the head

and back partly relieved, and soon pus began to ooze through the pores at the lower part of the backbone and inside to groins, that relieved me more than ever in all my affliction. What passed was strongly fetid and would seem to poison the surface quickly unless thoroughly cleansed. It has been of frequent occurrence since but not so rancid. Never yet broke only when small pieces of bone came out, after a sudden jar. Wet packs will relieve it more than anything yet found.

My lower limbs have always since the injury had a tendency to paralysis, making them require a great deal of rubbing or attention; feet generally cold, but occasionally burn. The weather has always affected me more or less like neuralgia all over, especially in my jaws and face till my teeth all had to be taken out-and I am thankful for new ones. I hardly think they would have troubled me so much, only for the influence of the other conditions. The first few years of cold weather were favorable to me, but in the weakened condition of my nerves a cold spell of weather so electrified me, that it seemed I would burst; at least my nerves when they did break or give way threw me into nervous spasms that would seem to go to my heart and stop it beating for an instant. They continued for about five months, when the worry, or effort, when being examined carefully by a doctor, threw me into a convulsion that ended the spasms, if it did not me. That was the first time my kidneys were implicated, but hemorrhoids has been the trouble at times.

I have taken great care generally to live hygienically, not using tea, coffee or other unnecessary stimulants since I quit pills twenty years ago and used digestible food and friction, and have had generally good digestion; weighed two hundred and fifty pounds the last few years; have always done my best to be pleasant, cheerful and keep in the sunlight, and in all ways to keep a clear conscience and live honorably among men and before the Source of all good.

Comrade A. W. Richards, of Indianola, who made an excellent record as a soldier, and who has suffered as severe pain and as great hardships from a wound received during the war as any man who was wounded during the contest, not having been able to walk a step or stand up for twenty-five years, has something to say in regard to the Iowa Soldiers' Monument in this issue of the *Register*.

MY EMPLOYMENT.

The query very naturally arises, "How have you managed to live and what have you done for this score of years?" The short answer would be, "Tough enough, and little." But as you are clever and curious enough to look into the matter, I will say in brief. The living for several years was on what I had, my credit and kindness of friends—I might mention some of them if others would not feel slighted—you may think it a pretty slim living, and not miss it much. But as before the war I had made a living and little more, and I was hopeful, yet with canes and crutches could do but little.

The first year was one of nothing but suffering. Then I was a justice of the peace; that helped the matter for a few years. In the many small trials, and some large ones, I had a chance to study human nature and found that there were many weaknesses in it. but that people generally are not so bad at heart or depraved as they are frequently charged with. It may be true, as said, where there is smoke there is fire, but you must be sure it is smoke. My experience in the social and business world teaches me that reported smoke often turns out to be more "liar" than fire when it comes to be tested, as in one case that I know of; the publicly accused party caught his accuser in the very act of committing a theft, and sharply chided him for it, but did not make it public; then the thief in a short time publicly accused the man that chided him with the same crime; the accused party demanded an investigation, and, of course, was cleared, but thought perhaps his motives would be called in question if he revealed all the facts in the case. The accuser has gone down "to the dogs;" the accused up, so that no honest person will doubt a word or motive in his acts. But this is only one of thousands of such cases, and we should remember that such things will react.

While acting as justice of the peace I did a small commission and confectionery business. During this time I was nominated for county judge, but as Webster and I did not always agree on orthography at that time, I declined. You know there are little fellows that do not know anything else, that we don't care to have barking at us; besides, what I was doing would pay about as well, with less labor. But I did not act wisely in declining, for it would have helped me in cultivating myself. After this I did something as a land agent, and traded a little in other things, until I got down to stay; all the time before had been up and down.

FINANCES.

As to pension, I did not apply until I found it to be a necessity. When I was examined, officially, more than a year after I came home, I had been unable to do anything, and had to move carefully on crutches, but did not whine about my condition; and when the

claim was allowed I learned that I was rated at only two-thirds, when full pension then was only \$8.00, thus I only got \$5.33 per month for the first few years, but the pension bureau afterward increased it to \$8.00, and this was all I got until about a year after I was down, helpless; then I got \$15.00 a month for a year; then \$25.00 for another year; then it was raised by per cent by Congress to \$31.25; thus it stood till 1877, when it was increased to \$50, and in 1880, to \$72.00—thank you. Only eleven of us in the family to provide for. There is not much hope of an increase of my pension.

When I first became helpless the query with me was: can I do, shut up in my room at home, possibly never more to go out into the live, busy world?" That touched me in a tender place. I loved nature, and could scarcely bear the thought of not mingling with other men; never could before be satisfied to work alone; now to be shut up alone, nothing to do or hope for in the interest of my family. It seemed when I looked at that side of the question that I lacked backbone to stand it all, but having gone through the "flint mill" for the last eight years with even trouble needlessly and wrongfully added to the burden of my bodily affliction, determined to live in hope if I died in despair. There have been insinuations that I might do better, or that there was something wrong on my part, to put me on as low a plane as they were capable of doing, and that by persons who made better pretensions, but some have had the manliness to correct them as far as possible. I am not of a disposition by nature to take such things seriously to heart, and only mention it now as a warning to others to never stoop so low, and be careful of insinuations, such as "they say so and so," as you may give another a bad reputation when his character is above reproach; the matter will react on you in time, and probably in eternity on natural law principles. If the invalid cannot have kindness, sympathy and love, he certainly has not much outside capital to build up a cheerful dispositon on; harsh words and actions cause pain, and pleasant words and deeds are soothing to pain. With a clear conscience before God and man, I said to myself, I cannot better the condition of my family or myself by brooding over things of the past.

Not being of the kind that are dying daily, in the course of two or three months adapted myself and feeling more to my condition—methinks I hear you say as others have said, "I suppose you are used to it now." You may remember the story of the Dutchman

training his horse little by little to learn to do without eating; that about the time he got used to it he died.

The run of sympathetic visitors having abated, I took to reading when I could, more than I had ever had time to do before. I found it both pleasant and profitable in many ways; nature could do its part better. I studied history, the science of health, phrenology and psychology more or less all the years since.

INVENTIONS.

Necessity is rightly said to be the mother of invention. I loved the mechanical arts as I did natural philosophy; was generally able to adapt any piece of work to the necessities of the case. I had never made any special attempt at anything as an invention, only as a boy frequently does, begin at the big end of the undertaking. I, while a youth, had heard it said there was a fortune in store for the inventor of a perpetual motion contrivance. I studied the matter until I supposed in my verdancy I had it. It was a large wheel, similar to the hub and spokes of a wagon wheel, to run on a steel axle, the spokes or arms to be hollow, and have an elbow joint, with a closed hand at the end; a solid ball to roll to and fro in the arm, going out naturally as the arm straightens out full length, descending on one side of the wheel and dropping into the hand from the elbow as it raises on the other side, thus having the arms as close as may be to keep in perpetual motion. would for a time if reasonably complete. But that is not perpetual, I learned; as long as one thing is influenced by another it is impossible to reach perfection in anything that leads to perpetual motion. You will never see it, so it is hardly worth while for you to attempt it, but there is still a wide field in possible things. Be sure to keep your physical forces all clear, so as to hold the balance in mind.

My first patent was the perambulating cot, illustrated at the head of this chapter. It represents the first one ever made, with the writer on it. It is still a good one; but is heavier and stronger than is necessary.

The one that I now use is all made of iron, except the cot frame, and rubber tire on the wheels, that prevents noise or concussion or vibration, from going through excellent steel springs to the body. There are knee and hip joints to the bed frame just to fitthe person, the head and feet raised or lowered to suit any angle desired, by turning little crank that runs a screw. There is a convenience to release nature for the helpless. All the principles in this cot are

the same as the first one, thoughit does not appear one-eighth as heavy yet is abundantly strong for the largest man, and is made fancifully neat.

Like many other inventors I have not made anything out of it. but wish the invalid world to have the benefit of it. If worthy, reliable parties will manufacture them all right, and cheap. In one sense they are cheap at any price. I would not take a thousand dollars in gold for mine if I could not get another. I have only had about half a dozen others made, for persons calling for them, though there are but few counties in the United States that do not need more than that number. They can be made so as to sell at from fifty to seventy-five dollars each, with carpet or cloth trimmings. I say this much for the benefit of those afflicted and those in sympathy with them. I think those who have used them will say the same. One of them, Miss Jennie Smith, of Dayton, Ohio, the author of "The Valley of Baca" and "From Baca to Beulah," having been helpless and a sufferer many years, who used the second one made, wrote me after using it long enough to thoroughly test it, as follows:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow. * * * My dear brother in Christ and in sympathy with affliction. * * * I waited to give my cot a complete trial. I would that I could find words, my dear brother, to express my appreciation of the cot. I am, indeed, happily disappointed, for it is far more complete than I expected it would be. It excels anything in comfort and ease that I have tried. It is really what my friends have been trying to provide, namely, "spring," for years. We use side boards—on the lower half, trimmed nicely—as I have to use bed clothes or blankets, which make it as warm as a bed. I can be taken out with so much ease. I am so anxious for you to get them manufactured as soon as possible, for I know they will be a blessing to thousands; it can be handled with so much ease. It is so much admired by every one. Nobody can find fault with it.

She then spoke very kindly of the many interested in it; then of

THE DEDICATION OF THE COT

she says:

Oh, how I wish you could have been here; your heart would have been cheered. It was a deep, sincere meeting—one long to be remembered with heartfelt interest. Rev. Dr. Pearn's prayers, as well as some others, for the inventor in his affliction, were, I felt, true prayers of faith, which I trust will be answered.

She has since written:

My cot does, indeed, grow better and better.

I have never seen Miss Smith, but those who have, speak of her as "a very sweet-spirited, intelligent lady." I learn that she has traveled and preached considerable since getting the cot; also that through the benefits of receiving more of the electric currents and being treated magnetically she has got comparatively well, able to go about some.

I got up an arrangement for a self propellor for the cot, but have never had any made yet; they would add a little to the weight and cost, and I think but few would need them. As the cot is I can put my hands on the wheels and move about easily.

Among the many excellent certificates from good sources, I will add the following:

Dr. Davis, of our city, late medical director of the southwestern division of the army, says:

Having carefully examined Richards' Perambulating Cot, I can unhesitatingly say that it is the most perfect and complete structure ever invented for the surgery, and any person compelled to occupy a cot. The different angles and positions that can be effected in the bed surface of the cot, by the means of lever screws, making it an invaluable adjunct in the treatment of any and every form of disease, especially spinal. The surgeon can treat fractures without any fear of displacement if his patient occupies this cot, as any movement can be effected without change of position. I look upon this Perambulating cot as a very important and necessary article in almost every family. Its convenience in cases of sickness even of one person will doubly repay the cost of the cot. I would especially call the attention of hospital surgeons to this cot, as an excelsior in the management of all diseases peculiar to hospital practice.

C. W. DAVIS, M. D.

The following citizens of Des Moines, Iowa, say:

I have examined A. W. Richards' Perambulating Cot, and consider it eminently suited for the purposes represented in his circular. In the treatment of spinal disease it possesses an advantage over all I have examined It does not heat the back—a very great desideratum.

M. W. THOMAS, M. D.

I heartily endorse the above certificates.

J. A. BLANCHARD, M. D.

I am personally acquainted with Mr. Richards and with the gentlemen signing the foregoing certificates, and have the utmost confidence in their testimonials.

JOHN A. KASSON, Member of Congress.

We have examined A. W. Richards' Perambulating Cot, and heartily concur in the above recommendations.

N. B. Baker, Adjutant-General of Iowa. William D. Wilson. Samuel Merrill, ex-Governor of Iowa.

The Industrial Monitor says:

COMFORT FOR INVALIDS.

There are thousands of bed-ridden and house-imprisoned invalids who are suffering mentally as well as physically because they have nothing to divert them from brooding upon their misfortunes. The hope of moving about again to enjoy society, sunshine and fresh air has died within them, and melancholy becomes stereotyped in their faces to sadden all the loving ones who are compelled to witness such distress. Much of such sorrow and suffering can be relieved by means of the Perambulating Cot herewith illustrated.

Mr. Arthur W. Richards, of Indianola, Iowa, is a maimed Union soldier of the late war, compelled to remain in a recumbent position. His inventive talent inspired the hope of getting up a moveable cot by which his friends could move him about. This hope he has more than realized. He has the use of his arms and can move himself. He can visit his friends, attend church, and is apparently enjoying life as well as anybody. Without his perambulating cot he would be doomed to languish in confinement and despondency.

And now, dear reader, if you know a fellow-sufferer who may be benefited by this invention, please show him the picture and set some plan to work to give him not only hope, but a cot that will diminish his sorrows and sufferings and improve his health and happiness. Mr. Richards has just been allowed a patent for a "Well Cleaner," an excellent thing.

The Science of Health, New York, illustrates and says:

The accompanying illustration shows a device for an automatic cot. *

* * What a blessing it would be if every invalid in this country could be supplied with one of these cots! Simply thinking of this will show the urgent need there is for this invention. It would enable many a poor, suffering person to change his position and location without depending upon the assistance of others. An independent condition in itself is conducive to buoyancy of spirits. Buy no more drugs, but save your money and buy a perambulating cot.

In concluding this section on my labor of love and culture, more than pecuniary profits, I may say that my mind has been more active than my body. My next patent was for a device for cleaning wells without going into the well, called the Well Cleaner. I had a full sized one made and proved it practical, but have not disposed of it yet. The large bulb that works in the bottom of the well similar to a post augur but arranged to gather all the dirt, sticks, stones, or bore deeper, should be cast and maleable iron, which I have not yet arranged to be made, but when it is, a well can be cleaned, and with a hand broom in a socket can wash the wall, the water need not be taken out necessarily, but just as you like. It is easily worked by two ropes attached to a windlass geared so that one person can do it all easy and in a little bit, even take out the pump and put it in with it, and there certainly is noth-

ing that is more necessary to be pure for health than water, unless it is your body and mind can't be.

My next attempt was to get up a corn harvester. After several months of hard work I think I have got it drawn up on paper on principles that will work when manufactured, which I would like to make arrangements with responsible parties to do. It is reduced to the simplest principle that will work. The design is to clip the ear from the stalk as it stands high or low, or on either side, then it goes into an elevator, then husked or not in the process but saves the husks; takes two rows as fast as two or four horses will walk, one man to run it, and a small boy, if it is husked to stow the husks away. The same arrangement to crib the corn, or keep several other teams busy hauling it, but a common wagon will break the stalks down more, and hope it is as practical as my cot.

"There are many people, not yet old, who can remember easily New Year's day fifty years ago. Great progress has been made since then. It was about that time that the spirit of discovery was so greatly quickened and the age of inventions set in. The first real success with the steam railroad, the sewing machine and the electric telegraph come within this time. Friction matches were unknown prior to 1833, and New York was not lighted with gas until 1827. Daguerrotypes were not taken with any success until 1840, and photographs were not produced until some time later. Kerosene oil was first produced for general consumption in 1859. Telephones, electric lights and elevated railroads were unheard of even twenty years ago. These astonishing advances have only kept pace with the growth of the country and the increase of its business."

WHEN THEY WERE NEW.

Pins made, 1450. Needles used, 1545. First cast-iron, 1544. Matches made, 1829. First newspaper, 1494. Coal used as fuel, 1834. First gold coin, B. C. 206. Lead pencils used in 1594. First steam railroad, 1830. Window glass used in 694. Kerosene introduced, 1826. First postage stamps, 1840. Electric light invented, 1874. First insurance, marine, 533. First American express, 1821. First wheeled carriages, 1659. First illuminating gas in 1792. Musical notes introduced, 1338. Iron found in America in 1815. Bible translated into Saxon, 637. Gunpowder used by Chinese, 80. Old Testament finished, B. C. 460. Bible translated into Gothic, 862. Photographs first produced, 1802. Paper made by Chinese, B. C. 220. Bible translated into English, 1524. Tobacco introduced into England, 1583.

Another hobby I rode two years before it was accomplished was to get a public library and reading room in our goodly city. I presented the matter in writing to the city council in 1877, asking them to furnish a suitable room for their own use and that purpose, etc. In 1879, I found it was possible the council would do so and got a number of good men to agree to work for it and raise the money and they did it.

IN BUSINESS.

Before 1869 I had to lay at home a large part of the time, but after that date I was shut up there for eight years. My nerves became too sensitive to endure a noise or little jar. I had also read until everything had become stale. I secured me an office near the business part of town, where I have been located since 1877 with a son to care for me. The dear ones carried my meals to me two and one-half blocks away, where I have been trying to make my expenses as a pension, bounty and land agent; adding Phrenology and intelligence office business, under the motto:

You have the intelligence, I the office; As others get yours, you get the profits. But still have time to write you, Of a number of things I know to be true. If it is of my business and things not new,

Still you may a lesson learn, how to do.

So as to avoid the things that are not best,
Or you may learn that "Experience is a dear school."

Then take knowledge and learn from the rest,
And if successful in business people will not call you a fool.

You need not expect to get knowledge or wealth in a day, Nor in a life time either, if you are a shirk. Such things come little by little, as natural fruits or pay, Through useful, well guided, work, work, work.

My mother-in-law has kindly dedicated the following lines by Alice M. Ball to my condition, which is so true that I highly appreciate the source and words:

FOOT STEPS.

Lost, the sound of footsteps—my own footsteps; just once more Do I long to hear the music of my feet upon the floor. Dream I of the days, now vanished, when my lips first learned to talk, Of the mother's love that fondly taught a little child to walk; In the silence that surrounds me, tired of silence, tired of pain, Do I long for hands to guide me, till I've learned to walk again.

Lost, the sound of footsteps; how the days have come and gone, And my steps, forever silenced, make no echo in our home.

Music floats about me, sweetly wafted on the air,
And the hum of merry voices sound about me everywhere,
While I fondly long for music that can be mine never more—
Just the music of my footsteps—my own footsteps on the floor.

Lost, the sound of footsteps; and I wait day after day, In the midst of this long silence, where the Master bids me stay, And dream of spacious meadows, where my child feet used to roam; Of the footprints left so often on the graveled walks at home, Does the Father know how restless our weak human feet may grow, And guide them just as safely, when they lie in shadows so?

Lost, the sound of footsteps; when the soul's work here is done, When the gates of heaven are opened, and our Father bids me come, From this silence so unbroken by the tread of human feet, Over where immortal footsteps echo on the golden street, Then, till then, dear Father, teach me, that through all these fearful depths, In the silence that surrounds me, Thou art guiding still my steps; And when life for me is over, even in heaven, may I once more Hear again the sound of footsteps; my own footsteps on the floor.

PRESTON A.

Our deep sorrow over the death by drowning of our first born will never be erased from memory, which occurred August 7, 1867, he would have been eight years old, September 25th following. He had a large, well organized brain, dark hair, light complexion, and developed finely in body and mind. Was a lovable, good boy to everybody. That made such little speeches as to make us proud of him. Such offspring makes a father feel like defending his country with double force, as I did feel when I would think of him while absent in such service.

It occurred on this wise. He had a good, quiet, pretty pony that we called Fanny. He hitched her to a light wagon with one furnished by a step-uncle, Wilber Bryant, then sixteen years old, to haul some light summer wood and chips from the timber two miles away, or for the play there was in it to them, as it was something new. They went and got one load, Frank, his six year old brother with them, They were happier than the king on his throne

when they came to sit down to dinner and tell "ma" and "pa" about all the particulars, so they were cheerfully allowed to go in the afternoon again as Wilbur was a careful boy.

But three hours later, two carriages and the wagon came full speed into town, right to me, with the dear drowned boy in their arms. I took him in mine. I could hardly believe it possible. We laid him on the counter and the driving and circumstances attracted others. I think there were three to five doctors there in less than a minute, pumping him. They seemed to think at first that they were going to succeed; but no, it was too late. He was then taken home to his poor mother. How it broke up the deep fountains of the soul of all that could appreciate the loss and surprise.

He went in swimming with some other boys, where the water was about waist deep to him. Some young men had just came there in carriages to work. The other boys dressed themselves and noticed Preston's clothes laying there and called out to know where he was. One of the young men busy at the carriage, said a sensation ran through his mind that a few moments before he had heard a splash in the water, and looked round but could see nothing and went on at his work, but quick as thought he ran and jumped in where he thought it was and found him at the bottom. He said he thought he felt his heart beat once after he got him out. They shook and worked with him a minute, I suppose the best they knew what to do. They then jumped in their carriages and drove with great speed to town as referred to. Son had run down a few steps farther than usual where there was a square offset of some three feet, that caused him to make the splash no doubt. The good people of the town seemed to feel it keenly as it was the first death from that cause in South river of any one living in town. He is buried in the north end of my lot, No. 1, in the first cemetery laid out by the I. O. O. F. (Allow me to say here that after Brother Mark's body had lain in the original old cemetery ten years, I had it moved to the south end of the same lot.)

The lesson to be learned is, how to resuscitate a drowned person. I have seen accounts of persons being restored to life, one, I think, as late as an hour afterward, and many in less time after they were apparently dead. All accounts seem to agree that they should be laid on the stomach across something, face downward, and held in that position and pressed up and down quickly; the sides should also be pressed by having the body between the knees, and causing the lungs to work like a bellows, until the water is pumped out,

after which the body should be turned on its back and the operator get astride of it so as to press the lungs to and fro sideways and at the same time blowing into the mouth as strong as possible. An hour's work in this manner, or probably less, may restore life. I think ten minutes of such work would have saved my son when first taken out of the water.

But he lived and died happy
And has gone to a better clime,
Where all are supposed to be good and happy,
And we all hope to reach in good time.

There living and growing forever
We hope to see him a man;
There doing valiant service ever,
Enjoying his mission as best he can.
So we while living should be growing,
Developing into true women and men,
By doing good for ourselves and others,
And all be as happy as we can.

If we live right we are sure to die right;
Though some mishap doth befall us,
We shall hope for a remedy, believing it to be right
In that grand, real clime beyond us.

Where our fathers and mothers have gone,
Of every age, country and clime;
It is not important to what place, sphere or condition so happy,
If the privilege of going higher and higher is theirs, it is yours and mine.

MY SISTER'S WEDDING.

My youngest sister Caroline held the more than jewel prize (herself) so high that she did not marry until March 19, 1865, when Mr. Edward S. Silcott proved to be the lucky man. He was a native of Indiana and a widower with two good sons. He has a good home and farm close to our city and is a prudent, honest, worthy and respected citizen that cultivates his well developed mind. They are well matched and now have a large family doing well. I am just reminded that his family and ours have each had wedding celebrations recently. The following may be interesting to refer to.

WEDDING CELEBRATIONS.

First anniversary—iron.
Third anniversary—wooden.
Tenth anniversary—tin.
Fifteenth anniversary—crystal.
Twentieth anniversary—china.

Twenty-fifth anniversary—silver.
Thirtieth anniversary—cotton.
Thirty-fifth anniversary—linen.
Fortieth anniversary—woolen.
Forty-fifth anniversary—silk.
Fiftieth anniversary—golden.
Seventy-fifth anniversary—diamond.

HORSE TRADING

Watch the professional horse traders,
Don't be too credulous with the deacon;
They may appear well, still be traitors
To your interest, if not to decency.
The horse may look very fine,
And they tell you he is no account.
Then prove true as you would find
They not telling the truth on your account.

Horse trading like every other species of trade may be abused and frequently is, showing perverted human nature in one of its worst forms. A disposition to take advantage of the honest unsuspecting which can probably be done more often in horses than any thing else, because they are "Many Sided" in quality condition and make up. Being one of the most useful of all animals in existence, yet they may have all manner of diseases or habits that affect their value or usefulness or safety, not perceivable to the verdant inexperienced person, often to the best posted. And a horse may quickley develop some of these qualities or condition in your hands that the previous owner had no knowledge of. Probably never handled him as you do or cared for him in a different way, so we must have charity toward all that pretend to be honest for we all may be mistaken, but when we know there is actual fraud in such cases the criminal, for such he is, should be made to feel the weight of law and society as much as the forger, the thief; the hypocrite that will cover up his crimes with the cloak of religion to get hold of other people's money, possesses the qualities of the other two classes if they do not his. In dealing with such men you will find it necessary to watch as well as pray, and whether you know them to be such, "still watch;" An instance in my younger days will show. A citizen that led in church matters claiming the highest seat in the synagogue that I will call Mr. C. for short, was asked one day in my presence by a person that I will call Mr. A, a very uncertain kind of a trafficing man, if he could not borrow of Mr. C. a horse to go some thirty miles. Mr. C. hesitated but said: I don't know but I could let you have my big sorrel." Mr. C., then took

Mr. A. to one side and said to him, as I partly turned away not appearing to notice them. Yet I heard C. say to A. in low but distinct words, "If you will be sure to trade him off to some of the many movers up on that road." It made a shudder come over my nerves to think of the full meaning of it for we all knew the horse to be one of the worst balky horses in the vicinity, worth but little yet a fine looking large horse. In a minute I passed them; heard A. talking as if it was all right and would be done. In passing off a few feet C.'s back to me, he said as if a last charge "be sure and get away before he is hitched up." Just think of that kind of a trick being practiced on a poor mover away from home and friends. A. was off immediately; C. a large austere man, and I only about half his age and hearing what I did, I hesitated about reproaching him with the crime at the time, and in a few minutes the man was off; I often reproach myself for letting the matter pass, but could never look at him as a man and certainly not as a Christian. His "honor" has not "panned out well" since, so "watch" especialy a man that has acquisitiveness out of proportion. But I must claim that I believe such base hypocrites are few and far between. But "watch" and let every one cultivate honor; for it will give you pleasure far above the mighty dollar, and then you can trade horses or any other property with your neighbor and many times both parties be mutually benefited.

neighbor and many times both parties be mutually benefited.

One of my ventures while doing a land agency business before I got down. I had some lots for sale belonging to a friend; a Texas man came along with a drove of nice ponies and half breeds, offered to trade them at very low price for town lots, I told my friend about it but he declined to take any ponies; but told me if I thought I could make anything in such a turn that he would sell me the lots cheap and let me pay him when I could; I finally did so; got a beautiful tall, well matched span of bays, and a good large iron gray mule; they put them in my barn as wild as the deer; too wild to eat when any one was in sight. I could feed them only by keeping out of their reach, as they were tied, and coaxed and petted till they would eat and drink, but no further; I was not able to do any thing with them and had failed to get any one to break them as I expected when I got them. After trying for some three months and could not sell or trade or get them broke, I began to think it was not so good a trade as I had expected, and was about to dispose of them at any terms.

A Mr. H. moved in from the south part of the state, he came to my office a few days after and told me who he was and that he had

lost his three horses, having hitched one to his wagon the others run loose in town; by some means the one tied had broke loose and they had all strayed off. He said he had hunted the country over; he seemed discouraged; I told him not to be, and recited to him my big horse hunt; recited in another part of this book. He said he had traveled a good deal and lost several horses before and never found one of them. I told him to go at it systematically and scour the country over and he might get trace of them as I had done. Said he, "What will you give me for the chance of them." I told him I would not know them if I should see them and thought if he would hunt he could find them some place certainly. He then described them to me and I remembered of having seen two of them hitched to a wagon at a short distance, on acount of their odd color, one a mouse color and the other a sorrel dun color.

I told him then I was about as bad off as he was, that I had three which I could not do anything with, and described them. We talked a little of trade but neither knew what to do for the best. I still owed \$125 on them, and told him that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, if I could not hold them. away and hunted several days, and sent a man to where he came from; got no trace of them. He then came to me to trade again. I told him if he would secure my debt on them or give me the mule back if I did not find any of them in a time specified, that I would trade mine for his, and run the risk. He suggested that I might find them afterward. I told him if I did I would return him the mule or the worth of him, or one of the other horses. And so we traded and drew up an article of agreement to that purport which was left in the hands of Mr. J. S. Jones. My former success in that line gave me hope and I thought I could not lose much, and if I found them I would make a good thing, and he was a big stout man that could break the wild ones if they could be. I then had the task before me. It was court week and many people from all directions, of whom I enquired before I would start off to where they had been raised, as I supposed they most likely had gone, some one probably leading to his locality. They had been gone then near two weeks. I heard of two trailers or descriptions that I thought possibly might be them; but poorly described. One in south part of the county, the other west; he seemed to think they could not be south, so I got a livery rig and went west. Soon found that horses of that description had been in a man's corn field, a few miles away that proved them to be the right description and I found them on the open prairie feeding. From all I could learn

of them they had gone south then west, probably not over eighteen to twenty-five miles and were coming back this way farther north, just roaming about. So that it was a lucky hit for me and Mr. H. handled his some and traded them to pretty good advantage, and the bays made a nice team; but do not think they were very safe. When I found mine they seemed to have started west again, so it was a venture that no one would be safe in imitating, but stick to your text when you lose or undertake anything. It pays in the outcome.

The horse always has been my favorite. He seems occasionally to have as much good sense as some of the faster talking bipeds, and I think they can understand each other by their neigh.

If you treat such a horse kindly he will reward you. Mutual love will become strong. I will give you an instance under the next heading.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

A MEMBER OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR THINKS THEY ARE SO ENDOWED.

From the Philadelphia Press.

At the Church of the Holy Comforter in West Philadelphia, George W. Reed, a well-known member of the bar, delivered a lecture last night on the subject, "Have Animals Souls?" The speaker first considered a few of the arguments advanced by those who deny souls to animals and endeavor to refute them. He showed that some animals are erect in stature; some use weapons of defense; some have a language; some teach their young; some can be taught to use fire, and he further claimed that they possess conscience, and that both animals and men have a common origin. In presenting the latter point the speaker spoke of the doctrine of evolution as one which "is almost universally accepted." Proceeding to the affirmative side of the question, Mr. Reed said all of the lower animals possess, in common with man, a religious sense, as far as worshiping a superior being is concerned; the moral sense, in so far as it involves honesty, sense of duty, trust, guilt or shame; concealment of crime and self-sacrifice; service to man in supporting man's life and begging; understanding man's language; use of money and knowledge of buying and selling; self-control; ideas of time, order and succession of events; use of man's food and utensils; politeness and gravity in man's company; human like action in the domestic service of man, such as the collection of fruits; attending fires, horses and cattle; caring for children; the use of shelter and bedding; the love of finery; laughter, kissing and caresses. The lower animals possess curiosity, observation, investigation, reflection, judgment, memory, perseverance and imitation. Mr. Reed recited a number of anecdotes and made a long argument to prove the possession of the above qualities by animals, and drew the conclusion "that it is not true that man and man alone has mind, has conscience, has ideas of God; that every faculty of the mind, even the highest, is not innate but is acquired and depends upon education." Therefore, "there is nothing inherently impossible or even improbable in the lower animals possessing in common with men so many of the highest faculties of the intellect." He believed that some animals undoubtedly have conscience and can distinguish between right and wrong, and that they now stand on a higher plane, "than whole nations of men." In closing Mr. Reed said there was no warrant in Scripture for believing that the animals had no souls and were not immortal.

WHY WE LOVE HORSES.

The mouse colored horse that I had called "Charley," though young, seemed to be a safe, steady buggy horse for me. One day I took two men a few miles out to a farm I was selling them. We hitched the horse to the fence and went up over a rise in the edge of the field, just a little out of sight. We staid some time. When we returned in sight of where we hitched him he was gone, but we could see him half a mile off walking leisurely toward home. I could not hope to catch him, so one of the men started after him on "double quick" time, hoping to save the buggy. I concluded that as I had a rather uncommonly strong, clear voice, I would call him by name. I did so and you may judge of our pleasant surprise to see him stop and listen. Then I called again with full heart, and he deliberately turned the buggy around, without cramping it, and took a look at us. I called again. He started and walked deliberately back to the fence where we waited for him, with our hearts all swelling with love. One of the men, a doctor of the State of New York, said that if he had him at home no money could buy him. It seemed to me too much like selling a child when I had to do so. Among the thirty odd horses I have had I have found but few his equal, but many of them extra good sense. The thousand dollar Hambletonian colt we had at one time, Black Foot, was the equal of the best I ever saw; would catch a pig by the ear and hold it; then laugh at many funny things. He hardly needed training to do many amusing things. One was when a hog would rub against the fence and get its ear through the crack in the barn lot, the horse would catch it in his mouth, and hold it fast, and hear it squeal, and seemed to enjoy it beyond measure. Also to see people run to the noise and they laugh at his antics so heartily; they could scarcely ask the horse to let go. But when they did he would bounce like a rubber ball all over the lot and squeal for vent to his fun.

Would common sense teach you there is no hereafter for such noble, loving, thoughtful beings; would you not feel that it would

be slightly monotenous to go to a realm or place where none of your pets were ever seen. How would you feel shut up in heavenly golden palaces with your pick of bipeds only.

In the M. E. Quarterly Review, page 429, of 1876, Rev. Able Stevens, LL.D., of Geneva, Switzerland, in speaking of the extraordinary character of Mary Somerville, he says, "With Wesley, Sweedenburg and many other large hearted men, she believed in a future and compensative life for the brute creation." The creature now made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who had subjected the same in Hope, etc., and so said Agusious.

Would you not feel better now to hope with Helen Baron Bostwick in the following lines, that you and I may meet again, where we are not cripples.

DO YOU KNOW.

When a human being dies.

Loving, trusting to the last; And we arrogantly say, "They have had their little day; Nothing of them but was clay."

Seeming scarce so good and wise,
Scarce so high in scale of mind
As the horse he leaves behind.
"Lo," we cry, "the fleeting spirit
Doth a newer garb inherit;
Through eternity doth soar,
Growing, greatening, evermore."
But our beautiful dumb creatures
Yield their gentle, generous natures,
With their mute, appealing eyes,
Haunted by earth's mysteries,
Wistfully upon us cast,

Has all perished? Was no mind In that graceful form enshrined? Can the love that filled those eyes With most eloquent replies, When the glossy head, close pressing, Grateful meet your hand caressing; Can the mute intelligence, Baffling oft our human sence With strange wisdom,—buried be "Under the wild cherry tree?" Are these elements that can spring In a daisy's blossoming? Or in long dark grasses wave Plume-like o'er your favorite's grave?

Can they live in us and fade In all else that God has made? Is there aught of harm, believing That, some newer form receiving, They may find a wider sphere, Live a larger life than here? That the meek, appealing eyes, Haunted by strange mysteries, Find a more extended field, To new destines unsealed; Or that in the ripened prime Of some far off summer time, Ranging that unknown domain, We may find our pets again?

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

THURLOW WEED GIVES THE TRUE STORY OF MORGAN'S DEATH FOR EXPOSING MASONRY, AS TOLD HIM BY ONE OF THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE AFFAIR—HAS IT ANY BEARING ON THE MT.

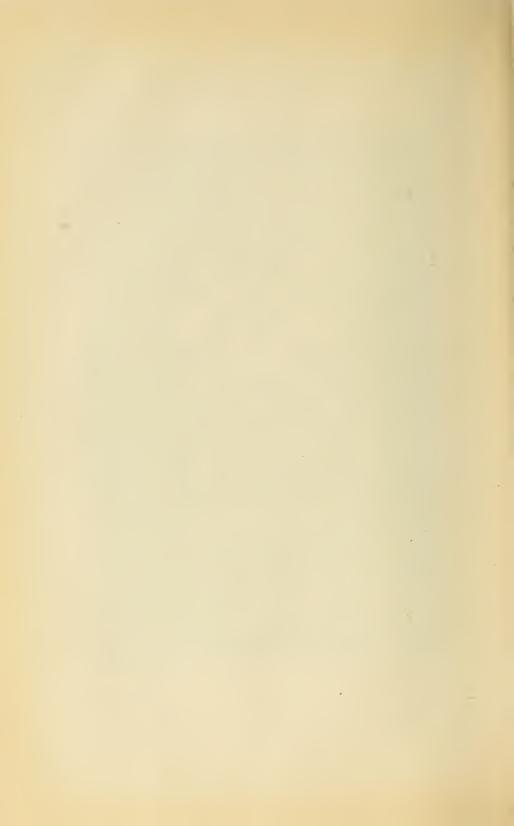
PLEASANT ASSASSINATION?

Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, March 6—Thurlow Weed was asked by a special correspondent of the Press yesterday concerning the recent murder of a son of Judge James Gillis, of this State, in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, last week, presumably on account of the death of Morgan during the anti-Masonic excitement. "I was sorry to hear of the trouble Judge Gillis is having in his old age," said Mr. Weed. "I knew him very well, and he was a very worthy man, as were all those engaged in the persecution of Morgan. It becomes a political issue, without any intention on the part of the anti-Masons, and the latter become a strong party. Judge Gillis was not tried for the murder, but for abducting Morgan. The facts in the case were about these: Morgan was a drunken stone mason and a member of the Order of Free Masons. With the help of a country printer he printed an expose of the first three degrees of Masonry, and was about exposing the Royal Arch degree when the Masons determined to put a stop to it. Morgan had come to me—I was in the newspaper business in Rochester at the time—to print his book, but he wanted me to take an oath of secresy before I began the work, and I would not do so. The Masons had Morgan arrested on a trumped up charge of petit larceny and lodged in jail. They then made arrangements to carry him off. A party of them, including Gillis, Nicholas, G. Cheeseboroughwhose daughter called on me not an hour ago-and James Whitney, and others, went to the jail, and after considerable parleying with the jailer's wife, they prevailed on her to give Morgan up. The idea of the Masons was simply to get Morgan away from the bad company he was in, in which case the Masons believed he would give up his design of exposing the secrets of the Order. They proposed to buy him a farm in Canada and turn him from his evil ways generally. The plan was now changed to provide for Morgan by sending him away from civilization in the employ of the Northwestern Fur Company. There were several meetings of the lodge and chapter of Niagara on the subject, but many Masons refused to have anything to do with the scheme. Then the matter became imperative. Something had to be done, and at once.



MILLIE and CHRISTINE.
Who created us?



It was found to be dangerous to recede or go on. After Morgan had been a prisoner in the magazine for three or four days there was a large meeting of Masons to install an encampment in a Canadian town near by. Prominent men were present, including members of the New York Legislature, and the evening ended with a grand supper, at which excited speeches were made by several prominent members of the Order in the case of Morgan. At last the Chaplain was called on for a toast, and he gave the following: 'The enemies of our Order-may they find a grave six feet deep, six feet long, and six feet due east and west.' This contained a hidden significance. and Col. King, who was at the table, called four gentlemen outside, and, a carriage being called, they were driven to Fort Niagara, where they arrived at 4 o'clock in the morning. Morgan was called up, and was told that they had made arrangements for his welfare, bought him a farm, etc. He went with them, and they took a boat and rowed out four miles into Lake Ontario. Here they wound a rope loaded with sinkers around Morgan and threw him overboard. A man at the fort, whom I afterward looked up in a moment, saw the boat leave with with six men and return with but five. Of course all these facts were denied, and the world said that the committee that investigated the matters were politicians and were moved by interests other than those of discovering the truth.

"Just as I was leaving Chicago at the close of the proceedings of the Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln, I was mortified and even much disgusted at the defeat of Mr. Seward, and was sending my baggage to the depot. Col. John Whitney, one of the five men who took Morgan out in the boat, came to me and said, 'I want to swear to what I have told you about the Morgan matter, and if you survive me I want you to publish it.' I promised to write out the statement, which contained substantially the facts I have given you, and intended to do so, but the campaign came on, the war broke out, and I was sent to Europe by Mr. Lincoln, and I neglected it. While in London I wrote to Whitney asking him to go to E. B. Williams and let him write the statement. When I got back home that letter was returned to me from the dead-letter office, and Whitney had died a week before it should have reached him. I was always sorry that I did not write out the statement in Chicago."

A WONDERFUL FREAK OF NATURE.

Millie Christine or Christine Millie, born July 11, 1851, of mulatto parents, owned by A. McCoy, Whiteville, Columbus county, North Carolina. Two persons above the waist and only one below, except the four limbs, otherwise natural. My wife examined them. I enjoyed their bright, cultured, intelligent, conversation; also their singing—in two parts, and dancing. They can do many kinds of work and make their own clothes. They have made money by exhibition and purchased the home plantation for their parents. They are free and happy—the great wonder of the world, and models of health.

CHAPTER VI.

HEALTH.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and title a thousand fold, Is a healthy body, a mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please; A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe And share his joys with a genial glow, With sympathies large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and enoble a poor man's lot;
For man and morals, or Natures's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when their labors close; Better than gold is the poor man's freep, And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep, Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed, Where luxury pillows his aching head; His simpler opiate labor deems

A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And live with the great and good of yore. The sage's lore and the poet's lay, The glories of empires past away; The world's great drama will thus enfold And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried by sorrow with Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

On this all-important subject you will please allow me to take a text, not because I have a special license, but from an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for you and I,

and because half a century's experience and some practice is worth something, hoping for the good time set forth in this remarkable prediction in the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah to come quickly:

"I will create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered nor come to mind. And the voice of weeping shall no more be heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There shall be no more, thence an infant of days. Nor an old man that hath not filled his days, for the child shall die an hundred years old. And they shall build houses and inhabit them, and plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit, they shall not plant and others eat. For as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labor in vain nor bring forth in trouble."

If we cannot hope to see the full fruits of such a creation in health reform, can't we each do our part in bringing it about, and give it as an inheritance to our children's children in some future generation. Health is essential to long life, success and happiness.

It should be the natural condition of every child. But if you examine the minutes you will agree with me that a large proportion of them are not in that condition.

"EATING SOUR GRAPES."

Many of them a burden to themselves and society, if not called that on the parents. Why is this? Is it not because the parents or their progenitors, some, or all of them have "eaten sour grapes and set their children's teeth on edge," or, in other words, unphy siological violations of natural law. Here is one kind of the sins of the parents that are "visited on the children, even to the third and fourth generations;" yes, far more frequently. Yet, occasionally we find persons that dispute the law of hereditary transmission. Here is evidence in one case: A late annual report of the New York Prison Association contains a frightful history of one of many families in this state whose vices have been, and still are, poisoning the life-blood of descendants through successive generations.

In examinations of county jails the past year, Mr. R. L. Dugdale, an officer of the Prison Association, came upon one, in which were found six prisoners, under four family names, all blood relations, and belonging to a lineage that traced back to early colonial times. These families had lived in the same locality for generations, and were universally odious and dreaded, the reason for which was soon manifest in the ascertained fact that, out of twenty-nine adult males,

near relations of the above six persons, seventeen—or more than half—were convicted criminals.

These significent facts put Mr. Dugdale upon continuous and careful inquiry. Aided by two life-long physicians of the county, the subjoined history was brought to light.

The first generation of the family found in jail—known and named—was a man born about the year 1725. He is described as having been a hunter and fisher; a hard drinker, who became blind in after life, entailing his blindness upon children and grand children. He had a numerous family, some of them illegitimate.

Two of his sons married into a family of five sisters, who were born between the years of 1740 and 1770. Three of these were harlots before their marriage; and of one other it is recorded that her husband was a thief. The progeny of these sons and sisters is traced with more or less exactness through five succeeding generations, giving the number of descendants registered as 540, who were directly related by blood, and 169 related by marriage or cohabitation; in all, 709 persons, alive or dead. The total number of this lineage is believed to reach 1,200; but dissensions which have occurred at different times prevent following out some of the lateral branches.

Of the families of these two sons of the old, hard-drinking and lecherous hunter, and the group of sisters into which they married, to and including the sixth generation, this is the record: Prostitutes, 74; cases of constitutional syphilis, 67; number of children dying at two years, about 300; paupers, 209; justly accused of crime, number unknown; convicted criminals, 76; cost of last generation to the county, at least \$50,000.

And with this last generation the race of direct descendants seems likely to perish, notwithstanding the infusion of purer blood through frequent union with stranger families. Not one marriage or birth is recorded or known in the sixth generation. They appear to have rotted out of life.

Is it not time we should be wide awake and put vigorous, strong men in our offices and as legislators to deal with the all devouring hells that make drunken debauches; that transmit to posterity the conditions to disgrace their name with suffering prostitution and whiskey pauperage.

As long as you follow unhygienic habits you cannot hope for health or happiness for your offspring and there is many other things used by people that make pretentions to good habits, that seriously injures in this way, as will be shown further on. Follow

the directions for fifty years and then if they do not prove all right, call and tell me.

THE CHILDREN.

The care of infants is the important task of mothers. The first nourishment is natural, if not, have it as near as possible. The next important thing is to be warmly and loosely dressed, no tight bandages about them. Keep the arms and lower limbs warm by all means. Then let them have plenty of fresh air, not a draft, and sunshine every day. If you love them don't give them any medicine, it is not a natural want or a necessity but give them a daily cleansing all over. If feverish from any cause, bathe them thoroughly and often as it occurs, rubbing with the hand from head to foot, pleasantly for several minutes after the bath. If in pain, place warm clothes on the part or your hand rubbing the part. If sick at the stomach, a little drink of warm water may rinse it out.

If there is trouble in the bowels as pain, warm injection. If diarrhea, tepid water and correct the diet that brought on the trouble in yourself or the child. When its teeth appear do not blame all your mismanagement in feeding and clothing the child to the little irritation caused by the "tiny tooth." In hot weather all is relaxed; then be very careful to give it no pie, cake or sweet meats as food. Many heads of families seem to think it would not be "respectable" to feed the little ones on plain healthy food, but that class is more "genteel" than wise, but prefer showing their weakness. They patronize the doctor and drug store whether they ever pay the bill or not, while those that have moral courage to do right, can raise their children without.

WHAT CHILDREN EAT.

Among the nobility of the three kingdoms, says the Science of Health, children are brought up on plain and wholesome food, as many American citizens would not allow on their tables. Infants and young children of the families of the aristocracy and wealthy manufacturing and commercial classes of Great Britain and Ireland are seldom, or never, allowed to eat flesh in any form. They are chiefly fed upon farinaceous food and milk; oat meal porridge, mush and milk, potatoes and milk, form the principal food for children among the rich and "upper ten thousands" of England, Ireland and Scotland. This is one of the most necessary reforms demanded in the rearing of children in this country. Plain, wholesome food ought to take the place of beef, pork, sausage, pies and pastry as food for

infants. By adopting simple and nutritious food for children the mortality among those under five years of age might be immediately reduced fifty per cent. With the drug store treatment it is only with sheer bodily strength and vigor of the 'fittest' that enables infants so treated to struggle through the youthful years and then, if they can get out in the sunshine and play a little they may get rid of the drugs; but the mortality is fearful. Let every one flee from 'the wrath to come" in that direction. The mother should always see to the food part. No difference how much anxiety the father may feel on the subject, if there is not faithful harmony between them on that point, it is likely to be a failure. In sickness they can either take the care, or both better.

Long experience in nursing, and familiarity with medical books and the practice, and prescribing while associated in office or business, would enable me to relate many instances that would sustain my conclusions, and teachings. If you will not care for your children yourselves, nor get a nurse with a little practical knowledge, and must call a doctor, call one that has got out of the ''fog'' enough that he gives no medicine, or if any, in homepathic doses. I will give just a few instances that will indicate my reasons.

"MUST HAVE MEDICINE."

Dr. R. L. Harlow recently read a paper before the Androscoggen Medical Association in which he justly denounces a poisonious mixture known as Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup that has not only killed its thousands, but is spoiling the health of a vastly larger proportion of the helpless little infants. He states that "the amount sold yearly contains over 15,000,000 grains of morphia, which amount is administered to infants without professional advice." It will ease pain for the time, but if it does not soon kill them, they will be left in a debilitated condition that only continues their suffering and your trouble four fold; nature's action being impeded they frequently break out with sores or running at the ears, etc., and you will have medicine, will you; and will not even take medical advice when they say you had better not. An incident in point: The teacher of most of the doctors in our place told me he was called to a certain place to see a child. He examined it carefully and could not tell what was the matter, and hence did not know what to prescribe and so directed the lady to bathe it and give it some teas that he thought perhaps it would soon get better. The lady flew into a passion and said: "Are you not going to give it any medicine?" The doctor said "he did not think best to do so,

then." "Well," says she, "If you don't give it something I will get somebody that will." He stepped out. She sent for an old whiskey doctor that never fails to give or take stimulants. You may judge the rest. So the first doctor said to me: "We might as well give it as anybody, as long as the people won't learn that it is better to do without it, and we have to follow the books to clear our skirts of the law, but your way is the natural common sense way of treating diseases."

One of the many instances that will show the danger of having medicine in the house is shown by the following: A family living a short distance from me had a nice pair of twins, sixteen months old, plump and hearty. One was a boy and the other a girl and the two loved each other very much. At the time referred to they all went to bed as well as usual. In the night one of the twins waked the parents up by crying, with what they supposed to be the colic. At that time the father, a large, stout man, was in the habit of using liquors and would get out of fix so much that he kept morphine powders for his case. They concluded to give the child a small portion of one of his doses. After doing so the child soon got easy and they went to bed and went to sleep as usual. Near morning they discovered that it was not breathing naturally, so they sent for a doctor and others. With all their skill combined they could not revive it and it breathed its last at noon following.

You may do the same. But what must have been the feelings of those parents and of the dear little twin living when it cried for its mate and would not be comforted, or when it was taken to its companion to kiss the little one's cold face? It shrunk back and motioned for others to lift up the poor, dead mate.

THE TWINS.

Yes, there they lie—so small—so quaint—
Two mouths, two noses and two chins;
What painter shall we get to paint
And glorify the twins?
To give us all the charm that dwells
In tiny cloaks and coral bells,
And all those other pleasants
Of babyhood, and not forget
The silver mug for either pet—
No babe should be without it?
Come, fairy limner! you can thrill
Our hearts with pink and daffodil,
And white rosette, and dimpled frill;
Come paint our little Jack and Jill,
And don't be long about!

-Frederick Locker.

Most of cases linger longer and suffer more. They generally do when the doctors do the prescribing. But that won't clear your skirts when you meet the patient in future life, if it does here.

THE DOCTOR'S CHILD.

Another instance: a doctor's wife and child were visiting our place, the child was taken with inflammation of the stomach, and another doctor was sent for and then the father of the child. They went by their books, no doubt. At the same time my Sim was taken exactly the same way. They were both plump, fat, nice children of the same size; the doctor's was a girl. An intelligent lady that was staying at the house across the street from my house where the other child was, was over frequently to see my patient, and declared at first for two days that mine was the worst case and would be sure to die if I did not get medicine for it. I told her she would see in three days what the difference in treatment would result in, if they kept using morphine to ease their patient then quinine or a tonic to tone it up, and while I used hot packs on the stomach and bathed all over frequently, and rubbed the stomach from the left to the right side occasionally as the child could bear it, thus aiding nature to do what it was trying so hard to do that caused the terrible pain. We thus in so extreme a case, with water and rubbing him from head to foot as he could stand it, or add to his comfort for three days, brought him out as clear as a whistle. Of course it took him a few days to recruit up, but there was a sorrowful funeral over the way in a few days. One of the doctors called to inquire of me the modus operandi of my treatment in the case and eulogized me, but they had to go according to the law of the profession he said.

Bilious fever, or what is generally known by that name, was quite prevalent a few years ago in this locality. One of the worst forms of it, because affecting the lungs, occurred in my family, accompanied with strong symptoms of spinal meningitis. My son, Johnny was taken very bad in that way. I sent word a day or two before to a certain doctor to call, when convenient, to see about a business matter. He happened to call the morning the boy was taken down and I had him on the bed with me where I could see to him, and he looked like such a "bilious case" that the doctor apologized for not calling earlier and went on to make a diagnosis of the case, I not saying anything but what that was what it was for till I would see what he would make the case out to be. He drew out his medicine case to prescribe when I said to

him: "Doctor, I don't wish to give him any medicine." The doctor was surprised and sat down, wanted to know what I was going to do. I told him that when the fever got up to about as high a pitch as it would be likely to I would wrap him up in a wet sheet pack with a blanket and two or three comforters around him, then let him soak from a half to one hour; that after he was in it a little while he would get more quiet; toward the last he would become more restless, on account of the pores opening, and the bilious poison coming forth, probably to the extent of staining the sheet. When he becomes quite restless I would remove the clothes a little at a time and wash him with water, about the temperature of the room thoroughly from head to foot and then give him a thorough hand rubbing, the same way; that in this case it would probably last three days; if so I would repeat it each day till it give way entirely, then just rub with hand magnetizing the nerve forces and so build it up. Said he: "Your pluck," I guess it will do. If you don't succeed send for me. Then I had to stop him to tell him my business. Send for me if you need me-I guess you won't, good-bye," said he, with hearty good cheer, "that ain't our practice." I proceeded at once to carry out the above indicated program—as I would do in any kind of fever—only the process should be shorter in persons that are not strong and more hand rubbing in proportion—as this bilious fever is the most stub-born. It took three days in this case. But the morning of the fourth he wanted to sit up and the longer he sat up the better he felt. In the afternoon he asked if he might go over to Georgie Haskels, a half square away. We finally consented to it, as they were great cronies, if he would stay in the house, as it would cheer up the spirits and help him to overcome any stagnated condition of the bowels. He went, but along in the evening about the time we expected him home, his Ma was standing in the door when she heard some boys passing saying something, about what Johnny was doing. She asked what Johnny—mother like—they said: "Your Johnny." "Why, where is he?" said she. "Down at the South part of town at the branch," said they. We sent for him. He had had a splendid time, was wet up to his knees. This was a beautiful day in March and the snow melting had made the branch high and of course boys could have lots of fun. We put on dry clothes, soaked his feet in warm water, rubbed them good and put him to bed. The next morning he was all right as he has been since. If he had taken a nine days to three weeks course of medicicine as is common, what would have been the result of such a

play? You will say a relapse, of course. What is the result of such relapses generally?

What would have been the result on your—pocket— and general health after sitting up three or six weeks? If the patient survived would he ever be entirely free from the results?

We have treated nearly every shade of fever, aches and pains, even to measels and whooping cough, combining on the same principles with perfect success. Care must always be taken to prevent taking cold. If you must go out let the last bath be cold and rub bing be free.

When I speak of "we" doing so and so with the children, you may take it for granted, so far as the work part, that it was my wife that "killed the bear," if I did help skin it. For you know I "lack the backbone," I am sorry to say. You may be well developed physically in that way but it is moral backbone that is needed, if you are to do your duty in these matters as well others.

ARTIFICIAL CHILD INCUBATION.

The report of some remarkable experiments in so-called artificial child incubation comes from France. The Glasgow Mail says that the immense success which has attended the artificial incubation of chickens in France recently, attracted the attention of Dr. Tavenier, a learned and ingenious physician. He was attached to a hospital for foundlings, and was annoyed at the large number of foundlings who died within the first six months of their life. The majority of those admitted to the hospital were weak and sickly, and he resolved to try what "artificial incubation" would accomplish if applied to infants. The doctor constructed a child incubator on precisely the same model of the chicken incubator. It was a box covered with a glass slide, furnished with a soft woolen bed, and kept at the temperature of eighty-six degrees, Fahrenheit, by the aid of hot water. He selected as the subject of his first experiment a miserably-made infant, one that had come into the world at an injudiciously early period. The infant was placed in the incubator, provided with a nursing bottle, and kept in a dark room. To the surprise of the doctor, it ceased to cry on the second day after it was placed in the incubator, and although it had previously been a preternaturally sleepless child, it sank into a deep and quiet sleep. The child remained in the incubator for about eight weeks, during which time it never once cried, and never remained awake except when taking nourishment. It grew rapidly, and when, at the expiration of sixty days, it was removed from the incubator, it presented the appearance of a healthy in ant at least a year old. Delighted with the success of the experiment, Dr. Travenier next selected an ordinary six months old infant addicted to the usual pains and colic, and exhibiting the usual fretfulness of French infants. This child conducted itself while in the incubator precisely as its predecessor had done. It never cried, it spent its whole time in sleep, and it grew as if it had made up its mind to embrace the career of a professional giant. After six weeks' stay

in the incubator it was removed and weighed; during this brief period it had doubled its weight. It had become so strong and healthy that it resembled a child three years old, and it could actually walk when holding on to a convenient piece of furniture. These two experiments satisfied Dr. Travenier of the vast advantages of artificial child incubation. He immediately proceeded, with the permission of the authorities of the hospital, to construct an incubator of the capacity of four hundred infants, and in this he placed every one of the three hundred and sixty infants who were in the hospital on the tenth day of February last. With the exception of one who died of congential hydrocephalus, and another who was claimed by its repentant parents, the infants were kept in the incubator six months, when they were removed in consequence of having outgrown their narrow beds. The result will seem almost incredible to persons who are unfamiliar with the reputation of Dr. Travenier, and have not seen the report made to the French government on the subject by a select committee of twelve. average age of the infants last February was eight months and three daysthe youngest being less than twelve hours old and the eldest not more than eleven months. Their average weight was sixteen pounds, only one of the entire three hundred and sixty having attained a weight of thirty-two pounds. At the end of six months artificial incubation the average weight of each infant was twenty-four pounds, and there was not one who would not have been supposed by a casual observer to be at least three years old. In other words, six months of incubation did as much in the way of developing Dr. Travenier's fondlings as three years of ordinary life would have done. The infants were strong and healthy as well as big; they walked within a week of leaving the incubator, and most of them have since learned to talk. These results surpassed Dr. Tavernier's most enthusiastic expectations, and there can be no doubt that this system of artificial child incubation will be adopted not only in every child's hospital in France, but in every private family throughout the civilized world.

"THE MEDICINE MAN."

The drug stores have got to be one of the most common evils of America. No wonder the foreigners on coming to this country are astonished to find that there is hardly a village that has not one or more drug stores in it. I think they will average one to every five hundred inhabitants in our towns, at whose expense in health and money they are kept up in the greatest of style of any other business, and you help to pay for all the advertising in almanacs, circulars and newspapers with brassy portrait of some "Great Health Reforming" genius, or noted "quack nostrum," or saintly whiskey seller that can take a thousand more or less kinds of patent medicines on commission and make a display of respectability and glass jars that would stand the test of investigation generally and a hammer about equal. Even the little boys remarking of some of them that "they have to stay all day on Sunday for fear they might miss the sale of a pint of whiskey."

There is probably an occasional one kept within the bounds of the law, or intended to be at first; but how self-interest will warp men's judgment. Others are no better than what is called "a doggery." They make and keep all kinds of compounds that cause an immense amount of suffering, and keep anything made by others that will sell—all for "filthy lucre." What good can they do? What good do they do? None. At least more harm than good. All the valuable articles they have properly belong to the grocery business. I learn there are towns in England, Ireland and Scotland of five thousand inhabitants, that have not a single one. Why should we, who are honored by them? God save the babies, big and little.

GOOD DOCTORS.

The "medicine man" proper is the latter day style doctor, that of all men in this world ought to be one of the purest in person, morals and practice; with breadth of learning, practical attainments and knowledge. But when we come to look for that kind of men in the practice, the first exclamation is "Where, O where, are they to be found!"

They are certainly few and far between. The fact is, a large proportion of them begin as boys wanting to go into some profession, and commence reading in a laid down course of study that was thought practical from one to two thousand years ago, getting into the ruts worn so deep before the circulation of the blood was understood, that they cannot see out upon the plane of a knowledge of common sense or reason of nature's own teachings of to-day. Doctor, do not stay down in the ruts or pitch your spite out on me for telling you the truth, but come up on nature's plane, the straightforward road to honor and success of a few; the balance please find their sphere on the farm or in the workshops, where they can be useful to society. There is a necessity for a few good surgeons and for many good, practical nurses, until the effects of the poison drugs, which their practice has afflicted us with for so many generations, are all worked out of the human system. Then we may hope for the good time prophesied in my text, when the child shall live to be a hundred years old and enjoy the fruits of his labor; when he will not have to turn all the profits over to support a herd of prescription agents for their little diagnosis and prescription, that they send the poor man to the drug store with nowadays to get the poison "opiate," the "tonic," the "stimulant," etc., as they say. In other words their little fever drops, that will

continue your case from nine days to three weeks. The iron, the morphine, the quinine, aloes and many other injurious things put in wine, brandy, whisky and alcohol, making the forms more injurious. But the doctor will tell you they are "diluted." This makes it a fraud, that they can make more money off of you and the word "die" is in it and hence we can understand the text that speaks of "dying daily."

But they tell us they have ancient authority for their practice. That some would claim to be as good authority as the scriptures would be for the prospect of their salvation. Such as Thessalus, who lived a century before Christ, and treated his predecessors and cotemporaries with the utmost contempt and even took to himself the modest title of the conqueror of physicians, and teaching that it was necessary to "produce an entire change in the state of the body." That is still practiced by the doctors of to-day, whether they believe or teach it or not.

In place of practicing as natural law and experience has taught our best thinkers to merely regulating, correcting and removing morbid actions with natural simple acids. But if he practiced them they are so simple, natural and easily understood that his patients would soon learn to treat themselves, and see the good time prophesied of in the text. Then the occupation would be gone of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the physicians; really the survival of the "fittest" in this matter would come to pass. Then it could be said: "Physician, heal thyself." Now they can't do it, and frequently know too much to take their own medicine, and send for another that is only too glad to have him out of the way. If they have a little bright streak about them will send for a good nurse that will clean them up and rub them down. But to retain his practice so as to make a living by his wits he must study up all the Latin, Greek, Hebrew or some doggerel lingo of words that show their great "learning," that they urge to blind the masses that make no pretensions, and are honest and credulous, hence look to the pretenders for information, but instead it is in many cases "the blind leading the blind and both fall into the ditch." Every now and then since the days of Hippocrates there has been a star in the profession that bursts forth into some light, the most common sense, and that which is becoming quite popular now days are the men that claim, like cures like, and depend on the secondary action of the medicine which gives such infinitely small doses that it is a question whether it could be discovered by the

natural eye or not. They are called Homoepathics, and it is a long stride in the right direction.

A few have broken away entirely from the old practice and become lights to the world of health seekers, such as R. T. Trall. M. D., E. D. Bebett, M. D., J. F. Newton, M. D., and many others, who have thrown so much light on the subject that some of the old M. Ds. feel conscience stricken and fearful that the "sceptre" is about to leave them, and conscious of the immense amount of quackery in the profession, are crying out "quackery," after the manner of others, where there is little cause for it, on the principle of the thief crying out "stop thief," and a number of the most bigoted and selfish of them are appealing to the legislatures of different states—Iowa, Illinois and Indiana—to secure fees, and are doing their utmost to prevent progress in the science of health and care for the afflicted. In some directions they have succeeded. but it will react on them four fold; like declaring the infallibility of the pope, it causes division in their own ranks among those that are wiser. We want no state religion, nor state medicine.

"There is, I am sorry to say, as much quackery in the medical profession as out of it," says Prof. Barker.

"How rarely do our medicines do good! How often do we make our patients really worse," etc., says Dr. Ramage, F. R. C. of Physicians of London.

"Three-fourths of mankind are killed by medicines and prescriptions," says Dr. Titus, counsellor of the court of Dresden.

Add to these the experience of cultured people everywhere and the honest confessions of hundreds of the best doctors, and we will conclude with Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, in saying to the profession, "We have done little more than multiply diseases and increase their fatality!"

Within my recollection calomel was a hobby with the M. Ds, and its terrible effects—stiff joints, loss of teeth, etc., are apparent to-day, the dentist especially reaping a fruitful harvest from this source, the result of salivation. This hellish stuff is still used to some extent, but colored with coloring water and called by other names. Public sentiment has driven them from that hobby as it did from "bleeding" till the patient would sink; they also used to physic for everything, but that practice is reversed. The present hobby is quinine and opium, cursing the nation with nervous prostration and weakness, enabling them and the druggists to do a paying business by prescribing and supplying liquors, morphine and stimulants called by various names; if they give relief it is only tem-

porary. What an influence they are having in the world! I wish I could say it was for good. If we become a nation of alcohol drinkers and opium eaters it must be charged to this kind of practice. It more than equals the old calomel song, which has more truth than poetry in it. Your experience or observation may prove the following:

Epecac+nux vomica=sickness + D. Quinine+liquors=drunkenness+D. Laudanum+opium=daily dying+D. Calomel minus water=hell+D. Hydropathy+magnetics=Rs. of health+L. Bread+water, air, sunshine=health+H.

"MEDICINE MAN."

Physicians of the highest rank, To pay their fees we need a bank, Since Wisdom, Science, Art and Sklll Seems all comprised in Calomel, Quinine and Opium.

Since Calomel has become their boast How many patients they have lost; Mow many thousands do they kill, Or poison with their Calomel, Quinine and Opium?

When Mr. A or B is sick,
Go fetch the doctor, and be quick.
The doctor comes with free good will,
But ne'er forgets his Calomel,
Quinine and Opium.

He takes his patient by the hand And compliments him as his friend; He sits awhile his pulse to feel, And then takes out his Calomel, Quinine and Opium.

He turns unto his patient's wife:
Have you clean paper, ma'am, and knife?
I think you husband might do well
To take a course of Calomel,
Quinine or Opium.

He then deals out the fatal grains.
I think, ma'am, this will ease his pains;
Once in three hours, at toll of bell,
Give him a dose of Calomel,
Quinine or Opium.

He leaves his patient in her care, And bids good-bye, with graceful air; In hopes bad humors to expel, She freely gives the Calomel, Quinine and Opium.

He soon reclines upon his bed And o'er his pillow leans his head; Like hunted hares upon the hill He pants and drolls with Calomel, Quinine and Opium.

The man grows worse quite fast indeed.
To call a council, ride with speed;
The council comes, like post or mail,
And trebles the dose of Calomel,
Quinine and Opium.

The man in death begins to groan;
The fatal dose for him is done,
His soul urged on to heaven, or hell,
A sacrifice to Calomel,
Quine and Opium.

Physicians of my former choice,
Pray hear my council, take advice,
Be not offended though I tell,
I'm not so fond of Calomel and
Quinine as you think,

And if I must resign my breath, Pray let me die a natural death, And bid you all a long farewell Without a dose of Calomel, Quinine or opium.

BREAD.

Nature demands that we should eat to live, not live to eat.

Here comes a query in my mind—whether or not, if we had remained in the normal condition reported to have been, when pronounced good, our food would not be more palatable in its natural condition, as many things are to us now? By some means we have become perverted in our tastes and habits, so that we are not "very good," and use many compositions called bread that do not supply nature's demand and the machinery of the human system gets out of order, so that it cannot act natural. Hence many become debilitated, weak, and discouraged with themselves, with the mote in their own eye seem to see beams in other people's eyes.

"Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the

fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for fruit." Now this makes no exceptions whatever and says they shall be for meat. Further on we learn that there was forbidden fruit in the garden, of which Adam and Eve did eat, and they became wiser at least. I suppose that they learned that it was poisonous and probably inflamed their bodies, passions and appetites, so that they abused themselves till they actually became ashamed of themselves and began sewing fig leaves together to hide their nakedness, becoming more cautious or secretive. Some claim, these days, that Adam means a race of people not an individual person. That being the case, the above incidents may have been a little reform movement started in those days to correct the abuses they had fallen into. Allow us to suppose it may have been the eating of the fruit of the Nuxvomica tree that grows in that section of the country, or something else equally poisonous and sickening. No wonder they got their eyes opened and were ashamed and became as wise as the serpent. But we find few of those degenerate children that are as "harmless as doves."

Purity of conditions require very simple food of a natural quality that requires little exertion to be got in the southeastern climates. Perverted conditions require labor to provide for our many unnatural wants, requiring the diligent use of the hands that produces the "sweat of the brow" to get our bread. Besides, disorganized bodies require more force to keep them going than when the machinery is approximately perfect. Hence labor is irksome to many if not all, vet in the midst of it there is about all the pleasure they see on account of the accelerated condition of the fluids of the body; that when they become more stagnant, induces people to use stimulants that give temporary relief, if it does react on them fourfold; which stimulants in this case are the carboniferous, the fatty and heat producing qualities of white flour bread, out of proportion to the oxygen and nitrogen, and then use other stimulants in place of hydrogen. Thus becoming nearly all starch, and lack the gluten that generally goes with the bread and shorts to the cows and pigs.

Hence it is absolutely necessary that we should eat the crushed wheat bread or the brown bread, to get the qualities that go to make up the muscle and nerve forces as well as the minor qualities in the phosphates.

The analysis of the human system shows that wheat is the most natural food to supply all the parts, if we would only use all of it except the bare hull, and there are many people who need it to help

carry off the natural waste of the body. "In ancient times they beat it up in a mortar that gave them the benefit of it all, but it is crushed by machinery so no doubt it is all right," says F. E. Smith & Co., millers of Brooklyn, New York. We need such mills all over the country. The wheat meal is a good substitute, as I know by experience. But the cooks are the ones that should learn these facts and take an interest in carrying them out, so as to feel well themselves, have their families healthy and feel interest enough to learn how to make the best brown bread and gems. At first with many people that are very far gone astray in these conditions, the brown bread may not seem palatable; but when they know they are perverted and gone astray, the more earnestly should they determine to get in the straight and narrow path to health, for to the healthy and strong the path is not so narrow. Hence if you wish to reach the happy land you must keep in the straight, safe way until you reach that happy state. You know the result of turning aside, and falling over the precipice.

Yet there are some people that will persist in following their old habits occasionally from lack of causality and will force, and go on their downward course till they become dyspeptic, nervous and all out of balance, bringing on many "family jars" and neighborhood disturbances. Even among perfectly good people a bad state of stomach will cause many other difficulties, while by nature they have many good qualities. An instance in point occurs to me now that will illustrate forcibly the point: A friend of mine, a painter and glazier by trade, was in Chicago at work at the time referred to, and on Sabbath attended church and class-meeting, as was his custom. At class-meeting service a lady spoke unusually free of her sorrows and difficulties with her neighbors and friends, of terrible back-sliding condition, and then the church and society was all on the downward road to ruin and despair, as though none of them were any too good for the "bad place."

During the week the husband of the good lady found it necessary to have some glass replaced in his mansion and some painting done. When he called at the shop to have it done my friend was sent to do the job of work. The lady at once recognized my friend as the strange brother she had seen at church. He recognized her as the strange "sister" that had freed her mind at the said class-meeting. Each of them being unusually free talkers they soon introduced themselves. She at once proceeded to apologize to the stranger for her gloomy and uncharitable speech, and gave as an excuse or reason that she was troubled with dyspepsia

and "that her stomach was unusually out of order last Sabbath and hoped it would be overlooked."

Now I am of the opinion such cases are numerous, but they all do not know where their inspiration emanates from, and if they did would not all be frankly honest enough to acknowledge it as this lady did. If your religion depends so much on the condition of your stomach how important it is to get your stomach right, and if you have not got any religion worth speaking of your "regeneration" will have a good beginning, and you will feel like you were "born anew," and a "new birth" is about as good a thing as could happen in any family where they really needed it. It adds so much to be jubilant over that frequently the whole neighborhood rejoice, and especially when the rubbish is all burned out of sight. The good "manna" for the hungry soul that will make them strong and grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth until they become strong, then in the power of their might they will rush onward and upward, sowing the seeds of joy, peace and plenty for all around, and if that is not heaven itself it is not far off. Then to take a sudden leap back to earth, so we can see ourselves, as others see us, in the mirror just drawn. Let us look to our stomachs, be sure they are cleansed of all filthiness of the flesh, and habits that degenerate and add to our faith, virtue and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance goodliness, if not godliness.

Thus become fortified behind a bulwark of true principles that will enable you to stunt the fiery, eraving darts of your own appetites and passions. That may be your hardest "thing" to contend with, bad habits, in fact, habit is the rock on which millions of good resolutions have been shipwrecked, when they know there is a channel around, under, over or straight through, burst the rock asunder, go straight through to the beacon star of health and happiness.

Dr. R. T. Trall in his Hydropathic Encyclopedia, says, "he thinks it may be stated as a general rule the greater the necessity for a change of dietic habits, the more will the individual suffer temporarily in making the change; the worse the physiological conditions produced by dietic errors, the more will the feelings rebel against a removal of the cause." We know why by experience that it is best to "keep the body in subjection to the will." If the former does revolt, have the true spirit of a man and do that which is right.

Corn, rye, barley and oat meal make good healthy bread if well made and they may be mixed for variety with each other and with

the wheat meal and give good variety or the various healthy fruits may be mixed with some parts of them in a variety of ways and be good and healthy.

Swiss guides and porters who have to bear extreme cold which is always supposed to require much animal food and whose labors are severe, are said to live entirely on a diet of polenta (mush) and cheese, and to be fine hardy specimens of manhood, carrying great weights with ease. The East India coolie lives on a little butter with his rice and pulse, but his climate is very different from the bracing air of the Alps, frosty air that anywhere else would be supposed to create a demand for the heaviest animal food. There is considerable (vegetable) oil in mush, and cheese furnishes albumen; so that in this simple diet are combined the carbons and nitrogens of food.

But when you undertake to raise children exclusively on the white flour bread, they will be likely to run to fatty, soft, scrofulous conditions with many sores and all the diseases that come round, or otherwise be lean, lank, cadaverous in appearance for the want of nutriment to supply the conditions demanded to build up the muscular fibers that are starved out. Is it not cruel to feed the children on this white starchy truck on which a dog cannot live? The experiment has been tried by Magandie, Tedman and Gemlin, and has proved that dogs fed exclusively of the white flour bread lived but forty days. While those fed on the unbolted meal of the same grain lived without disturbance of their health. How can you reasonably expect yourself or children to resist disease? Ye lovers of truth heed the warning.

There is abundant evidence to prove that coarse bread, with fruit and vegetables, have provided man with sufficient and easy alimentation in the warmer climates, and that the hardihood, the free spirit and the highest powers may be sustained by it. It has stood the test in severe trials. Some one has said of this, the staff of life. when a man eats a bit of bread, does he not therein consume heaven and earth and all of the heavenly bodies, inasmuch as heaven by its fertilizing rain, the earth by its soil, and the sun by its luminous and heat giving rays, have all contributed to its production, and are all present in the one substance? Then use it in your family daily, with such variety of the good and healthy things of this life as will build up a strong, healthy class of people, with cultured, well developed bodies and minds, and good morals, that all may attain unto that good time coming prophesied in our text, when a child may reach the age of a hundred years and enjoy the fruits of his labor. Then eat the "bread of life" and live forever.

MEAT.

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MEAT.

"If meat makes my brother to be offended, I eat no meat." The epicure very naturally says: "I do not know that it is my brother's business what I eat, if it does not injure him or me." True my good brother, but the purpose now is to get you to stop and think whether you are not eating what injures you. To a certain extent I am my brother's keeper, on the social law principle. Moses designated all manner of herbs and says they shall be for meat. Since that there has been many traditions as to meat. Then we come to the letting down of the sheet in Acts x, which says there "were all manner of four footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts and creeping things, and fowls of the air. Kill and eat. Call them not common and unclean." Some people try to construe it to have a moral meaning, but Peter seems to have had a cadaverous appetite, so there must have been a strictly literal meaning also.

But the catalogue of herbs and animals designated in the two passages seem to give too wide a scope. You do not seem to be obedient to these directions. Your stomach would revolt at the thought of eating many kinds of plants and herbs, as well as at chewing many animals—creeping, slimy, revolting things—and some of the fowls of the air. I believe I have heard of people "eating crow" socially, politically and religiously, but it is a thing none of us like to do, especially if we think we are right before. But if we are credulous, obedient servants, and told we must, we gulp it down if it does incline to come up again. We may get used to it after a while and relish it.

So we find we do use that divine gift of God to man-common sense and reason, a little, about what is best to eat and wherewithal we shall be clothed, etc. We call some things common and unclean, vet I am of opinion that many of them are by all odds better and more healthy eating to-day than some of the meats we eat. Just now consumptives are being cured by eating dog meat and broth made from the same; they say it tastes like mutton. Where is there anything more filthy and corrupt than some of our swine? They are not naturally so, but from the way we have raised them for so many generations back, crossing them with a view of getting fat hogs the quickest at the least possible expense, regardless of health or hardy condition, as is shown by the large numbers that suddenly die annually. If they would be raised in a more natural way for three or four generations, where they could have grass, roots, herbs, nuts and fruits, they would develop with more muscular strength and less of the carbon, "the survival of the fitest"

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would have a race of animals more healthy and normal; but as we have them generally now, shut up in small pens, lots or fields, crowded together, confined to corn-corn frequently rotten, sour swill and all decaying substances about the house and farm, they puff up with fat, lay around quiet, and suffer from heat until they lose their hair—such a blubber of carbon that they can hardly stand or walk, a conglomeration of scrofulous matter that frequently is alive with trichinæ, a little worm-like insect which is plainly visible under the microscope, occasionally large enough to be seen with the naked eye. Within the past ten years many children and occasionally whole families, have been reported by physicians as having died from eating meat virtually alive with these same worms. any wonder that hogs die, or have so littler power to resist disease? Is it any wonder that so many children who eat this diseased meat are troubled with scrofula, sores, blotches, weak-looking eyes, and have so little force of character; not only children, but men and women?

"Hog eat hog," is a common saying. If pork was too unhealthy for the Jews to eat, is it any better now? Or if, as Dr. Adam Clark said, when a roasted pig was steaming on the table at a great dinner party: "If the animal was cursed under the law, how can it be blessed under the gospel?"

The only way I see to help this matter is to improve the condition of the swine or your own condition by not eating it. I hardly know whether the masses of the people will ever be fully awakened to this subject, but individual families can do so and make it practical and reap the benefits in person and society.

Let the small pox or some such disease become prevalent in the neighborhood and see how quick the people will say: "We must all quit eating fat pork." Oh, yes! if death actually stares them in the face they will take the hint, but like some people's religion in such a case, as soon as the crisis is past they are like the old "sow that was washed and returned to her wallowing in the mire;" not heeding the fact that there are more deaths from their condition than any of the diseases.

But when we come to add to this the condiments, salt, pepper, pepper-sauce, mustard, horse-radish, as a sugar coating for the pill; that excites an unnatural condition of the stomach; then to the weaker parts of the nervous system as an irritant, that many attribute to some other disease working on them. Such things must always react, weakening the part, as in diabetes, dyspepsia, neuralgia and all nervous affections. I think all other meats are healthy

if in good condition and not spoiled in cooking too much, and you would not eat more than half what is common now days. Eat slow and masticate thoroughly; never gorge your stomach with anything, much less meat. The best animal food is beyond all peradventure that derived from the herbicorn-beef, mutton, deer, fish, foul, wild game common in America, etc., if they are all seasoned with a good, lively, healthy appetite.

Killing animals for meat is sometimes so cruelly done that I think it injures the meat, by the excited condition caused by the suffering, throwing the poisonous waste of the system back into the circulation by reaction and then suddenly chilled there.

Should we not think of the golden rule in such cases and do as we would be done by? If it must be done do not make it more cruel than the old allopathic physicians used to occasionally do with human beings—bleed them until they would "wink out." Then the meat should be cleansed nicely and eaten while fresh, which can be done when away from market, by combining with neighbors and dividing, or by slicing the meat and cooking it a little, with barely enough salt to season it, pack it down in clean stone jars, close and then pour the rendered fatty part over it. This will exclude the air and then it will always be handy and fresh if kept in a cool place in hot weather. The nicest steak is cooked quickly on a hot griddle without grease, and a little butter and salt added as it is put on the plate. Now I think the saliva begins to flow.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Acids are necessary to the health of the stomach, especially if you eat meat of a fatty kind. In the latter case I would advise you to cook an abundance of greens with it in the spring time, vegetables and fruits at other times. If we are in a normal condition and eat plentifully of fruits at the table, we have no use for the strong, concentrated acids and condiments, used extensively by people that are out of gear in body and mind; frequently getting so by their use. The use of an abundance of fruit would, I think, starve out half of the doctors in ten years, if generally adopted.

Some years ago I began to notice a peculiarity about a young clerk in a dry goods store, in the way of eating apples after his meals. He was slim, delicately made, like his father, with a bilious appearance. He seemed to have got into it as a habit, he certainly could not have eaten much at the table, for I have frequently seen him eat two to three apples while in my sight, always after eating, how many more at other times I have no idea, but

probably not any, as he is quick active and generally busy now for several years, and notwithstanding his employment, he has developed to good proportions, showing a large development of the digestive organs. This certainly would not be advisable after a hasty meal, but with say one-half of what is usually eaten, I think it would be a capital good thing for most persons.

But probably the better plan is to use those fruits that are so abundant now, canned and otherwise, more freely at the table with

good healthy bread if you would be healthy and happy.

If foolish girls that drink vinegar and suffer so as to use a smaller corset, would break the bonds of slavery to foolish, silly fashion, would put the corset around a swine and draw the strings a little, and allow their own body and mind to develop as much as possible, not only during their school days, but during life, they would be more happy, get better husbands, and they would deserve and get ten fold more love and respect all along through life, there not being so many sour stomachs, faces and habits. I see that there is a move in this direction by some of the most intelligent and cultured ladies of our nation.

Now please take this morsel of advice and commit it to memory and hold to it as you do your hopeful grip of salvation, for time and eternity. It will help to the bread and meat of life, you will feel and see the fruits of it, you will taste of the water of life.

> "A beverage prepared by God himself, To nourish and invigorate His creatures."

That is this: Never fail to begin cultivating yourself physically, mentally, and morally. Get into the edge of the stream at once. Begin to get your boat put in order. Don't attempt to start out too fast, for it is for all time and up stream. Get the above trinity of oars in the best possible shape to do service and use them as long as possible. Now start up stream, steadily, safely, surely, and if your oars are the live, growing, vigorous kind, they will each become stronger, more beautiful, as time goes on, and you learn to handle them more gracefully and easily. Then you will go faster. But if you lay down the oars, they will rust and you will float down stream, probably to the briny deep. So be determined from the start and be prepared for head winds, breakers, storms and pestilences. Then with a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," each oar will become brighter and brighter to the "perfect day." The bark of the physical oar may fall off by the way, the untenable, stand points of the mental oar will be

rubbed off, the impractical points of the moral oar will be eradicated, and all be more practical and bright as the morning star, with the glorious, progressive results of such a life felt in the world or whatsoever sphere the influence may reach, it will be felt like the rays of the noon day sun.

TEA AND COFFEE.

If you are willing to learn by reading, thinking and observing others' experience, I think this subject will interest, and possibly profit you; and if you are not honest and in earnest in finding out what is the truth and best for yourself, do you think you would be sincere in dealing with others? If you have a bad habit are you willing to abandon it? Things that will do you no good will certainly do you harm in the end, though it may not be apparent at first. I believe the effects of drinking tea and coffee to be something like a serpent winding around his victim. I have heard various complaints by persons who use tea and coffee freely, the most common of which has been: "I have the headache so bad I must have a cup of tea," then drink two or three cups to relieve it; the same with coffee drinkers. I suppose I can enjoy the taste of tea and coffee as well as anyone, but never relished the idea of being a slave to anything, so I ordered Satan to stay behind me, and did not use either for nine years, hence would hear more about it than most of people do who use leather spectacles and find they cannot see clearly. While in the army we were furnished with crackers nearly as large as your hand, almost half an inch thick, and so hard that it was well nigh impossible to bite or break them, having the appearance of being hardened old "sinners" several years old, and having coffee provided us, and frequently not much else, I naturally took to soaking crackers and drinking some coffee, but soon paid the penalty-suffering from headache, laxative condition, etc. At first you may feel the effects but little, yet the habit will grow on you, if you permit it, just as whisky and tobacco does on the drunkard.

If you were not in the habit of using them you would find that nature would revolt on their introduction to the stomach, as it would with any narcotic or poisonous substance, if you are in a natural, healthy condition, possibly not if you use your stomach to catch all the sweet and sour and let them work together and foment with all the condiments, carbon and such as if in the swill barrel, would make an uproar. All such unnatural food intrudes on the stomach and causes the gastric juices to flow unnaturally,

all together causing an inflamed condition of the parts that extends to the whole nervous system, causing an unnatural buoyancy that makes many people act very foolish after drinking either tea or coffee. In two to three hours a reaction takes place when they will be dull and stupid, and if it is kept up for a short time the reaction after this condition will cause headache, and the natural circulation of the system will be interfered with until their skin begins to look vellow from the stagnation of the fluids, the poisonous waste of the system being returned they will be in what is called a bilious condition that frequently affects the mind and the vision so that they see others through "a glass" darkly and imagine they see great blemishes in their neighbor's "character," reproach them severely many times without any cause, only their imaginary one. Such feelings leads them naturally downward and frequently get into other bad habits and company, the animal passions becoming the prominent feature of their thoughts and actions until they frequently become weakened so they neither have much mind force or character left, even in home life, as well as promiscuous intercourse. I could point out many such cases, but would have to name or describe so plainly that they would never pay me for the advertisement, even among people that make pretensions of better things, but which is only a cloak.

I assert what I honestly believe before God to be true. Having been studying principles and inquiring confidentially of persons who would confide to me things that would astonish you, and in verification of the facts stated and known laws of human nature and laid down in the best of authority by men in cities, that can describe their subjects definitely, while in villages we cannot do so without such things injuring innocent parties and children. Scientific analysis shows that tea and coffee are purely stimulants in themselves. Don't waste your cream and sugar in them. What nature wants is nourishment. A writer says:

Milk that is heated too much above 100° F. loses for the time, a degree of its sweetness and its density; but no one fatigued by overexertion of body or mind, who has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its having been rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portions of it seem to be digested and appropriated almost immediately; and many who fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by labor of brain or body, will find in this simple draught an equivalent that shall be abundantly satisfying, and more enduring in its effects.

You will find fluids enough in the pure and sparkling water. Sweet milk and buttermilk seem to supply a felt want in the system and nourishes the parts needing it especially nowadays. Then, if you still imagine you must have something warm for a while to drink, use chocolate or crusts of bread or some of the grain that you make bread of, until you learn that they are not a necessity or even a pleasure, as my own experience has taught me. Besides you get rid of the habit of washing everything down your throat at your meals, and learn gradually, as I and many others have done in retaining unusual health, other things being equal, by drinking water systematically on going to bed, it will cool any heated condition of the stomach and supply the agua of the system. Then with a clear conscience you will go to sleep quickly, rest quiet all night and awake with renewed vigor in the early morn, bright and cheerful. Then take a good hearty drink of water again and in an hour you will be ready for a good hearty breakfast, and if you chew your victuals decently the saliva of your mouth will supply all the moisture needed. You will have no occasion for drinking at the table. Then the gastric juices of the stomach, with the nectar like saliva of the mouth, makes a composition in the stomach that will soon set the process of digestion in motion, which will go on so pleasantly that you will feel good over it, in place of that uneasy, restless feeling many suffer. You can soon get in the habit of drinking an hour before meals if you will try, and other times to gratify thirst, unless you are too very hot. A year or more will give you a healthy, cheerful feeling and probably look with a clean skin, if not pure and beautiful, with a feeling that you are on the road to better life, that I have known by experience twice; now to stay for life. Nearly all clear-headed doctors will virtually coincide in this theory. Many have taken strong grounds on this subject, in its favor, claiming that they should only be used as a medicine in sickness where a stimulant is needed, but they should not be continued longer than you would calomel, quinine or jalap.

We should "avoid the very appearance of evil." How many faces show the stomach to have been used as a tan yard vat? It tanned itself till there is no give or take in it comparatively, while in the performance of its proper functions, it opens and shuts on the food something like opening and shutting your hand. When that power is gone what can you hope to accomplish in other things—certainly nothing very good. What kind of an offspring would be the result of such parents? What a heavy responsibility for a future existence must be on the shoulders of such parents?

The poor, puny, innocent infant to eke out a miserable short life, just because the parents have got into bad habits, tanned their whole nervous system to some extent, with these narcotics, leaving the children, nervous, weak, irritable, degenerate and base. All the more liable to a sudden death, and universally several years shorter life; then when you have killed yourself by inches, and come to die, "O, for an hour longer." "Ha."

Parents, can you see, or will you see, the responsibility on you? Will you continue to kick against the pricks of your own conscience, and do things yourselves that you know is wrong, and would not want your children to do under like circumstances? If you do, I will not by the help of all that is good. Will you take the responsibility of giving them a predisposition to worse habits, bad company illiteracy, strong drink and their fruits, and still hope to see any heaven here or hereafter? I know many of you are not seeing it now, that could with correct habits. Don't blame God with putting any curse on you. You do it, my friend.

Now let us look back a few years at our fathers and grandfathers with all their bouyant strength clearing the heavy timbered States that now are fertile fields of golden grain and fruits.

According to natural law principles we should be getting stronger by correct living; but those who are going backward through the world and credulously believe in old traditions because their eyes are always looking back to the past in place of forward and upward to the great Author of nature's laws. Hence they will tell you that we are to "grow weaker and wiser." About all the wisdom they give is to see their own errorrs and weaknesses, because their eves were in the wrong direction; hence backed into many brush heaps and thorn bushes they go with a rush back toward fallen Adam, but they have got the scars of the thorns and think they are wiser. If it is wise, when you start to heaven, to go one step in that direction and two the other way, then they are "wise," if not they should turn around with their faces in the progressive direction, then let the two steps be toward good or God which means the same. And when they twist their necks to look back try not to step in that direction, but merely take a glancing look as, in this case, to see what we can learn from the past; see if we are making any larger tracks than our grandfathers and grandmothers made, as it is not only our privilege but our duty to go on a broader tread than they did, because we have better advantages. You cannot do it with an injured body and mind. The great, good grandparents, with all their hard work, could have

pleasure because they used healthy, substantial food and did not injure themselves by drinking tea and coffee. There was but little of it used through the country in my first recollections, near sixty years ago. Hard work seemed to be a pleasure to them. The grandfathers would grub, chop, roll logs, plow, sow, reap and mow with a mirthful vim, while the better half was not loathe to assist in many ways, yet find time to make the floor fairly shine like her pots, dishes and tinware; her meals prompt on time, and singing while she would make the spinning wheel, or loom, keep time winter and summer, do the knitting; while the old landlord read and they would then digest a subject thoroughly. Everything is made easier by inventions now days, but that is no reason why we should go backwards, but an additional reason why we should progress physicially, mentally and morally, if we do not have so many hard days of work to develop strength. We can if we will make it up in quality; we certainly have a wide field for our mental and moral powers to develop in; then why should we permit ourselves to become more degenerate than our worthy ancestors? Every stock man will tell you of the improvement in sheep. cattle and horses in the last century. Is man to go backward until he meets the animal on the level? I trow not, but if you develop the mind the body must have a due proportion, and if you propose to go up by way of the teapot spout it will land you in Salt river deeper than Jonah in the whale's belly where you won't be fit for tanbark as your tea will naturally fit you for; if you ever get out it will be like Jonah, by way of a puke.

Then you will wish it was not you that did not do your duty. I don't propose to go there by that route. Remember, Jonah did not go according to law, hence he had to swallow the whale, one "good man" told me he would believe it if it was so written, so I have written it. I think there will be many poor, suffering children of tea and coffee drinking parents that will wish their parents had swallowed the whale in their day in place of the narcotics. Then give us no more tea "parties," but lively, whole-souled social parties of people who only eat to live, "not live to eat and drink."

The history in detail of these articles would astonish you, to see the rapid progress of diseases that have been traced directly to their use, and called by their names by the most eminent physicians of Europe and America.

Tea is said to have been first introduced into Europe in 1664, by the East India Company. They brought two pounds and two ounces of it to the British king, a present. It is a native of China and Japan. The introduction through the king was calculated to give it popularity among the venerating, credulous masses. From that small beginning it has grown steadily until it is estimated that in Great Britain alone from fifty to sixty million pounds are consumed annually. In the United States it is not used by near all the people, thank fortune, yet there are, it is said, two hundred and fifty million pounds shipped here annually, which cost the people that many dollars, and has frequently cost the consumers nearly double that amount as first outlay, and indirectly in the way of doctor bills, the result of its use, a larger sum, besides producing the incalculable evil of nervous-bilious conditions that are entailed on posterity.

Coffee was not introduced into Europe and America until some years after the introduction of tea, as a beverage, but was known and sometimes used as a medicine some years earlier. "It is a native of Abyssinia," says Dr. William A. Alcott in a valuable work on these articles, "from thence it found its way to Arabia in the sixth century, probably as a substitute for wine when that liquor was prohibited by the koran." And it seems always to have met with strong opposition by those who were enlightened on the subject of its use as a beverage, though occasionally favored as a medicine. As a stimulating article, like tea, it has an exhilarating effect for a time, and old topers want it stronger and stronger, which so tones the stomach that it demands stronger stimulants and more frequent, and when the victims are deprived of it they suffer from the coffee disease—headache and a goneness of feeling that is positive torture. Nourishment will not take its place till nature is revenged and the system purified. I could here enumerate many able physicans that agree in saying that it is a strong narcotic; that in many cases it produces palsy, convulsions and vertigo. Some of them claim that tea and coffee are "among the most powerful poisons of the vegetable kingdom;" others speak of them as "narcotic poisons," of which there is abundant proof in medical works. Some of the best scientific authority think coffee to be "more directly injurious to the digestive process and more exhaustive of the general nervous energy than tea, and less injurious to the kidneys and pelvic viscera."

To those not used to drinking it it will act as a laxative to the bowels for a time, but its long continued use always results in constipation, and it is thought to many people it is more exciting and disturbing to the mental faculties than tea, and we have abundant proof of this in persons who use two or three cups at meals of

either of them by their buoyancy after and despondency, and frequently "blues," before meals.

Dr. Alcott says:

Very seldom indeed do we find curves (an ulcer of the bone) in children from any other cause than coffee. The ulcers connected with these decayed or mortified bones are exceedingly troublesome, as well as ugly in appearance. The patient is also troubled with hectic fevers; frequently has a tottering gait; feeble, gloomy, discontented; restless in sleep, slow in denta tion, and frequently has sore eyes.

Dr. Huneman thinks the nursing child frequently suffers from sore eyes, a rattling in the breast, and otherwise, when the mother uses tea or coffee. Let the bilious mother eat or drink anything sour and see how soon griping will follow in the infant; whatever she may eat, whether beneficial or detrimental, the child will be affected accordingly. I have seen these things sorrowfully tested, yet fathers and mothers continue these drinks and make themselves more and more bilious. My rule is to never do a thing that I would not want my children to do under like circumstances. I cannot help but feel that the moral backbone of people that do so is very weak. "Lead not into temptation." Courage to do right is one of the highest virtues, but to persist in a known evil shows the greatest weakness; with knowledge comes responsibility.

A number of persons in New York recently took occasion to visit a number of dairy farms in the interest of science, and found that cows which had been fed on warm slops had very bad teeth, generally rotten and loose, while those which were fed on natural grain, being of the same age and older, had perfectly sound teeth, and were in better health. This is conclusive proof to every wellbalanced mind that such things as hot poisonous drinks, such as hot tea and coffee, with hot victuals, will produce like results, and affect you in the same manner. Before they were in use there was no complaint of rotten teeth and bones, compared with the last sixty years, the last thirty being a thousand fold the worst. Up to fifty years ago there was not much demand for the services of a dentist, and the profession was very limited, but now they are numerous and false teeth so cheap that children can have them to play with. This is retrogression instead of progression, and the children inherit the condition.

Dr. Burdell, of New York, having often noticed the great nervousness of tea drinkers, made the following experiment: Having steeped a pound of Young Hyson tea in pure soft water and strained out the grounds the liquid was subsequently evaporated to

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half a pint. This extract was applied to those teeth which required an operation in order to lessen the sensibility, thus relieving at least a part of the pain and continuing the use of it proved it would do the work of opium, oil of cloves, creosote or arsenic. Flee from them if you propose to do right. You are aware of the punishment of "He that knoweth his duty and doeth it not." Many die soon from it, others run in the habit of strong drink. Avoid not only "the appearance of evil," but the evil, and you may soon be on the high road to a better life in this and other spheres.

BEDS.

Many people seem to think little as to whether their beds are in a healthy condition, or not, yet stay there from one-third to half their time. And will occasionally boast of the great length of time they have had that mattress or feather bed without renovating, probably not been in the sunshine for months.

Beds are an important factor in retaining good health. The waste of the human system is far greater through the pores of the skin than many have any conception of, and the emanations penetrate to every part of the warm bed during the night. You may say it is only the animal heat. Well, is it an imaginary thing or is it a real substance? You have seen it rise from the warm bed in the form of steam, I suppose. It conveys dirt with it where ever it goes. Then the tangible perspiration is very great, relieving and soothing the body while we sleep. You have noticed how the steam from your tea kettle or boiler will soil things about the room, ves, how often it penetrates the beds though they may be at some distance off in other rooms, with the door ajar, especially where washing is done in the house, leaving the bed damp and unhealthy. It is almost impossible to keep feather beds really clean, and they cannot be recommended for use. What a grand thing it would be if our bed rooms could be on the sunny side of the house and then opened up and let the sun shine in them daily. But many beds are in little dark rooms, with heavy dark curtains possibly at the only window. Virtuous people should never use such curtains to keep out God's beautiful sunshine. A white curtain will let light through. Every room should be well ventilated, doors and windows thrown open in the summer season, if the flies do come in. The fly is of use. It is now said they cleanse the air of animalculæ and spores some of which, perhaps, are the germs of disease. hot weather there should be great care of the beds, but summer or

winter expose them to sunshine frequently; the nice house-keeper will always be proud to have her beds seen, the careless ones not. I think nearly all agree that the good, clean straw bed is the healthiest. I know it can be made the best shape for comfort. Where it can be had as plenty and cheap as it can through the country and small towns it can be renewed nearly every three months. It's better for the sick. There should be great care in cleansing after being used by the sick. Change the contents. If you use feathers send them to the renovators, but they are going out of fashion; it may be a comfort for you to know, so you can now make the large fashionable pillow used now out of them and lay them on a chair for the night, and have a small pillow or bolster of feathers, cotton, or hair, to sleep on and be in a sensible fashion.

TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

When boys or young men start out on a given theory as a healer of the body or soul on the popular track to make it win a living, for say fifty years, and get, say, ten or more years start on that paying road, even if the road is a round-about and dangerous route; he will seldom stop to consider whether he is on the right road, safest or shortest, but take it for granted, as he did when he started that he is on the right paying road, but if anyone has the temerity to suggest a shorter and safer route, but may not pay quite as well at present; he being a polite gentleman, will respond: "Oh, yes; you may be right," but lets it pass in at one ear and out at the other, but never laying his predilections one side to reconsider his route whether it is the best or safest one for the masses.

DOCTORS CHOOSE THE LONGEST ROUTE.

They stop at some station, we will call it "Calomel," or "Predestination," as long as they make that hobby win, but when the people decide that it is dangerous, impractical, and not the best way, as claimed by the doctors, they say so. Then these wily doctors get on a new hobby on the same route, but you may call it another station. There are many names of stations that we could give on the road where they have been driven "from pillar to post," but it would take too much space to enumerate. They are rather "stationary" always wanting a station, but let me illustrate their theory and practice by supposing that they start from New York, aiming to go to London. Say they started fifty years ago from the above named station, "Calomel." In place of going direct by

water they have been going in the opposite direction all this time up through the north part of British America, wandering about, giving the people cold comfort, finally out through Alaska, from where the people gave them such a bounce that they jumped the strait and we find at this time they are stationed in China dealing out quinine and opium, thus giving the people "Hades." The doctors may try to get out of Hades by way of Africa to make port, but the people see the "pint" is principally the pocket and will leave them there with their composition adapted to that place.

SHORT ROUTE THE BEST.

So you see we can not expect any reform from that source as they only look at one side, which I started out to show. Hence men that have had experience of thirty or forty years with large families and otherwise no selfish interest in the matter are or should be safer advisors in that direction than the "medicine man." Hence we presume to suggest that we don't like the backward movement or round-about ways that these leaders of the blind have taken, and think experience has taught us that the short, straight route by water or electric telegraph to reach the port of London healthy is the best. It is natural. It is safe. It is sure. And the learned of all classes of people are saying the least medicine the better in all cases; that drives all to homeopathy over the line to hydropathy and magnetics.

We cannot be cleaned from all our impurities, without using a natural means of doing so. For if we attempt otherwise there must be injury still left, let it be physical or moral. All violations of natural law brings a penalty on the violator. But there has been graciously provided remedies for many of them; yet there are many of them unpardonable. You may pass over the "dead line" if you use unnatural remedies. You will very likely do so and you may do so by eating, drinking or abusing yourself in any way. Life is said to hang on a slender thread. It behooves us to take care of ourselves and try to strengthen the cord, and if we find a weak place to strengthen it in a natural way, not by weakening another part as is taught by the profession in "counter irritants." God pity the thousands of poor, suffering in that way. I have been there and know whereof I affirm. It is a sin against light and knowledge. If the inflamed part is internal, first get the whole surface thoroughly aroused to a natural action by bathing effectually; the extremities warm, keep all in that condition by rubbing from head to foot, magnetically occasionally; apply warm clothes over the inflamed part, thus giving ease and asorbing the unnatural heat and poisonous secretions of that locality into the wet pack and nature will throw it off into the natural channels if the circulation is aided magnetically. Let the patient have the benefit of sunshine at a south window daily if possible. Give abundance of fresh air at all times and comfortably warm, and an abundance of light; if the eyes are weak, shade them. Use very light curtains, if any, about the apartments. Did you ever try raising plants in the shade? If so, they were weakly things; but how vigorous and beautiful when developed in the sunshine, with the roses. The human form when well and naturally developed is far more beautiful.

I generally kept well tanned at the window when I could not get out, hence I know whereof I speak. The warm rays of the sun will make every nerve feel a pleasant thrill, when we have not been in it enough. You may call it God's magnetism, if you like to, His honor and glory.

When you come to consider the vast waste of the human body through the pores you will see the necessity of fresh air and some agency to assist in keeping up the circulation of the nervous fluids to aid the more coarse fluids to convey to the surface the waste. All that are retained, poisons and injures some point, then you may see the necessity of cleanliness, which is essential to Godliness or health. Frequent washing of all parts of the body is as essential to health as the washing of your face and combing your hair is to your appearance in society. Yet there is a class called "codfish aristocracy" (which means those that use more "perfume," to hide their shame, than soap or common sense). In these circles of society they speak of not being well. "I am not well to-day," "Generally have poor health," "I have been quite feeble for a number of years," "Am in delicate health," etc., as though it was "popular," honorable or a credit to them. They cannot rise in the morning to do the needed work but can get to the theater or elsewhere late at night.

It is a reproach on society. My idea of this matter is that it is not to the credit of any one to be a violator of natural law; in fact, where a person is individually to blame for it, it should be as much a reproach as violating the State or "moral law." Yet the merciful man will sympathize with poor, ignorant deluded criminals. You or I do not want to be classed with them, I trow. The way of the transgressor is hard; let us avoid his path. What I have said may touch a weak point, but if you would enjoy the heavenly

breeze on the hill top you must climb the hill. You have my permission and request to start up the hill to cheerful, buoyant health, at once. I will take it as a compliment if you will become a live, moving "finger board," always pointing others in the right direction.

Let me repeat what Dr. Trall says you are made of, if you are all right; if you are not, get there:

First. Water constitutes the greater proportion of the entire bulk of the body.

Second. Water composes more than three-fourths of the whole mass of blood, more than seven-eights of the substances of the brain, and more than nine-tenths of the various colorless fluids and secretions.

Third. Water is the only vehicle by which nutrient matters are conveyed to the blood and through the blood to all parts of the system, for its growth and replenishment.

Fourth. Water is the only medium through which waste or effete particles or extraneous ingredients are conveyed from all parts of the system to the excretory organs to be expelled.

Fifth. Water is the only solvent, dilutant and detergent in existence for animal and vegetable alimentary and excrementitious matters.

Sixth. Water is the only material capable of circulating in all the tissues of the body and penetrating their finest vesicles without vital irritation or mechanical injury.

Seventh. The only morbid effects of water result from improper temperature and over distention of the hollow viscera or circulating vessels from excess of quantity-effects never necessarily unavoidable.

In the light of these facts, patent to reason, is it not evident that when we become deranged by any ill habits the proper use of water, externally or internally, would be what would be needed in dissolving those little motley substances that are clogging the channels of commerce from one part of the body to another? These little dams or clogs is what you want to dissolve; then with a slight electro-magnetic breeze you will get rid of the worst difficulties possible in a short time.

Are you not aware of the fact that thirst is the hardest thing to suffer, and want of water the greatest calamity that can befall a country. All the vegetation languishes and withers and all animals suffer greatly or perish in such a case. A country so parched as a patient with fever hails as a blessing from on high a good shower of rain. In the case of a ship that has run out of water, the sailors long with intense eagerness for a shower of rain, when it comes the drops soon find the parched lips and stomach of the fast failing, feverish sailor.

The same horrible condition afflicts the traveler on the desert when he fails to find water where he may expect it, and many die.

With what intense anxiety such people look for water and with what avidity they take it into the famishing body, and when they drink they recover as it were from the dead. And so it is with your body when you become feverish from any cause. You may on account of wrong habits in living not realize it as certainly as they do. Still nature demands it, give it a reasonable supply, and it will be as a well of water to you bringing forth life.

Let as many as can have a bath room, a tub or a little "Bethsaida." You have probably read that: "Now there is in Jerusalem by the sheep gate a pool which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethsaida, and a house having five porches; in these lay a multitude of the sick, of the blind, halt, and withered," awaiting the troubling of the water.

Their supposed necessity for waiting was no doubt from their preconceived notions that an angel troubled the waters at a certain time, and gave it virtue to heal the first one that got in. If it was a small quantity of water it might make a slight difference in cleanliness. But in this case, no doubt, the expectant energies had something to do with it. But this co-operating with the forces of nature, and energizing people who thought they could not walk, put forth an energy of which they were unconscious, was no doubt the real cause of many supposed miraculous cures, for God has without doubt given the waters in their natural and pure state all the proportions necessary without delegating an angel or spirit to improve upon them.

An American, by the name of D. Robinson, who made the most thorough explorations of Palestine of any traveler, believes that the fountain now called the Fountain of the Virgin, is that which formed the pool of Bethsaida, says it is an intermittent fountain which from time to time bubbles up a foot higher than at other times and subsides again. This is probably the troubling of the waters which the sick waited for. So you may conclude it was their expectant energies which aroused their magnetic powers and the water that did the healing. So you needn't wait or hesitate like Namaan the Syrian, but go at once and wash like him if necessary seven times, and be healed of your leprosy or any other malady that you have brought on yourself by your sinful course that is pardonable or curable.

But as to any miraculous energy infused into Namaan's case, it will require more credulity than I have to believe, but from what has been intimated and will be explained, we will give greater credit to the Author of all good. But I have no doubt that Elisha

deemed the water necessary in this case, and to designate Jordan would keep up the expectant energies higher in the pompous soldier than to return to the waters at home in Damascus. So many people are aroused to more activity or energy by using the means necessary to go off to some watering place. This is a change to those that use it at home, and may be profitable. If it is mineral it will probably make a manifest change under circumstances for good or evil, but would not be best often.

But a faithful energetic trial at home without expense is generally best, and be blessed in using the means. Faith without work is dead being alone.

FEVER is the result of nature's effort to throw off morbid poisonous waste matter from any cause, as when you take cold, there is a check put on the circulation, locally or generally, fever may follow; any thing that checks the circulation may cause general heat over the surface called fever; local heat is called inflammation. The important feature of treatment in all classes of fever is the

WET SHEET PACK, this is done in this way: Say take two or three comforters and lay them one-half way on the bed, where the patient may be laying back, the other half of each comfort hanging down on the floor; then lay a blanket over the comforts in the same way, then a wet sheet partly wrung out of a half bucket of water of any desired temperature and place it quickly on top of the blanket in the same manner—the patient undressed ready—then roll forward on to the wet sheet, then throw all the others half up over the patient, tuck snugly around the neck, body and limbs, then put a wet cloth on the head; the temperature in either case is not important, they will soon get warm, and probably easy and frequently go to sleep. If the fever is very high, hot or cold cloths changed often should be put on the head, or one for a while then the other has seemed good to me, and have been effectual. In intermittent fevers this should be done when the fever is high, and in continued fever at its highest periods if it is twice a day for three days, or if the patient is vigorous longer, but that length of time generally breaks up any kind of fever if attended to faithfully. You must use your judgment as to the length of time the patient should stay wrapped in the pack. It is generally from a half hour to an hour. It takes longer when the party is vigorous and severely attacked, especially the first time or two, which frequently does the work complete itself, but if not repeat it; those that are weak or debilitated from any cause should not stay in so long; after they have been in nearly long enough they will usually get restless,

begin to frisk about; this is good indication that the poisonous matter is being worked out by the vital forces through the pores that are now open. They can afford to wait on this process ten or fifteen minutes; it will be a relief; see that the feet are warm all the time, if necessary use large bottles of hot water or irons. If they are sick at the stomach before this process or at any time let them drink warm water till the bile is thrown up, and see that the bowels are relieved by warm injections, in all cases whether there is any disturbance there or not. Let the room be well ventilated at all times, to be comfortable. When the patient has been in the wet pack long enough turn the clothes down, a little at a time, and wash the person thoroughly—if they are going to get up soon, with cold water, as the atmosphere will admit—if not it is not important if they are kept warm; rub dry. This is the hydropathic part of the treatment.

AGUE CURED.

A young lady west of this city told me her sister had the ague every other day all winter, but joined church, and the day fixed for the immersion in the river, a mile away, happened to be on her ague day. In her zeal she had gone to church; at the river her fever was very high, and many were opposed to her being immersed; she and the preacher insisted that it be done; it was and she walked a mile in her cold, wet clothes, with a heavy shawl around her; of course she became very warm, if it was chilly weather; it done the work effectually. She had no more ague after that. Try it, it may also cure your "total depravity."

But I have found by experience that, in bad cases, the magnetic treatment, added, will make decidedly the quickest cures on record; that is, by means of thorough hand rubbing from head to foot, immediately after washing as above, by any vigorous person; but the better quality of nerve force the better success. Every man, woman and child possesses some power in this way, but some vastly more than others; hence, in bad cases, call the best magnetic healer in the vicinity. The two processes work charmingly together and should be worked together always. In some cases a thorough sponge bath, before rubbing, will answer every purpose; but where there is considerable fever the wet pack should be repeated daily; where there is chills or a cold stage the magnetic treatment should begin before it begins and kept up for an hour or more; this may prevent there being any fever. Many cases will be cured the first or second day; but few go over the third day, if they do they are

generally cases that in the medicine man's hands would be sure to run from nine days to three weeks, then most likely die; so keep on this natural, simple process diligently, keeping the circulation as natural as possible. Where the patients are weak the magnetic treatment will give buoyancy and strength; the patients to have all the water they want to drink, not often needing or wanting much else the first two or three days, but what they do eat should be something very easily digested, as oat or wheat meal porridge, or fruits and delicate soups.

THE SCARLET FEVER.

It is as unnecessary for a child to die of the scarlet fever as it is that it should be blind with a cataract. Let us see! At any time before the body has finished its ineffectual struggle we are able to help it, not by wonderful medicines, but by the knowledge of anatomy and the application of common sense. We consult the sympathetic nerve, and do what it commands us to do. We must give the child salt when it wants it; we must give it acid when it has fever and anxiously craves it—not vinegar, but lemon juice, because the first coagulates albumen, and the latter does not, on account of the surplus of oxygen which it contains. To imitate the soothing mucous in the intestines, which is now wanting, and to give some respiratory food at the same time, we add some gum-arabic. To restore and relieve the injured nerve, we apply moist warmth.

In practice we can fulfill all this with the following simple manipulations: Undress the child and bring it to bed at the very first sign of sickness. Give it, if it has already fever, nothing but sourish warm lemonade with some gum-arabic in it. Then cover its abdomen with some dry flannel. Take a well-folded bed-sheet and put it in boiling hot water; wring it out dry by means of dry towels, and put this over the flannel on the child's abdomen. Then cover the whole, and wait. The hot cloths will perhaps require repeated heat. According to the severity of the case, and its stage of progress, perspiration will commence in the child from ten minutes to two hours. The child then is saved; it soon falls to sleep. Soon after the child awakes, it shows slight symptoms of returning inclination for food; help its bowels, if necessary, with injections of oil, soap, and water, and its recovery will be as steady as the growth of a green-house plant, if well treated. Of course, if the child was already dying, nothing could save it, or if it has already effusions in the lining of the heart or brain it is much better that it should die. But if the above is applied in due time, under the eyes and direction of a competent physician, I will guarantee that not one in a hundred children will ever die of scarlet fever. I know this will startle some of my readers, especially those who have lost children already, but I shall go still further. I maintain that a child will never get scarlet fever if properly treated. If a child has correctly-mixed blood, it will not catch the disorder if put in bed with a sick child. This is still more startling, but nothing is easier of proof.—Good Health.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT.

I cannot in my space go into general details in every case, but good common sense will generally dictate, but you should have Dr. R. T. Trall's encyclopedia, published by Fowler & Wells, 753 Broadway, New York, a valuable work, and Dr. E. D. Babett's Health Guide, 437 Fourth avenue near Thirtieth street, New York. These combine the two principles.

In local inflammation, hot or cold packs or poultices of any thing that will hold moisture; heat to heat for pain is generally the best, when you apply cold to heat it is force work, but frequently a pleasant force.

Frozen feet or limbs should always be covered with snow or coldest water till the frost is drawn out, then rubbed effectually, then kept warm and moist till well. Some strong men have broken chills by getting into a barrel of cold water while the chill was on, when they are sound in every other particular and a good strong will force as they manifest, I have no doubt of good results.

In headache, clean the stomache with warm water, the bowels in like manner, get the circulation to the feet by foot bath or rubbing.

In "Grippe," sweat out of your system; the sooner the better.

In congestions and severe pain in the bowels, use the warm injection freely, hot packs on the outside with plenty of rubbing; get the feet warm by rubbing or hot water in a jug.

In dysentery and diarrhea, get good circulation all over by bathing frequently and begin with warm water injections after each stool, then tepid to cold water; be careful about the diet.

In piles, a course, easy diet is of first importance with good circulation, quiet reclining position part of the time, no straining of any kind; where they protrude put them back and be still for the time. As a mechanical help, I have found raw linseed oil with just enough pure white lead in it to make it milky looking, a good thing injected with a very small glass syringe, the oil kept there most of the time, it toughens the parts and has made some remarkable cures. This mechanically with hygienic habits, and frequent hip baths—sitting in a tub of water—is to be relied upon as a cure.

RHEUMATISM.

Long experience tells me medicine don't cure it. Good habits in living, bathing to keep the circulation good, hot pack on inflamed parts with care about taking cold, thorough magnetic treatment are the true safe remedies.

SKIN DISEASES

Of all kinds require just thorough cleansing with the bath, rubbing with a coarse towel, and get rid of greasy food.

Felons and other sores—pultice till relieved; then keep them moist till well.

CUTS, BURNS AND BRUISES

Should be washed clean, then covered with the white of an egg, soft linen or cotton wrappings, tolerably thick and kept wet, renewed, say morning and evening.

TO STOP BLOOD

In fresh cut, tie a handkerchief, string, or anything just above the cut tightly, till the wound is dressed, with a slight pressure over the aperture to keep it from bleeding. In nose bleeding snuff cold water, if that does not do it put a little cotton in the nostril and leave it some time.

SORE EYES.

Purify the body thoroughly inside and out, and bathe them in tepid soft water. Magnetism cures many.

NERVOUSNESS.

There are many causes. Correct any local trouble on the above principles, keep the body well cleansed, be in the fresh air and sunshine all you can, don't eat white flour bread or greasy meat, and don't drink tea or coffee, but a good, wholesome, easily digested food; if that does not do it, magnetism with it will; keep quiet and good natured. I saw an account recently of a bad case of Saint Vitus dance being cured quickly by setting the patient daily on a mule. That would be animal magnetism sure.

SPINAL DISEASES.

Thirty years of personal experience teaches me that medicine does not cure these diseases, and nothing else where the bone is wasted away it is said it will not renew; I think it possible for nature under favorable circumstances to callous up and so partially restore the parts. Mine is benefited in that way, but there is not one of my kind in thousands of cases. They are generally from weakening the muscles or their connection with the spines, by strains or use of liniments in back ache from other causes; they are frequently irritated and weak from uterous and kidney diseases,

that are brought on by bad habits in eating, and the use of tea and coffee and other things; these things can be corrected. The rheumatism and general debility from any cause injures the whole nervous system, and as the back is like the back spring to a knife, has to stand the force of all movements, and the small of the back where the large sciatic and other nerves put off, with a slight strain the inflammation may settle there and extend in time to the brain. seriously affecting the sheath of the nerve, or the fibre of the cord which impedes the flow of the nervous fluids, so that frequently all real force is lacking to drive a free circulation of the blood to these parts. I have never seen that others do, but I believe there is a soul force that moves the nervous fluids that keeps up the motion of the heart and lungs that pumps the blood to all parts, hence the necessity of cultivating the soul power and using it. In all these cases the first thing is strict hygienic habits in eating and cleaning the person, getting all the fresh air and sunshine and pleasure possible by their own effort, heartly seconded by all others. It is a disease that feels the need of sympathy, and generally appreciates it. If they are down they need a cot, so that there can be a free circulation to all parts, of the electric currents. I know my perambulating cot to be the best for any one to be moved on with ease into Heaven's sunshine.

Then in all these cases use the wet pack where there is pain or inflammation freely, but the climax is a thorough systematic treatment of the whole person with magnetism. The person doing the treatment should be a well organized healthy person of good clean habits and of the finer qualities of nerve force, earnest but cheerful and pleasant; then there is hope for nearly all such cases becoming useful, reasonably happy if not strong and perfectly well.

HOT WATER TREATMENT.

Dr. John J. Caldwell, of Baltimore, says:

The time is not far distant when the medical practice will be reduced to two propositions, viz: Preventive medicine and surgery. Says Sir James Paget, M. D., of London: "Jenner to the suffering nations showed where crafty pestilence, that in gloom had trod, overwhelmed in grim defeat, lay prostrate at his feet. Then in the steps of Jenner came Pasteur."

Ninety out of every hundred diseases might be avoided by timely use of preventive medicine. its progress during the past decade is more than by

the profession at large in the past century.

Hot water treatment as a preventive of consumption, neuralgia, nervous exhaustion, nervous dyspepsia, rheumatism and gout, nervousness or distressing nervous excitability is more readily subdued by sipping a goblet of hot water than any other known domestic remedy.

The hot water treatment, now so much in vogue throughout the world, should be known and practiced by every household. Its results are so wonderful and immediate as to entitle it the magic remedy. It is an unequaled remedy in sleeplessness, painful dyspepsia and its kindred troubles; in delirium from strong drink an appeaser for the desire for alcohol; as a calmer to alcoholic nervousness and a destroyer of insatiate thirst. It is a grand nerve remedy—a panacea in backache and headache.

Dr. Cuther says: "The medical drinking of water at a temperature of blood heat to one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, having become popular enough to call for an allusion to it in the London Lancet as a valuable American contribution to medicine, and since it seems to be used at random from the directions of its distinguished introducer. I have thought that the

origin and proper use of hot water should become historic."

The practice dates back to 1858, when Dr. James H. Salisburg concluded a series of experiments on feeding animals to ascertain the relation offered as a cause and cure of disease. Among other things he found that the fermentation of food and the products of these fermentations were the chief primary factors in producing the diseases which arise from unhealthy alimentation. With the idea of removing these diseases by removing their causes he employed hot water in order to wash out the acetic, bubyric, hydro sulphuric, lactic and saccharic acids and sulphide of ammonium fermentation vegetations—yeast—from the stomach and intestines.

At first he tried cold water to remove these products of fermentation, but cold water caused distress, pain and colic, so he increased the temperature to lukewarm, which produced nausea and excited vomiting. The temperature was increased to 110° and up to 150° Fahrenheit. This was well borne, and affording a feeling of agreeable relief which thousands of persons have since testified to. The hot water excites a normal downward movement of the alimentary canal, washes down the slime, yeast and bile through the normal channels, washes out the liver and kidneys; the bile is eliminated through the bowels and not through the blood via the kidneys. It was some time before the proper times of adminstration and proper number of ounces of hot water to be drank at meals could be settled in order to obtain the best results. Following are the directions for using.

- 1. The water must be hot; not cold or lukewarm. This is to excite a natural downward movement of the bowels. Cold water depresses, as it uses animal heat to bring it up to the temperature of the body, and there is a loss of nerve force in this proceeding. Lukewarm water excites vomiting, as is well known. Hot water at a temperature of 110° to 150° Fahrenheit such as is commonly used or liked in the use of tea and coffee. In cases of diarrhea the hotter the better. In cases of hemorrhage the temperature should be blood heat. Too much ice water is bad, sick or well.
- 2. The quantity of water varies usually from one-half to three half pints at one time drinking.
- 3. Time for taking, from one to two hours before meals and half an hour before retiring to bed.
- 4. Mode: The hot water should be sipped and not drank so fast as to distend the stomach and produce uncomfortable feeling. From ten to firteen minutes consumed during drinking.
 - 5. Continue the use generally about six months.

To medicate and make agreeable to the taste in case it is desired use aromatic spirits of ammonia, clover tea blossoms, celery seed; to allay nervousness, lemon juice, sage, salt, and epsom salts are sometimes added. To allay intense thirst, use salt-peter, which leaves a mosit film over the dry mucous membrane surfaces. In cases of diarrhæi, cinnamon, ginger and pepper may be boiled in the water and the quantity lessened. For constipation, a teaspoonful of epsom salts may be used with it. Not more than eight ounces of liquid to be drank at a meal; this is in order not to unduly dilute the gastric juice and wash it out prematurely, and thus interfere with the digestive processes.

The effects of treatment are that all the natural passages of the body are modified and improved in a few days. A moist condition of the mucous membrane and the skin takes place. Ice water in hot weather is not craved, and those who have drank ice water freely are cured of the propensity. Drunkenness has a strong foe in the use of hot water.

Following is a summary of the general consideration on the therapeutical drinking of hot water: It is the foundation of all treatment of chronic diseases. It excites downward movement. It relieves spasms of colic of the bowels by applying the relaxing influence of heat inside the alimentary canal, as heat applied outside relieves. It dilutes the ropy secretions of the whole body and renders them less adhesive, sticky and tenacious. It is an inside bath. It dissolves the abnormal crystalline substances that may be in the blood and urine, preventing coughs, neuralgia, rheumatism and gout. It is necessary to have hot water out of the stomach before meals. Use it to wash down the bile, slime, yeast and waste, and have stomach fresh and clean for eating. It promotes elimination everywhere. If objection be made it must be remembered we are 75 per cent water. The gas that sometimes eructates after drinking hot water is not produced by the hot water but was present before, and the contractions eject it; thus, it is a remedy for hiccough, belching etc.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF FOOTE'S HEALTH JOURNAL.

Try popcorn for nausea.

Try cranberry for malaria.

Try a sun bath for rheumatism.

Try ginger ale for stomach cramps.

Try clam broth for a weak stomach.

Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach.

Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.

Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains.

Try the croup tippet when a child is likely to be troubled in that way.

Try a hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew frequently.

Try taking your cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

Try hard cider—a wine glass full three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.

Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to remove whooping cough.

Try a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck at night for sore throat.

Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal "cold in the head."

Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when travelling in cold weather.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.

Try planting sunflowers in your garden if compelled to live in a malarial neighborhood.

Try a newspaper over the chest, beneath your coat as a chest protector, in extremely cold weather.

TERRAPATHY.

Christ annointed the blind man's eyes with spittle and clay. You will hardly be reckless enough to charge that there was any deception practiced in that matter. Was it not a reasonable good means to an end desired? It may have been a handful of mortar tied on to take out the inflammation for all we know. The touch of his magnetic fingers might do it and he said when about to leave his followers "The things I do ye shall do." Then why don't you all do so. Washing will help. Think of that Pompious Namen—we suppose he got dirty as other soldiers and really needed the seven dips in Jordan he got to wash him.

In Germany, France, Italy and other eastern countries, clay was in early times used as an ointment, sometimes mixed with the perspiration scraped from the body of the athlet. It may be just what you need if you have the itch, or you might bury yourself to the chin in terra firma and take a rest if you have the seven year kind. I think it would probably be good.

LEPROSY CURED.

I think we have reason from its nature to believe even leprosy may be cured if the proper means are used in its earliest stages. I have seen many accounts that go to prove it. I will give one as it seems to cover the whole ground in a common sense way to say the least, and has the merit of being reasonable.

Agnes Strickland, a highly respected author, in her stories from history of the early traditions of Britain, gives as a fact the story of one, Prince Blandud, the son of Lord Hardebros, eighth king of Britain. A young man took the leprosy; at that time no cure

was known to the Britains and was highly infectious. Therefore all persons afflicted with it were not only held in disgust and abhorence, but by the barbarous laws of the times, were doomed to be driven from their homes and society to the forests and deserts, where none but a few herdsmen lived.

It appears that the law had been rigorously enforced, and when it was known that the young prince had it, the chiefs and elders of the council assembled together and insisted that the king should expel his son from the royal city, which was finally done, and after considerable time had elapsed he is found faithfully herding swine near the river Avon. His employer, who was a very old man that could not see well, had not discovered his disease. Coming and going late and early; staying for several days at a time in the forest, living mostly on the rich fruits and nuts. To his great sorrow he discovered that some of the swine had taken the disease from him. Not knowing what to do he seldom returned, so that it was not discovered by his employer. Going deeper into the forests he came to the banks of the Avon and discovered rich fruitage beyond, but not wishing to risk driving the herd across, returned and got permission. He then went to the river again and crossed at a shallow place that is called Swine's ford, from this circumstance, to this day. As soon, however, as they were across they were taken with a frenzy of delight and ran to where there were some springs oozing out of a boggy place covered with high grass and weeds.

Into this swampy place they ran and wallowed with delight; all attempts of the prince to drive them all out at once proved to be of no avail till hunger induced them, then they would eat and return in spite of him. In the course of a few weeks he noticed that the scales were coming off and were soon cleansed of their leprosy.

The prince now was encouraged to hope that the same remedy might cleanse him. He removed his clothes and went into the warm, salty ooze-bed in which the swine had reveled with so much advantage. He was soon sensible of an abatement of the irritable and painful symptoms. He would eat of his coarse, black bread and roasted acorns and return to his wallow in the mire. In this way his health was fully restored. He then returns with his swine, tells the story of his life to the old man, who takes him home to his parents. After some preliminaries is fully restored to his nearly heart broken, loving mother. He afterwards traveled some, and then succeeds his father as king, and founded a city close to the springs.

If you get the leprosy try it. It would be just the remedy for the bad people I have described and the glutton and the wine bibber, the drunken sot, and the moral leper that pulls back—like a balky horse—at everything new or progressive till the investigators that honestly seek the truth pull them through. Thank God "the world moves" and light is reaching those that want to cultivate and improve their condition. Let us all do it.

NURSING THE SICK.

This is one of the most delicate things I ever undertook to do well. An item credited to the Saturday Review, is so good I give it.

"The tact required for a sick room differs from all other kinds of experience. Amateur nurses seldom possess it. Now and then a lady is to the manner born; and without instruction or previous experience blossoms into a full-grown nurse at a moment's notice. The doctor who finds one ready in a house rejoices heartily. His own credit as well as the recovery of the patient, is probably assured. Seldom, however, has he this good fortune. His ordinary experience is very different. If he wishes the sick-room at a certain temperature, he cannot have it managed. The fire is alternately half extinct and blazing up the chimney. There is no care to have it warm at sunrise and sunset, and moderate when the sun is shining and the air warm. The invalid is awakened from a priceless sleep by hearing the cinders fall on the unprotected fender, or by the noise of a clumsy hand putting on coals, which might easily have been wrapped in pieces of damp paper left ready for use.

The morning meal is delayed until the patient has passed from appetite to faintness. Household troubles are freely discussed in the room. Mary has given warning because there is so much more going up and down stairs since missus was ill; the cook is so extravagant, and yesterday's dinner was spoilt; Johnny has cut his finger, and Lucy has tumbled down stairs; such things are told as if they would amuse the invalid. But worse than this is the mysterious whispering at the door, and the secret obviously kept to excite the nervous patient's suspicions. The irritating creak of a dry bootthe shuffling of a loose slipper, try a sick person's patience unreasonably; and the amateur nurse argues against such silly fancies, and thinks they are matters in which reasoning can be of no avail. The untrained nurse never commences her arrangements for the night until the patient is just beginning to grow a little sleepy. She then arranges the pillows, moves the chair, stirs the fire, and perhaps makes her own bed. Such fusses at sleeping-time produce fever in a most unaccountable way, and the amateur is amazed and bewildered because the patient lies awake all night. Besides all this and no matter how noisy and elaborate the preparations are for the night's campaign, several things are forgotten down stairs; no beef tea is to be had in the middle of the night, no boiling water. Amateurs do not know that sick people should not be asked what they will have, but should be saved even the mental exertion of making a choice. However desirable it may be that they should arrange their affairs, business matters should not be discussed

before them. Sometimes a man who has not made his will before his illness will be anxious and uneasy till he has made it, and will get better when the matter is off his mind, but to arrange such things, requires nicety and tact such as the amateur, who perhaps shares the sick man's anxiety, cannot show."

I have had a good share of experience and think if you follow the above advice, then be frank, free and cheerful in all you do with and for the sick. Never make them feel that they are a burden on your hands. It is no time then to worry them about religion; do your duty when they are well: do not all crowd in Sunday afternoon, and no other time: offer to take care of them at night and do it manfully: be very quiet while they sleep, and have plenty of fresh air. If they are despondent tell them a cheerful anecdote or amuse them in some way for a moment.

For instance I and friend Harbison went one night several years ago to take care of "Uncle" Wm. Taylor, a large fleshy old Democrat, that had not been expected to live from day to day for a week. He wanted his medicine wrapped in a little piece of soft paper. I was amused at this and thought I saw my chance to amuse him. Said I to him, "Uncle Billy, have you got an old New York *Tribune* about the house?" "Why, no," said he, "what do you want with it?" "Oh, I thought it would be good to wrap your medicine in," said I. He saw the point.

SWALLOWING THE TRIBUNE.

It seemed like almost raising the dead. The thought of an old Democrat as he had always been, swallowing the Tribune, was to much. At first he could scarcely laugh but the more he thought about it, the more he would laugh till the tears would roll down his cheeks. I was afraid it was most too big a dose, but he would think of it every time the medicine was to be taken and renew it, so there was no use for the medicine. In the morning the old doctor (Dr. Noble, an old abolitionist) called and was surprised to see his patient not only alive, but looking buoyant. "What does this mean?" says the doctor. "Uncle Billy" could hardly tell him for laughing. "Don't you think Richards wanted me to swallow the New York Tribune around my medicine." Then Doc. "threw himself away," then drove to my house to give vent to his good feelings and told all about it. The patient got well fast, and after I got down showed himself a true man and friend to me but he has outrun me after all for a higher sphere of life, having died since.

MAGNETISM.

Vital magnetism and electricity are variously combined elements in moving the machinery of every living being and doubtless a similar substance pervades or permeates all substances and space.

This, I think, will hardly be disputed by any one that has investigated the subject and believes that all of God's laws are uniform under like circumstances.

But all that I propose in this brief article, is to give you something of the theory and practice in the healing art,

Vital magnetism—the warmer positive elements, while vital electricity is the relatively cold or negative element of that sublime aura that permeates the whole human system from center to circumference, and without doubt, in my mind, it is that invisible substance used by that Godlike soul power in connection with the mind of men in keeping the nerves and heart in action using the oxygen and hydrogen taken into the lungs to keep up a supply of fuel for this aura and purify the blood as the heart sends it on its mission to the lungs, then to every fiber of the body carrying to it nourishment, carrying away the internal waste, while the magnetic aura gives action to those fibers that expel the external waste. Thus you may see that any injury to the fiber, the blood or aura brings on difficulty and in whichever part it is, will require its particular kind of nourishment, which would be food, hydrogen and oxygen the pure elements of which I am trying to recommend to your prayerful attention.

If we have a reasonable amount of native talents we may supply ourselves with these things ninety-nine times out of a hundred, if we have that force of character true *men* are made of, yet the one hundredth time may require the aid of that grand social law which should be prized higher than it is—brother help brother, and all be brothers and sisters.

Harmony is necessary in society to promote happiness, but absolutely essential in our physical organization for the full enjoyment of health and happiness. A few practical examples may be in place, for anything that is not practicable and useful, it makes no difference as to what the theory may be, I have not the patience to deal with. I have spoken of this matter, incidentally, in former pages, in one instance, of my personal experience, which I will here repeat in part. Peculiar circumstances led me to investigate this subject. While undergoing unusual suffering some two years after having become helpless, Mr. D. Hallam did me a kindness

by bringing Dr. Lockwood, of Ottumwa, a magnetic healer; being ignorant on the subject of magnetic healing I laughed at the idea. I had given up all hope for relief through the agency of medicines, and their propositions were so fair that I concluded to let the doctor proceed. He laid his hands on my head and with a downward movement relieved my head from pain very quick; he next laid his hand on one side of the spinal column, then on the other, very lightly, for two or three minutes, which set my nerves going like whip-crackers throughout my entire body, causing such severe pain in the spinal column that it seemed to set my teeth, so I was compelled to tell him I could not stand it. He stopped, and when he left promised to return in a month. My nerves kept up the whipping movement for several hours. Although suffering from the treatment it proved to my mind that there was a power in it beyond my conception.

The next time he came I requested him to commence at my head and go down the spinal column; it relieved me wonderfully, but the same nervous whipping went on, but fetid pus began soon to ooze through at the lower end of the column from the inside through the groins, that has continued occasionally since; with attention, it relieved me more than all else in all my trouble.

Then I investigated the subject quite thoroughly, tried the power

of many, and found all kinds of qualities in them; some a pleasant, soft, agreeable sensation; others a kind of quivering feeling, and others with a strong arousing disposition on my sensitive nerves.

At a time when I needed help, Mr. H. Bramhall happened to call on me. He had no knowledge or faith in this matter but I had him take me by my right hand to see what the effect would be; a thrilling, arousing sensation started in a minute up my right arm, in about five minutes it passed to my left hand strongly, then vibrated back to my brain causing a whirling sensation for a minute, then started down my back; he seemed to feel an unpleasant sensation and was going to let go, but I did not want to be left in that condition and held on; but oh, how it did hurt my poor back, and then passed on to the calves of my legs where it cramped severely; then to my feet where a singular arousing sensation was felt; then I broke out all over with perspiration, and let go his hand. His sympathetic feelings were aroused. He is an excellent nurse and does a large share of it.

I was better for several weeks but got worse again, my head so dizzy and in a whirl that I could hardly hold myself on the bed; a terrible feeling. I sent for him, he came and rubbed my head for a couple of hours, which relieved me. He treated me several times afterwards, but finally acknowledged its power and remembering how many he had rubbed that gave relief, but had thought only of the friction before; but now he had aroused me without friction; had aroused me so that I had thrown my unhealthy aura on him so badly each time that he would become so dizzy that he could not sleep or work the next day—a saddler—and laid off several days. When my wife would lay by the side of me during those worst spells she would be giddy in the morning, so that she could hardly go about for a while.

When aroused up by these spells of neuralgia it seemed I was a battery of myself to most people; then after them, or too constant study, that worried me, I would have sinking spells so that it seemed as though I would sink through the bed.

There are many children injured by sleeping with sick or very old, feeble persons, as they lack their usual magnetism and draw the child's life forces away from it to supply their own. Dr. Davis, of this city told me of one case where many old practitioners had doctored a child for a long time before it was discovered what the matter was, and the child, with a new bed-fellow got well promptly. The sick or debilitated, weak or exhausted ones can be strengthened by having a healthy bed-fellow of the warm, magnetic, cheerful kind; while those of a cold, electric, blue kind, no matter how large and healthy, in a passive state, they will sap the life forces from even the weak but loving child. But these men or women are wiry and can stand plenty of hard work, and when they have a strong will to do a thing they are like an electric battery; Gen. Jackson fashion.

The practioner soon learns by moistening his hands and long sweeping strokes whether he touches the patient or not to give them the benefit of this and not receive their diseased aura.

NOTED HEALERS.

I could enumerate many remarkable cures known in this section. One, a young lady at Osceola given up by all their doctors as incurably insane, when a healer was sent for and in three days materially improved and in three weeks cured her, which caused great rejoicing.

The most noted healers have been Dr. Paul Caster, of Ottumwa, Iowa, who cured thousands. Dr. J. R. Newton, of Philadelphia, Dr. J. G. Johnson, of New York, have made cures so wonderful and many, that if it had been done in earlier, less en-

lightened days, among credulous, simple hearted people, they would have worshiped them as gods and called the cures made miracles as has been done in other ages, but now easily explained on common sense natural law principles.

SOUL POWER; OR, THE THEORY OF VITAL AURA.

The foregoing facts may appear wonderful and mysterious to many, as did the circulation of the blood, the power of steam, the magnetic telegraph, the revolutions of the planets, that have been fully demonstrated scientifically, and generally accepted as great truths; yet none of them any better proved than this vital magnetic healing power has been, and so endorsed by intelligent men on the subject. But as there is not as much ready money to be got out of it by great leaders of society, as some other things, it has not been pushed before the people. Yet when understood and practiced among the masses it will be of greater practical benefit than anything ever brought into use in the healing art.

The proper understanding of the theory of this vital aura will unravel many mysteries. When we come to understand that quality, other things being equal, is the measure of power of everything in nature.

COMPARISON OF SUBTLE POWERS.

In other words, Dr. Babett gives the gist of the matter, first remarking "all elements are potent in proportion as they are subtile and refined;" in other words, fineness is power; grossness is weakness.

Thus such gross elements as rocks and earth lie in stupid inertness, having principally the negative power of resistance. Water is lighter and more subtile, and has greater power, being able to wear away the rocks and dissolve the earth. Air is eight hundred times lighter than water, and yet, when aroused, can sweep the ocean into spray and dash the forests to the earth. Steam, being still more subtile, can burst the very earth asunder, as in the case of earthquakes.

Electricity, being still more refined, is one of the principles that sweeps the world around through space, and bears on its wings the starry orbs; many of which are millions of times larger than the earth itself.

Ascend, now, still further, to the vital aura, the direct hand-maid of the soul, and we come to a principle so subtile that it can penetrate all known substances, and wield even electricity. From this

rise to the spirit itself; first the human spirit, then the angelic, arch-angelic, and finally to the Infinite spirit, theprimate and ultimate of all power in the universe. Thus does power ever increase as we leave the gross and impure, and ascend toward the refined and heavenly.

While our thoughts are on the heavenly, what must be the vast culture and improvement, on, on, on, beyond our present conception, which places man in the image of the great first cause of all things; what a grand, progressive future there must be in store for those who will climb the angelic ladder. But to get back down that ladder, we may say, we understand there are to be different grades of angelic spirits; spoken of as angels and arch-angels, etc., with different powers, as messengers and ministers.

And man is said to have been created a little lower than the angels and with an immortal spirit and soul; an ever living, thinking power, as it were a spark from the great source of all good, favoring man with the essence of all power; that he may use at will, within the bounds of natural law principles.

And man being a free agent, within the bounds of law, he is at liberty to use that divine essence of power at his own discretion, for selfish purposes, or for the good of others; but the true principle is to equitably divide this power.

Take hold of something that will benefit you and your fellow beings and it will give you an inspiration that will give you pleasure and profit.

Will power is a strong factor in this magnetic healing; by it you throw the electric forces at will. Faith is no more essential in the patient than in the farmer to sow the seed. It takes work, by some one, to accomplish the purpose in either case. One crop is about as sure as the other. If your body and circumstances are like the poor ground, and conditions to bring forth any thing good you may have, as it were, to make it all over, there is a way to enrich soil. You may need just what others can spare to build up your body and mind. If you have "faith as a grain of mustard seed," grounded on evidence as you can in this matter, see what a wonder you are.

In the current number of the Medical Record, Dr. Hammond says that when you poke the end of your finger in your ear, the roaring noise you hear is the circulation in your finger, which is a fact, as anyone can demonstrate for himself by first putting his fingers in his ears, and then stopping them up with other substances. Try it. and think what a wonder of a machine your body is, that even the points of your fingers are such busy

workshops that they roar like a small Niagara. The roaring is probably more than the noise of the circulation of the blood. It is the voice of the vital processes together—the tearing down and building up processes that are always going on in every living body, from conception to death.

You may remove mountains if you work for it, as faith, without work, is dead, being alone.

THE DIVINING ROD.

It strikes me that the foregoing principles in qualities of substance explain how it is that men do find water with what is called a divining rod. I will give my theory of it, perhaps it will throw some light upon the subject. I claim that all living bodies have an atmosphere of their own, as truly as has the earth, and that they hold electricity positive and negative in relation to each other, always affecting each other more or less in proportion to the strength and proximity. Harmony of action in these things give life and activity as positives and negatives always do, but the extremes should always be avoided in these truly male and female principles; in the social world we have abundant evidence of their existence; thanks to the Originator of all these things, there are degrees in the relation. We have use for extremes in heat and cold in many things. We have in the positive, fire, caloric, the earth's magnetism, vital magnetism; in the negative, ice-water, steam, electricity of the battery and vital electricity. Each living body possesses some proportion of both, as in man the extremities act as negatives to the vitals; so it may be between the stronger and weaker parts; for instance, where one part of the mind is weak the balance may be unusually active, or where the body is injured the mind may be unusually strong and active for a time, but cannot often last as long as in perfect health. Frequently there is a great difference between the right and left hand, or the right and left arm, therefore when you take hold of the divining rod-a forked stick—you form a battery that sends off the vital aura to the next tinest or most harmonious substance within its radius, which would be likely to be water if in the vicinity of it, on account of its being more concentrated.

To find water below the surface, the stronger a man is in the aura the better; then all that is necessary, I think, is, that he take a small fork from the limb of a tree—of the kind which experience may prove to be the best for that purpose. Those I have seen used I think were about three-eighths of an inch thick, each prong about a foot long, and the main stem about six inches, in length. In

searching for water the person should not use his will forces at all in connection with his work but be entirely indifferent and passive in regard to success or failure. Let all spectators stand at a distance to prevent their becoming attractions, especially if ladies; then follow the guide of the divining rod till it points straight down, then try it in every direction till you find the course of the stream; follow the course till you arrive at the point nearest the desired location of the well; from this point walk backward at a right angle from the course of the stream until the rod points downward triangular, the number of feet between this and the starting point will be the same from the surface to the water.

Water may find your well, but if you want running water, it can be obtained by this method. What a heavenly blessing is good, pure water!

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

For the benefit of those who want everything proved by Scripture we submit the following, and it will show its antiquity:

"Dr. L. C. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Michigan, contributes the following interesting though incredible observation: I have a singular phenomenon in the shape of a young man living here, that I have studied with much interest, and I am satisfied that his peculiar power demonstrates that electricity is the nerve force beyond dispute. His name is William Underwood. aged 27 years, and his gift is that of generating fire through the medium of his breath, assisted by manipulations with his hands. He will take anybody's handkerchiefs, and hold it to his mouth, rub it vigorously with his hands while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flames and burns until consumed. He will strip, and rinse out his mouth thoroughly, wash his hands, and submit to the most rigid examination to preclude the possibility of any humbug, and then by his breath blown upon any paper or clothing envelope it in flame. He will, when out gunning and without matches, desirous of a fire, lie down after collecting dry leaves, and by breathing on them start the fire, and then coolly take off his wet stockings and dry them. It is impossible to persuade him to do it more than twice in a day, and the effort is attendant with the most extreme exhaustion. He will sink into a chair after doing it, and on one occasion after he had a newspaper on fire as narrated, I placed my hand on his head and discovered his scalp to be violently twitching as if under great excitment. He will do it any time, no matter where he is, under any circumstances, and I have repeatedly known of his sitting back from the dinner table, taking a swallow of water, and by blowing on his napkin, at once set it on fire. He is ignorant, and says he first discovered his strange power by inhaling and exhaling on a perfumed handkerchief that suddenly burned while in his hands. It is certainly no humbug, but what is it? Does physiology give a like instance, and if so where?

Among the last things that Christ said to his followers according to St. John, 14:12: "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me; the works that I do, shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my father."

Christ, in giving his commission to his followers, says, Mark, 16:17: "And these signs shall follow them that believe;" verse 18, "they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." James, 5:14, 15: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him (earnest desire), annointing him with oil (aura) in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick." Ananias put his hands on Saul that he might recover his sight.

Acts, 28:8, 9: "And it came to pass that the father of Publius lay sick of a fever and of a bloody flux, to whom Paul entered in and prayed and laid his hands on him and healed him. So when this was done, others also that had diseases, in the island, came and were healed."

So you may take courage, Mark 6:45, for Jesus said unto them, "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country and among his own kin, and in his own house."

And even He could there do no mighty works save that He laid His hands upon a few sick folks and healed them. Many other things did He do, yet He says to you, "The things I do ye shall do also."

• I like the idea of getting rid of our lack of moral courage and laziness, enough "to put away that enthusiastic doctrine that teaches we shall not do good unless our hearts are free to it," for we should cultivate at every point.

This magnetic power has been used, no doubt, through all these years of past history, by some believing that it was a special gift of God to them, and making that impression on the people, they looked up to them as above common humanity.

Then there has been deception practiced with it many times, to make believe that they were more than human. Joe Smith—the imitater of old David—of Latter Day Saints notoriety, mesmerized a young lady in the east, and had the traps set to have many present when he raised her from the dead, (as he had reported she was) but some infidel fellows suspected the facts and investigated and exposed the tricks; otherwise the credulous public would have reported him a great man indeed. Water, fire and love are great blessings, yet they can be changed so to be of great injury. So with magnetism.

When we rightly use these elements it gives pleasure and buoyancy of spirits that we may cultivate and "laugh and grow fat," or if we use it in anger or fear, it may affect our blood, cause the bile to go to the vital parts and injure us. By all means keep in a good humor, at least till you are fit to die.

"Anger," says Dr. Trall, "will render the bile as acrid and irritating as a full dose of calomel. Excessive fear will relax the bowels equal to a strong fusion of tobacco. Intense grief will arrest the secretions of the gastric juices as effectually as bella dona."

An English paper, Capital and Labor, thinks that, while excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesale food, habitual bad lodging, sloth and intemperance, are deadly enemies to human life, none of them are so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all the former, says the writer, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous of preserving "a sound mind in a sound body," to have a special care, amid all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

Sir A. Cooper says on this subject: "Fits of anger produce a very irritating milk followed by griping in the infant with green stools." Again he says: "The following is perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of the effect of strong mental excitement on the mammary secretions: 'A carpenter fell into a quarrel with a soldier in his house and was set upon by the latter with his dragoon sword. The wife of the carpenter at first trembled from fear and terror, and then suddenly threw herself furiously between the combatants, wrested the sword from the soldier's hand, broke it in pieces and threw it away. During the tumult some neighbors came in and separated the men. While in this state of strong excitement the mother took up her child from the cradle where it lay playing, and in the most perfect health, never having had a moment's illness. She gave it the breast, and in so doing sealed its fate. In a few moments the infant left off sucking, became restless, panted, and sunk dead upon its mother's bosom. The physician who was instantly called in, found the child lying in the cradle as if asleep and with its features undisturbed, but all his resources were fruitless. It was irrecoverably gone." In this interesting case the milk must have undergone a powerful sedative action upon the susceptible nervous system of the infant.

Parents should take warning from these things, and not let their angry passions rise, and also of the abuse of their sacred relation as such; or the frequent fear of a drunken husband will either produce similar results, slowly and surely, it may be, and have it charged to other things, but the virus is there to accomplish its result in time; occasionally idiocy or imbecility is the result; death is preferable in such cases.

Joy and health demand a life of elevated thought, with courteous conduct towards each other, and constant cultivation of our higher nature. Then it is a privilege as well as a duty to cultivate this

God like soul power.

Nervaura, it is believed, radiates from the cerebellum—the lower back brain—which seems to be the crucible for refining the oxygen, hydrogen, etc., taken into the lungs; first in its ruder state, partially modified there, then goes to the cerebellum.

Psycharura is the name given by Dr. Babett to the soul atmosphere that emanates from the cerebrum—front top brain—a more refined crucible, that again works over the better qualities of the nervaura of the cerebellum. This psycharura is so subtile that it can move through matter in all directions, and does not need the nerve channels as its telegraphic wires, as does the nervaura.

This soul atmosphere, being the most refined aura, is able to control all the coarser, if you will it to do so. Thus the higher nature of man should hold the reins of this earthly tabernacle, and any one awake to their own personal interest or of their fellow beings will do so with an earnestness that will be seen by others. You may use this higher soul aura to cast out seven or more devils, if they are ill habits, health or sin; and please allow me to remind you that the violation of natural law, bringing poor health, by bad habits, is as truly sin as the violation of the decalogue.

Distance seems to be no barrier to this soul energizing power, as you may have heard, in relation to answer of prayer. Dr. J. R. Newton, who was born in 1810, is shown to have exercised the power of healing almost from childhood. For the past twenty years he has been busy treating the poor without money and without price, thousands of them, and spends largely of what he makes off the rich for the benefit of the poor. He is truly a remarkable man, as appears from his portrait. "He treats and cures at great distances," says Dr. Babett. "Mrs. Nathan Rowdy, of Fulton, N. Y., had been bedridden for three years. Her husband called upon Dr. Newton at Syracuse, N. Y., where he was lecturing, and stated

the case. The doctor told him to fasten his thoughts upon his wife, and then threw a shock which went through her body as from an electric battery; at that same moment she was restored to health, arose and dressed herself. She afterward testified to these facts in a public congregation at Oswego.

"At another time, while at Newport, R. I., he threw a shock upon the babe of Hon. Charles E. Perry, at Worcester, Mass., and immediately it opened its eyes, smiled, and was well. It had been

given up to die."

Dr. Newton says: "While in Boston I received a telegram from F. C. Plasted, of Gardner, stating:

Baby is very sick, do all you can to save it.

"I immediately sat down and wrote:

BOSTON, 7:45 P. M.

I this instant throw my life forces to the child, and he is cured. He will smile and go into a profuse state of perspiration.

"A letter in answer stated that the child had been unconscious for forty-eight hours, but at that very instant he smiled, broke out into a profuse perspiration and was cured."

The doctor modestly says: "What I do others can do."

In ancient times such men were worshiped. These soul forces and the magnetic touch, according to accounts, were used successfully by Æsculapius Empedocles in 444 B. C., and Appolonius in 70 B. C., and so wonderful were the cures wrought by them that they were worshiped as gods. Galen and Hippocrates also did wonders in the same manner; in those days the healers were few, but now they are becoming numerous, and there is no thought of worshiping them. I find you and I may use it as natural as the air we breathe, for the good of humanity if we will.

The Christian minister, if he would imitate Christ, should be at least the exemplary doctor or teacher of these things, for the capable worthy ones among them possess largely of these good qualities in their make up. Again, "if they would eat about twice as long and about half as much," as said by an eminent doctor, and leave off all that is hurtful and teach their congregations more about natural law, and the results of violating it, their sermons would be more practical in every day life, and thus ennoble humanity and their religion, and be more like the Master.

Pain is a merciful warning that we have violated law, as in sickness, unnatural stupor or buoyance, take warning.

HOW TO HAVE GOD ON YOUR SIDE.

Harmony, with law, your companion and neighbors, are grand things if they are all right. If not, and you know it, it is your privilege, under our constitution, to try to correct the wrong if you have "moral backbone" enough to do so. Be sure you are right then you are well armed. Then have the true character of manhood and do it, and you will have a true, good God on your side in the outcome, and that is good harmony. Harmony in soul and body is essential in the magnetic healer to the best success. Of all men he should be, or cultivate to be, one of the most purely healthy body, mind and spirit among men, though others may do great good.

Quality, though the coarse may do good among the masses, yet the best success is attained by those of the very best quality.

Temperament has a good deal to do in this matter as to the best success, I think, but they are of such various grades it would take a small volume to recount them and their effects.

CULTIVATING QUALITIES.

The mental and motive may be two extremes, that would make themselves felt quickly, and be excellent in arrousing up some cases; again they may be very near allied together and be quite harmonious. The vital temperament, I think, should slightly predominate over the other two, if either. The mental must not be lacking, in any sense, to make the best practitioner.

Hope should be large to make them sanguine of success. They should be firm and self-respectful, with force and will power to make them energetic and tenacious, sympathetic and agreeable, really cheerful, with a bouncing buoyancy of the vital aura, that makes them feel good. If you lack good, clean habits, cultivate them till you get there if it takes you the first hundred years you live here to do so. Don't stop for age if you lose the shell by the way. Still be firm and enjoy things as they pass and be able with Arch-Bishop Leighton to look back on the past with pride.

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their past, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their nature, hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

TREATING DISEASES.

I cannot go into details, but if you purpose to get information or follow it you should see Dr. Babett's Health Guide, Dr. Dods' lectures, Dr. J. R. Buchanan's Anthropology. In a general way treat by making passes from the vitals to the extremities, you may do good and be developing your magnetic power.

Some healers use but little water, but experience teaches me that they both should be used freely, as stated in directions how to treat,

at the close of the article on water.

Sincerely believing this chapter will do you good if you study and practice it; with Heaven's blessing on your effort, I wish you to remember this is one of the things that where there is a will there is a way. But soul science is further shown in the article on Angels.

Though troubles perplex you,
Dishearten and vex you,
Retarding your progress in sombre array;
To shrink with terror
Is surely an error,
For where there's a will there's a way.

The task may be teasing,
The duty unpleasing,
But he who confronts it will soon win the day;
Half the battle is over
When once we discover
That where there's a will there's a way.

Misfortunes uncounted
Are often surmounted,
If only we quit not the field in dismay;
Then one more endeavor,
Remembering ever
That where there's a will there's a way.

CHAPTER VII.

I began this period under more favorable circumstances than for several years. I was doing reasonably well on my cot and, having studied and practiced hygienic habits as far as I could. Another thing that helped me at this time was, by the aid of our Senator, Dr. M. A. Dashielld, I secured through an act of the State legislators, a refund of eight hundred and fifty dollars to me on a hundred and sixty acres of land the State had sold from me on a school fund mortgage of one hundred and fifty dollars; they sold the land for some twelve hundred; it was worth about sixteen hundred dollars, but I could not help myself and was thankful for the refund. It helped me to pay my honest debts and fix my house comfortable. Being on my cot I attended the county fair and made two trips to Des Moines by railroad. I got along quite well so I concluded to take

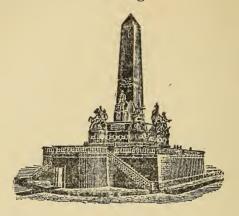
A TRIP TO OHIO.

I voted at the October election and started to Ohio to visit brother and attend to some business and see if there was any relief for me there or at the infirmary at Indianapolis. I went by myself as I could not afford to pay another's passage and trusted to Providence and hiring where it was necessary and to the good people along the road for help, hanging my valise on the under side of my cot, and struck out in the world on wheels, by my faith in humanity. Frank and Johnny went to Des Moines with me. The next halt was at Keokuk, then at Springfield, Ill, where I staid two days to attend the

DEDICATION OF THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

When I was set out, of course I hired a man to take me to the hotel a half mile away. I had hardly got started when the sympathetic and curious multitude run in from all directions to see the show and crowded about me so close and asked questions as to how I came to be so till we could not get along the walk till the police came to my relief, and opened the way, as they had to do all the way, and one of them pushed me along. I felt quite safe in their

hands though never had been taken in charge by officers before. I am not sure but I took the "laurels" from Grant and Sherman when they came round in the show business. Had myself put into a wagon so that I could see something.



The city was beautifully decorated with arches over the streets, with inscriptions appropriate, and the national bunting in abundance. But the greatest natural curiosity I seen there was a live snake with two perfect heads. It was thought to be an ader, about a foot in length. The man had found and caught it south of the city, had it in a large glass jar. Each head had a neck about an inch long, the four bright eyes watched any hand put toward them. The tongues and mouths would go snake fashion with a hissing noise, the color principally yellow with brownish tinge on the back.

The procession was a grand affair as they marched the streets, the city overflowing with people from all over the government, if not abroad. The great leaders of the nation was the curiosity as the procession moved out a mile northeast to the location of the monument. It is a fine marble structure.

Powers, in his "Life of Lincoln," gives the following description:

"The ground plan of the Lincoln monument is 119½ feet from north to south; 72½ feet from east to west. The lower story, containing the crypt and memorial hall, is sixteen feet in height; the top of this lower story forms a magnificent granite-paved promenade, from the center of which the shaft rises to a height of ninety-five feet, seventeen feet square at the base, tapering to an apex eight feet square. The opening in the shaft is six feet in diameter, and a spiral stiarway leads to the summit. At either corner of the shaft a round pedestal twenty-eight feet high is surmounted by group of statuary. On the south face of the obelisk, on a pedestal seven feet higher than the round corner pedestals, stands the statue of Mr. Lincoln. The pedestral bearing this statue has inserted in it a bronze shield

in bass relief—the coat of arms of the United States it is seen at first sight but close scrutiny discovers that part of the stars are obscured, the olive branches lie beneath it, and the eagle holds a part of the sundered chain of slavery in his talons, while a part is held aloft in his beak. The coat-of-arms typifies the constitution of the United States, on which Mr. Lincoln stood, with authority for using the four arms of the war power of the government to hold together the states, which are represented by linked tablets surrounding the great monumental pile. There is nothing visible on the exterior of the monument but granite and bronze, and the effect is massive and rich.

In visiting the burial chamber the custodian, at your request, unlocks the door and enters with you, or, if desired, leaves you alone with the dead. You find yourself in a marble room, in the center of which stands the sarcophagus, of sculptured marble, bearing the name "A. Lincoln." In the rear wall of the chamber are the niches where members of his family are laid. You can walk entirely around the president's marble casket, and the effect its position gives of room and light and air is very grateful to the living friends who visit it. The casket is kept covered with fresh flowers, and standing by it you can look out of the door upon the grass below the sill and the dense oak boughs of the hills beyond.

Gen. Ogleshy made the dedicatory speech. General, then President Grant and other leading citizens pronounced eulogies upon the lamented Lincoln. Then the dedicatory prayer was made and the bust "unveiled." It was covered with the American flag. I was there with my cot set in a wagon, so did not get to go into the fine rooms in the basement in the center of which the honored man's body is entombed.

I was at his dwelling house in the city as I returned from the army. It was a plain, neat frame building, two stories high, some five or six good rooms below. He was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809; shot April 14, 1865. To give you some idea of him as a boy, I copy from the Louisville Courier-Journal:

Lincoln's early life was spent in Spencer county, Indiana, above Rockport, a beautiful little city crowning the abrupt cliffs which frown over the Ohio river. He was faithful and industrious, but there was in him a latent indolence which made him fond of taking his rod to fish, or, with his gun upon his shoulder, he would roam in search of game over the long, low hills There are living at present several old citizens who knew Lincoln well at that time. He was thoughtful, and his solitary expeditions probably gave him plenty of opportunity to indulge his meditative faculties. The description of his appearance then; his long, lank legs under an awkward body; his homely face upon which the promient nose stood like a handle; his long hair dangling upon his shoulders, bring up instantly the picture of Ichabod Crane in the twilight stealing over the hills of Sleepy Hollow to pay his court to Fraulein Katrina Von Tassel.

The embryo statesman was full of spirit and fond of mad pranks. One old gentleman in Rockport lives to tell of the last time he saw Lincoln. He

was visiting the Lincoln homestead, and as he was coming away they found a trespassing cow hanging about the gate. The cow had given the Lincolns much annoyance by entering their garden and committing depredations. Young Abe was dressed in a suit of jeans, without any coat, as it was summer time, and on his head he wore a broad-brimed white straw hat, part of which was cracked and broken. Finding the cow standing hypocritically meek at the gate, young Abe leaped astride of her back, and, digging his bare heels into her sides, the astonished animal broke away down the road in a lumbering gallop. "The last I saw of Abe Lincoln," the old gentleman relates fondly, "he was swinging his hat, shouting at the top of his voice, galloping down the road on that thundestruck cow."

In the old country church near the Lincoln place is a pulpit which was made by Abe Lincoln and his father. There is a bookcase in the Evansville Custom-House made by the same carpenters and taken there for preservation. Near where the old house stood is a dilapidated corn-crib with rail floor, the rails for which were split by young Lincoln. Last fall a monument was raised over Nancy Lincoln's grave through the efforts of General

Veatch, of Rockport. It is a plain slab with a plain inscription.

The following campaign song written by one of our good citizens, Mr. J. Chappell Clarke, will give you an idea of the spirit of the campaign of 1860, when honest Abraham Lincoln was made President:

THE OLD KENTUCKY BABE.

In a green and fertile valley
On the old Kentucky show,
Years ago there was born a precious babe
Now he's grown to manly stature,
And he's six feet high or more,
And he's called by the people HONEST ABE.

CHORUS:

Then hurrah for Honest Abe,
For the old Kentucky babe,
For we're going to make him president this fall;
He will swing our country back,
On its old accustomed track,
Just as easy as he used to swing his maul.

Once he canvassed it with Stephen In the state of Illinois, And he made the Little Giant very sore, For his sham squatter doctrine Was decided by the boys, To be but a twaddle and a bore.

Of unfriendly legislation 'Dug" declaims at Freeport,
Then at Orleans he stands for planters' rights (?)
Behind the Dred Scott decision
And the great Federal Court,
On his belly like a coward next he fights.

Now a groan for little Steve,
None his doctrine can believe;
To the South for aid all vainly he will call;
Ah! little he'll rejoice,
When he hears the people's voice,
Making Abe to be our president this fall.

The grandest monument to him is that stamped on the people's minds by his faithful public record and tragic death, so sublimely portrayed by the Hon. Emlio Castler, one of the few noble, progressive men of Spain (I wish she had more such). The following will show the dimensions of the great orator, scholar and republican statesman. He says of President Lincoln:

I have often contemplated and described his life. Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert where are forged the great and obstinate thoughts, mountainous like the desert, and like the desert sublime. Growing up like the primeval forests, which with their fragrance send a cloud of incense, and with their murmurs a cloud of prayers to heaven, a boatman at eight years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast tranquil waters of the Mississippi, later a woodman with his ax and arm felling the immortal trees to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and of great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of the fetters they dragged through Ninevah and Babylon; a child of nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free people, he fought for the country, and was raised by his fellow citizens to the Congress of Washington, and by the nation to the presidency of the republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when the slaveholders uttered their war-cry and the slaves their groans of despair -the woodcutter, the boatman, the son of the great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humblest before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and severe with his conscience and with his thought, before him a veteran army, behind him hostile Europe—England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico-in his hands the riven country; he armed two million of men, gathers half a million horses, sends his artillery 1,200 miles in a week from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee; fights more than six hundred battles; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar; and after having emancipated 3,000,000 slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies at the very moment of victory—like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work! Sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears and God his benedictions.

O, CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

BY WALT WHITMAN.

A war-time poet. He died March, 1892, at seventy-three years.

[The following, generally admitted by critical readers as being his best single contribution to American poetry, was Whitman's tribute to Abraham Lincoln, and was written directly after Mr. Lincoln's death, April 15, 1865.]

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done; The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won: The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting. While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring; But O heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain: rise up and hear the bells; Rise up—for the flag is flung, for you the bugle thrills; For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores acrowding; For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head—
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead!

My Captain does not answer; his lips are pale and still! My father does not feel my arm, he has nor pulse nor will; The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage is closed and done; From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bell!

But I, with mourning tread,
Walk the deck where my Captain,
Fallen cold and dead.

Whitman's own "Death Carol:"

Let me glide noiselessly forth; With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper. Set open the doors, O soul. Tenderly, be not impatient, Strong is your hand, O mortal flesh. Strong is your hold, O love.

VISITING MY BROTHER.

The dedication over, I started on a journey by way of Indianapolis, where I had to change cars in the night; on my arrival there, and after waiting some time, a half-dozen big, strong hands came and carried me around the cars and over the tracks very nicely, and safely landed me in the next car. Arriving at Cincinnati I employed an expressman to take me to the places where I had business to transact, and finally to the Miami depot, at the end

of the great wire bridge which spans the Ohio river at this point; it is an interesting sight, but they are becoming numerous.

I went forth expecting to surprise my brother and family at Xenia, Ohio, but they had heard of my purpose, from other sources; however, I arrived there without any mishap, but the trip taxed my nerves to the fullest extent, and it is a wonder to me now that they did not collapse. Everything was so cheerful and pleasant that it kept me on a "boom," consequently the let-down was not sudden. My brother commands a good salary from his church, occupies a nice parsonage, and with the companionship of sister Anna, who knows just how to make home happy, neat and comfortable, he can provide in a manner to make the world enjoyable in the highest degree. Two Presbyterian ministers, relatives of sister, were also visiting them.

This is a United Presbyterian stronghold, and all the ministers in the city frequently met in my brother's yard to play croquet, or "Presbyterian billiards" as some choose to call it, and even in the absence of my brother, when out on pastoral duties, they would have a splendid time. This seemed to be a social headquarters for preachers, and in their playing would never say bad words, oh, no, but when warmed up would become terribly in earnest at times. I feel that such associations are productive of good, and I enjoy them very much, feeling that they have a tendency to break down the "partition wall" between Christian churches. Fifty years ago, or less, there seemed to be "mountains" between them, and the membership would throw "bomb-shells" at each other with all the powder and brimstone they could raise, but as time passed they lost their force. Finding they had dug all the gold, silver and fuel out of the mountain between them it became hollow, and when slightly pressed on each side, caved in, leaving only a mole hill between. Thus something has been gained, and every now and then two, three or more different denominations build church edifices together, to be used alternately, but occasionally that mole hill comes to the front and calls forth discord and dissatisfaction, as is fitly illustrated in the following incident: Three different societies built a church together, and got into a wrangle over it; after a high rate of contention for some time one of the pastors in going to the church to preach passed under a hickorynut tree, when the thought came to him that he had struck a fitting representation of the three societies; he picked up a dark colored, worthless nut to represent one society, and another not quite so bad, with

a worm hole in it, to represent the other society, and selected a fine looking, large one, to represent his society.

Now, I will not give the names of the societies, so you can all claim the best nut if you like. It is the mole hill I am trying to remove. He got to the church, preached his discourse, finally bringing up the church trouble; to fitly represent the matter he proceeded to crack the dark nut to represent one society, and it was very rotten; the one with a worm hole in it was cracked to represent the other; it, too, was very hollow; he then very jubilantly showed them a fine, large, clean looking one to represent their society, and proceeded with some flourish to crack it, no doubt intending to eat the meat, but it proved to have three large, white worms in it. Then I left.

Little motes in the eye frequently cause great trouble. It is frequently a dogmatic term in some old creed or discipline that is adhered to only as a bigot can, in place of a natural, common sense principle, and their old, thread bare subjects kept before the people till they are glad of any reasonable excuse to go somewhere else.

We need a practical, every day religion that will make us more pure, practical workers; that the poor neighbor, sick and afflicted, will feel the benefit of. I know there are men that live so much by faith that they never do another a favor, unless they think it will come back four fold. Such men may call on the sick to keep up appearance, but they are not the kind to look after their comfort, help the helpless, encourage the poor, discouraged, weak saint or sinner; the poor orphan may cry with cold or for bread; he has so much faith in God to provide for even the poor raven, that he can coop himself in his mustard shell, and there lives very well, trusting very contentedly to let the non-professor show his faith by his works; and they so frequently do it that the time will certainly come, to say, "inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these my brethren ye did it unto me." Christ's glorious example in good works, followed, is all the way to make a practical Christian; he did not give assurance that you could live by faith alone, but said, "the works I do, ye shall do also and greater works, for I go to the father."

A little practical living, religion and good work, will remove the mole hills between the churches and between them and the people.

True progressive culture in harmony with natural law, in place of some body's make of creed, will soon remove the imaginary differences. To do this let the traditional sermon be modified into lectures on practical every day affairs, and bring about a hygienic condition of body and morals in every society, and especially make our homes pure, loving, cultured nurseries, to give the children a start for a useful life here and a grand future in higher spheres in the great future. Then make your home a paradise here and you may be the savior of your own children. If you don't they may need other saviors to keep them from a downward course. But one parent cannot often do this when the other is always out of tune, fretting, scolding, whining, complaining, and only has a pleasant face for the visitor. This indigestive condition in the provider or queen, is a discouraging element that is too common. The pure, queenly mother that has the most healthy, vigorous, well trained children, has more to be proud of than the highest officer of the nation.

Motherhood is the highest office in God's kingdom. Then let the churches concentrate their efforts in promoting this result in our homes; not follow proselyting so much—the paying members—to the neglect of the weighty matters among the needy masses. Then we will come nearer loving our neighbor society as our own, and come nearer following Christ, who did not found a church but done good work. Then do as you would wish to be done by and the mole hills will vanish, and doctrines founded on the traditions of men pass for naught.

While at my brother's I made arrangements to have a cot made there for Miss Jennie Smith, of Dayton, spoken of elsewhere. After staying two weeks and hearing brother preach a good practical sermon, and enjoying a splendid good visit with them, I wanted very much to have gone on to our old home in Meggs county and visit sister and the old neighbors, but they lived too far from the railroad and river, so came through Dayton to the Indianapolis Surgical Institute.

You have probably heard it said misery loves company. We had an over dose of it there, hundreds of poor deformed cripples of every description, some being greatly benefited. Where a surgical operation is needed it is no doubt one of the best—equally good, where a mechanical arrangement is needed. The deformed that is young and growing should go there and be worked over. I saw many cheerful faces from the improvement and prospects there. If you are disposed to complain, go there as I did and you will probably find you are not in the worst condition possible. It is truly a remarkable sight to see from two to three hundred deformed people of every kind around the many tables at an inviting Sunday dinner, those that could not even be helped there, were

many, yet among the groans of the suffering there was much cheery laughing and music that cheered the heart of even the disconsolate.

But in my case, two of these doctors could see no remedy for me "unless they could send in a Dutchman to push my backbone out straight and hold it there." I was too much Dutch for that and came home and "located." All the "black sheep" I found among conductors on my circuit was a little wart of a fellow on the roughest piece of road I was on, from Indianapolis to Peoria. Illinois. He charged me as a passenger and as freight, when I went as freight in a rough old box car without the least assistance or attention. No other conductor charged me on the trip, but assisted and treated melike a gentleman, as did the people everywhere. never lacking for assistance elsewhere on the trip. There not being room for me in the coaches, I went in the baggage, express and postal cars at various places and got along very well but did not travel at night coming home, stayed all night at a hotel in Burlington and Des Moines, hence got home, better than going east, but the trip altogether had materially worsted my nerves, it being too far at one trip in my case.

But I really enjoyed the scenery and change, as I also did in 1882, in Marshall county, Iowa, of which the *Marshalltown Times-Republican*, of September 19, contains the following:

Mr. A. W. Richards, of Indianola, Iowa, a helpless crippled union soldier on a movable cot, has been making a two weeks' visit about Le Grand with his venerable old uncle, Roland Richards, and cousins Eli and Elisha Richards, and Mrs. Inman, Hanegan, McCool and others. On Thursday last was the invalid's birthday, and it was appropriately celebrated by some forty persons at the residence of David Inman. It was very enjoyable and highly appreciated by the recipient of the many tokens of love.

Yet a true home is the place after all.

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded.
Home's not merely roof and room.

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's love and help to cheer it."

"TEAR DOWN" TRAGEDY.

While our town and county have been noted for good morals, good schools, home and society, yet we have had two tragedies that became known all over the country that would seem to contradict

it. Before giving you a brief account of the above tragedy allow me to say the first fatal affray in the county was in August, 1864, between James Neeley and Patrick Cassidy, both considered good, peaceable citizens. The trouble was Neeley's stock hogs had got into Cassidy's field of corn several times and been dogged out by the latter. Neeley threatened to shoot the dogs. Hearing them after the hogs he went down; both the men met there armed, and under the excitement of the moment, leveled their guns and fired at each other. Cassidy was shot through the body and killed, Neeley was wounded in the left hand slightly, and was afterward sent to the penitentiary for fifteen years, served part of the time and was pardoned.

Both did wrong in carrying their guns at such a time and both suffered the penalty. We have law to protect each other without violence in such cases. Take warning, don't let your angry passions rise. I have no doubt if either one had left his gun at home the other would have been safe personally.

The "Tear down" tragedy occurred February 19, 1876, close to the Christian church, in Greenfield township in which three stout, hearty young men lost their lives. I have some general knowledge of both parties, but will aim to give the essence of the evidence deduced on two different trials. Rueben Westfall and David Howry were neighbors, both passionate, if not ill-tempered men, and some ten to twelve years before this occurrence they had fallen out about some suspected wrong between them that had never been proven or rectified.

They continued to quarrel and fight more or less during these years, and their sons trained up by the feelings of the parents, not in the way they should go, took up the gauntlet and would do as the parents set them an example to do. The Howry party being the largest and stoutest young men were generally the accusing party and the aggressors and also generally came out conquerers in their many fights, so they became rather boastial, so that if the Westfalls went to a party or meeting there was likely to be trouble.

While both parties were good looking, spirited young men of fair qualities, aside from this training yet I think the neighborhood were more in sympathy with the Westfall side. One of the young Howry's used insulting language to Ben Westfall when he was with a young lady, that was endured for the time. Mr. George Dillards sons being friendly with the Westfalls, made the Howrey's their enemies, so they became involved in the fuss. These difficulties as I take it gave the name "Tear down" to the church, not a

very desirable name certainly for a church, but they had been holding a protracted meeting for some time, both parties wanting to attend, so the Westfall side armed themselves with revolvers and one dirk knife to be prepared for any emergency. This party consisting of Benjamin and Levi, Westfall and Thomas, Jack and Fremont Dillard, all young men and some younger ones along. The Howry party consisting of David Howry and his sons George and John and an Irish friend, James Groom, all stout young men. These were the parties that fatal night. Before they got a fourth of a mile from the church—as they all went the same road—The father Howry got into a quarrel and fight with Tom Dillard in the crowd, both parties rushed up and began a general engagement and some fifteen to twenty shots were fired that made a scattering of the crowd. When it ceased, men run up and found that George Howry had fallen dead in his tracks, "caused by a wound under the shoulder blade, made with a knife, which had entered the left lung."

John Howry, stabbed in the left side of the spinal column, walked about forty feet when he fell against a tree and died in a few minutes. The father, David Howry, was shot in the upper lip, the ball passing through the upper jaw; he was also shot through the left ear, and received a cut on the eyebrow; these were all the bullet wounds found; he got well. James Groom was found to be stabbed above and to the right of the breast bone, the knife having entered the right lung, and a stab in the back entered the left lung; he lingered nearly a week. He said Ben Westfall stabbed him, and it is thought he did all the work that proved so fatal.

Some of the witnesses testified that James Groom said as he went into the fight: "We are here this night for the purpose of settling this fuss, and this is as good a time as any to settle it." But oh, what a settlement, after a dozen years of strife, and still it was not all settled yet. The Westfalls and Dillrads were not seriously hurt. They went to Mr. Dillards' and stayed till the next day, which was Sunday. At noon the sheriff went and arrested them, had a preliminary trial and put three of them under \$15,000 bonds; one of the boys \$5,000. The grand jury found thirty-six indictments; four apiece against nine of them, including Reuben Westfall, who was not there. All gave bonds but his oldest sons, Levi and Ben, who were taken to the penitentiary for safe keeping till court met six months after, then they gave bonds. All demanded separate trials. Three long trials found Ben and some others guilty.

On an appeal to the supreme court the cases were returned for a new hearing. It was indicated in the the decision that, the defendants were not guilty according to the evidence on the self defense. After three years worry and heavy expense to the county, the people petitioned the court to throw all the cases out of court, which was finally done. Since that George Wheeler plead guilty of shooting and wounding Rubin Westfall in 1890, but with the purpose of killing him. He also said that he was employed by David Howry to do it. He found a home in the penitentiary.

This probably settles the wicked affair. No one gained anything good by it, unless we all are wise enough to avoid the appearance of such evils; even though you conquer for a while, you may succumb; then what must be the suffering of the final victors? Take it as a sad warning.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other—
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the trinmph we feel When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather, Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel, And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey On over the isthmus, down into the tide, We give him a fish instead of a serpent, Ere folding the hands to be and abide Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain—
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

-Joaquin Miller.

MURDER AND HUNG.

Again we were made to blush with shame for our county, and sorrow at the thought of a brave young lady, being murdered by robbers, October 30, 1877, Miss Agusta Coding. Her father was supposed to have considerable money, and it was thought would bring home more that evening. He had not yet returned, at that time, early in the evening, when three masked men appeared at the door; one stepped in and made his demand of the young lady; her mother was sick in bed, but she proceeded to put him out and was shot; another one of them said, "there, take that;" she recognized his voice as that of a neighbor. The next morning, bright and early, he came, with others, and was very anxious to get on the trail of the murderers, and was very careful in examining the masks that had been thrown on the ground to find hair in them; he found some but quickly threw it on the ground and claimed it was another color, but all that got glimpses of it called it black; he denied it, causing suspicion to rest on him at once, and he soon had business elsewhere. Further evidence was developed that made it evident that he was one of them; in fact, he had been very much interested in the old farmer's affairs for several days, when it was thought of; he was also known as a horse thief and had slipped the law more than once, and was supposed to belong to a band of robbers. And now, soon after this, neighbor Reuben Proctor was arrested at Des Moines, brought to Indianola and lodged in jail. November 12th, the jail was attacked by a mob of one hundred vigilants from the vicinity of his home, but could not get the keys nor batter down the jail door. After three hour's effort and the persuasion of our citizens they left. There was great excitement, and other men in the jail said Proctor fainted.

Three days later he was taken to near home in Belmont township for trial. The evidence left no reasonable doubt in his favor, but more and more against him. Miss Cading was still breathing, but near her last; the officers went to her and took her evidence. They passed over to another house and took supper. While at the table some of the party remarked to Procter, "eat hearty." "Why," replied Procter, "do you think it will be my last." The sheriff's party replied, "No," they did not think it would be, but it might be. The crowd had disappeared but it was suspected not for good, for there had been some very quiet business like movements before. Officers were intimated to, to keep quiet and they would be all right. Supper over at seven o'clock, the sheriff's posse started to

the justice's office with the prisoners; a few steps away a large company of the vigilants took hold of the officers, and a rope was put over Proctor's head and he lead away to where there was a pair of cattle scales where the rope was thrown over a beam and Procter suspended by the neck and guarded long enough to be dead.

Sheriff Meek notified Procter's parents and wife of the facts, the body was then cut down, a coroner's inquest held, and a verdict according to the facts, "the parties unknown to them. The mob's excuse for this violence was that the law had been too slack with him and others, that he had been a terror to the neighborhood long enough and as it was a plain case and he then belonged in the penitentiary properly if he had his dues, they would run no further risk of his getting away. His wife has since told all about the making of the masks, etc.

It was the first thing of the kind in this section of the country, and it is to be hoped it will be the last disgrace of the kind that will ever mar our community.

This is wrong in principle if it is the old "eye for eye, and tooth for tooth" doctrine, such teaching has done the world harm. If we are firm let us be merciful and not make mistakes and do wrong because some one else has with bad raising and habits. Cultivate your children to make them better.



KATE SHELLY-THE HEROINE.

The Iowa heroine came to Indianola to attend Simpson Centinary College in November, 1882, to cultivate her active mind at the request of grateful people that furnished the means as a token of recognition of bravery in the perilous adventure to save hundreds of precious lives in the midst of a terrific storm. So that the expressive features, prominent nose and energetic walk has become quite familiar to the good people of our quiet city. Her congenial ways, has given many of us a renewed interest in her, and enabled us to give an authentic account of her life and venture which I condense from authentic sources, in part from my friend Frank Taylor's account.

Kate Shelly (she writes the name thus) was born September 25, 1865, at Roscrea, Kings county, Ireland. Her parents came to this country when she was three or four years old. They stopped awhile in New York and then came west. Her father went on railroal work, and finally became a section boss. It was this position rather than that of night watchman, as the newspaper accounts generally have it, that he occupied at the time of his death. About four years ago Mr. Shelly died of consumption, brought on by exposure Soon after this, the oldest son, a boy large enough to be of some help in the support of the family, was drowned in the creek near the house. After this Kate was burdened with a large share of the support of the family. Her mother had three other children, two girls and a boy, the oldest of them being not more than six years old. They lived on a small rented farm near Honey Creek, and cultivated a little patch of ground. Kate cut most of the wood for the family use.

On the night of July 6, 1881, a destructive storm raged over all Northern and Central Iowa. Its effects in the locality in question may be judged from the following extract, from the account published in the Boone county Democrat:

Honey Creek from Boone to Moingona is a rapid and treacherous stream, fed by many others of smaller size, all of which contribute to swell the usually unpretentious creek to the volume of a mighty river, the force of which was a severe test upon the strength of any structure opposing its course. Of the twenty-one bridges between Boone and Moingona, southwest a distance of five miles, eleven were destroyed or badly damaged, those with stone abutments alone resisting the flood.

Two accidents made Moingona the scene of excitement and sorrow during the night. At this place pushers are stationed to help trains over the steep grades east and west, and also watchmen are employed for the east and west sections, whose duty it is to examine the road after the passage of all trains, and ascertain if the track is all safe. This precaution has always been provided by the company as a means of guarding against accidents on what would otherwise be at all times a very dangerous section of the road. Just before the storm broke the pusher, engine No. 230, had returned from helping a train over the hill to Boone. During the evening railroad employes, with lanterns in hand, were gathered at the depot, anxiously discussing the alarming situation, and wondering what would be the orders, if any.

Ed Wood, engineer of the pusher No. 11, received the order: "Run to Boone and return to Moingona, regardless of all trains." Accordingly he started, having with him George Olmstead, fireman; Adam Ager, brakeman; and Pat Donahue, section boss.

These men were sitting down on the tender, and Donahue was singnaling to me both with his voice and lantern. We had passed over the Des Moines river bridge near town in safety, and when reaching Honey creek, about one mile from the depot, I was backing slowly, and suggested an examination. Donahue signaled "all right, go on, the track is here, and the timbers all in place." We had not passed on to the bridge, as it now turns out, much more than twelve feet when I heard the timbers begin to crack, but in the darkness, with the headlight behind instead of before me. I could not tell just what part of the bridge I had reached; thought I was near the center of the stream, and might possibly make the east bank. I then sprang from the end of the tender, where I was standing, into the cab, and threw on a full head of steam. The weak place proved to be in the center of the bridge, directly over the main current, which we had not yet reached. To this point the engine leaped in a second, and down we went with an awful crash into twenty-five feet of surging water. I could not see the other men. I was in the cab when the engine struck the water, but how I got out I can't tell; think the cab was torn loose by the force of the current. I knew I could not swim, and my first thought was to guard against filling my lungs with water. This I succeeded in doing. The first thing I came in contact with I think was the tank, and my hold must have been on the round roll around the top. It was surging and tumbling, and finally threw me loose. I was then washed down stream, and when three feet under water struck drift wood. Here the water was about twelve feet deep under the drift, but I managed to hold on. I was rescued about five o'clock in the morning.

Of his rescue, Wood says his first ray of hope was when, soon after the crash, and he had called for help, he saw the light of Kate Shelly's lantern gleaming in the dark woods. Next he saw the brave girl peering down from the broken timbers of the bridge into the rushing flood below, and calling to know who was there. He called her further down stream, and after a moment of hurried conversation she started on her perilous mission of mercy to Moingona.

Adam Ager tells a similar story.

Donahue and Olmstead were drowned. The body of Olmstead was never recovered.

Kate's first experience the night of the storm was in going down the hill to the stable, which was rapidly filling with water, and releasing their scanty herd of stock. Upon her return to the house, her mother says she was pale with anxiety, and insisted on going at once to give an alarm for the safety of the bridge. Her mother attempted to quiet her alarm by assuring her that Dennis Murphy, the section watch, would be there, but Kate replied, "If it was pa, I know he would be there, but it will not do to feel sure that any one will go." Presently she heard an engine bell give two weird taps, and said she knew in a moment it was No. 11. A crash followed, then the hissing of the hot boiler striking the water, and then two cries for help. In response to her mother's entreaties not to go; that it would be certain death to venture out in a place so dark and dangerous, her brave reply was: "Mother, I could never forgive myself if I did not make an effort to save these poor men calling for help, and the passenger train must be warned. I will go to Moingona, or die in the attempt." They

had only the globe and wire frame work of a lantern, the oil cup and burner being melted away, but Kate hastily improvised a light by hanging an old miner's lamp in the bottom of the lantern, and leaving her mother and little sister and brother all crying as though at a final parting, she started out alone in the awful tempest.

The route was necessarily nearly a mile in length, leading in places close to the swollen stream, through marshes, and once into a swiftly running slough, out of which the girl says she came thoroughly soaked, but managed to save her light. Once she was lost in the woods, but the moment she found a path she knew which way to go. After a moment of consultation with Ed Wood she left, assuring him she would bring help from Moingona. Following the track, she made her way to the long, high bridge over the Des Moines river. This was already sweeping far beyond its banks. and floating debris battered against the trestles and piers. Along the high approaches of open timber work, and over the body of the river, thirty feet above its roaring current, she must make her way, stepping from tie to tie. A single mistep would be fatal, and to add to the horror of her terrible venture, just as she reached the bridge her flickering light went out, leaving her in total darkness. Providence must have guided the footsteps of the intrepid girl, for she made her way over in safety. Having crossed the bridge she soon followed the track along the embankment to the depot. The danger of the passenger train rushing into the yawning vortex was now compassed, and Kate Shelly's horrible tidings had been added to the sad news of O'Neal's death.

A rescuing party was quickly gathered and started on engine 230 to the wreck, taking the heroine of the night with them in the cab. At the wreck it became necessary to reach the opposite shore. How to get there none of the willing men knew, but in a moment Kate was at their head, piloting them through the darkness by a slippery pathway through dense underbrush close to the edge of the sloping cliff overhanging the swollen stream. This took them around the letter S described by its current, and down, through the oats patch near her home to another bridge, crossing which the way to the end of the wreck opposite Moingona was easy, and the work of rescuing Wood and Ager was at once begun.

And the hour and a half passed must have been of thrilling suspense to all, but right nobly had Kate Shelly done her work. For the purpose of saving imperiled lives she had made for herself a record of sublime daring which, in an era less selfish than the present, would promptly meet with that substantial recognition which gratitude bestows upon the worthy, and win for her name a wreath beautiful and fadeless as the immortelles with which history entwines the memory of Grace Darling.

HOW KATE SHELLY CROSSED THE BRIDGE

Oh, but the night was wild and dark, and the wind blew fierce and high! Oh, but the lightning flashed and shot across the inky sky!

While the hurtling thunder cracked and rolled, till down the black clouds came,

And earth seemed nothing at all to sight but water, wind, and flame.

Kate Shelly stands at her cottage door, and peers out into the night, For she sees, slow creeping through the storm, the pilot engine's light, And it must cross the trestle bridge above the swollen creek; It stops—it runs—then down it drops, with one long fearsome shriek.

"Kate, stay!" the wailing mother cries; but the young soul rose high—
"Nay, mother, I must try to help, though I should fail or die."
She finds the wreck, but cannot save, yet from the deep below
A man shouts up two frightened words. She answers him: "I know."

The train! the train! the swift express! the crowded Western train! How shall she quickest reach the wires? By Boone the hope is vain. But to Moingona's but a mile, but yet so wild and drear, To brave it through the stormy night the stoutest heart might fail.

Torn by undergrowth, and drenched, the wind and rain defied, She reached the raging Des Moines, and the bridge that spans its tide; A bridge not built for human tread, but "On!" her spirit cries— A bridge of full four hundred feet, nothing but rails and ties.

No plank her daring steps to hold, and if a step should miss, Down fifty feet below her rolls the watery abyss. So on her hands and knees she creeps, fighting the wind and rain, Staining the timbers with her blood, yet heeding not the pain.

Then on and on she bravely sped! Thick darkness round her lay, Save when the vivid lightning made a still more dreadful day; Yet the raging stream, and roaring wind, and fiercely beating rain Delayed her not; one thought had she—to save the coming train.

At length the bridge is fairly crossed. Bleeding and out of breath, She yet has half a mile to run—a fearful race with Death! O'er fallen trees, o'er rocks, through creeks, until—O blessed sight!—She sees the way-side station house and its one glimmering light.

Then all forespent, with failing strength, she pushes wide the door; With gleaming eyes and parted lips, she stands upon the floor; "The trestle's down! The engine's wrecked! Oh, stop the coming train!" The man springs to the saving wires—she has not come in vain.

Then tenderly they comfort her. They ask, "How did you come?" And hearing, lift their hearts and hats, and are a moment dumb. No soul among them would have dared the passage dark and wild; Ah! but God's angels had a charge to keep this noble child.

O, brave Kate Shelly! though hard toil thy daily portion be, Mothers with happy pride now name their daughters after thee; And every child that hears thy tale shares in thy noble strain, And dares that perilous pass with thee to save the coming train.

-Mary A. Barr.

MEMORIAL DAY.

May 30th, 1882, was the first I ever attended or took part in decorating the graves of our dead comrades, which I now feel is almost a sacred duty for all that are able. It revives history and inspires

in the young a love of our noble nation, its defenders and free progressive people. Thus be prepared to follow the stars and stripes, the emblem of a free and independent cultured people. It should wave as indicating the greatest good to the greatest number of God's creatures.

The first observance of Decoration Day was in 1868, by direction of the Grand Army of the Republic. The headquarters of the organization being then in Washington, Gen. Logan at that time the commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic in a general order dated May 5th, 1868, fixed the date on the 30th day of May and has been generally observed. Congress directed that the ceremonies throughout the country on that 30th day of May 1868, should be reported and published, which was done.

The day is one that all classes of society can meet on a common level and sympathize with each other. No difference what the political or religious differences in opinion, training and habits may be, a common, familiar sympathy will naturally draw all classes together in feeling and result in a better understanding in other matters and harmony in society.

The circumstances of the origin of the occasion—like the 'Fourth of July—will be the constant means of drawing on history for facts, to supply thought for orations on such occasions, and at a time of the year when all nature is budding and in blossom, reminding us of our youth, its hopes and ambitions, that is soon followed by a train of circumstances that inspire the speaker with such as the following grand and eloquent "God Bless the union soldiers" speech by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums-the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time its quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing, and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms -standing in the sunlight sobbing-at the turn of the road a hand wavesshe answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm, and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of our fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, while men became iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; buthuman speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the first grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four million of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of the cruel whips; we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes torn from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. All this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see free men, women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides, and school-houses and books, and where all was want, and crime, and cruelty, and fetters, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty; they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. [A voice— "Glory."] I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat The soldier's last tattoo; No more on life's parade shall meet The brave and fallen few. On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
Nor troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind,
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, no screaming fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blades,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed;
Nor War's wild notes, nor Glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Come down the serried foe,
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death!"

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the glory field,
Born to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.





PRESTON.

LOTTIE.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear is the blood you gave—
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps,

Yon marble minstrel's voiceful stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how he fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight
Nor Time's remoreless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light,
That gilds your glorious tomb.

-By Colonel Theodore O'Hara.

A TRUE IDEAL LIFE.

A Natural Life and Home.

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God."-Pope.

What can be more beautiful than a pure, natural, humorous, well rounded life. When you find that person that has not got one spark of good or God in him, you may call him "totally deprayed," if you like. But true *charity* is the sweetest and most attractive of qualities. It smooths away the angles and rubs off the roughness and diminishes the friction of life. It adds grace to daily courtesies and makes burdens easier to be borne. The loving heart is the strong heart. The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult. There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society, and in church, but first and chiefest is the need for it at home, where it is the salt which keeps all things sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines star like through all gloom and depression. How love winks at little faults and charitably passes them by. How love improves the circulation, digestion, and disposition. To improve that adds pleasure to all around.

My purpose now is to divide life into four periods, representing the four seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn and winter, and to give each its portion in due season. You will probably have to help me in making the division, but I will insist on it being premature death if you die before sixty, eighty or a hundred years, according to the conditions you have inherited. This is my idea of what should be, if well organized persons would live in harmony

with the natural laws of their being. How good it would be to extend youth or the spring time of life to twenty-five years; then extend the summer and fall to seventy-five, before beginning to call people old, and then have a glorious, pleasant winter season the last fourth of a century, enjoying the fruits of our labor, a sweet, joyful spirit learning and improving the inner man to the last moment: then with love to all below, and a sweet consciousness of of a faithful, well-spent life and a bright, cheerful prospect of progressive life in higher spheres of action, drop off the earthly tabernacle and with a more beautiful and refined temple of a spiritual habitation for the soul, go forth to brighter fields of usefulness and glory, going onward and upward through all time and eternity, drawing nearer and nearer until reaching the great I Am, or center and first cause of all things that are, so pure, refined and progresssive "that no man by searching can find out,"-whom we call God.

While I am not willing to lower this standard, you may if you think you cannot possibly make the time over three or four score years, fix it at those dates and divide by four. But still work for my standard, at least for your offspring so that they may have approximately perfect organization to begin with.

THE SPRING TIME OF LIFE.

"The mind impressible and soft with ease Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees; And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue What education gives her, false or true."

-Cooper.

THE BABY.

How important that we begin right with these little buds, "for as the twig is bent the tree inclines."

I would like to put in a plea for the proper care of these little pets. First, that it is all wrong to bandage them so tight they suffer. "O, they have got the colic," some one says, and then wrap the poor helpless lumps in blankets so tight they can scarcely breathe. Then do not put it between "ma and pa," and sap the life out of it, but to one side; then don't kiss it to death, to gratify your own feelings, not its. It will enjoy a reasonable amount if it it nice. Don't stuff it brimful, then bounce it on your knee till the little "sugar lump" suffers, and tries to laugh, but is cruelly injured; try it yourself, by having some big heathen bounce you the same

way; then remember his feelings and don't injure it for life with medicine. Give the little love-lump a chance to grow in the fresh air with the extremeties well covered with soft flannel, and not anything tight about it. Give it besides the sunshine of all affection, the rays of nature's great orb. How well do your plants thrive in the shade? Which has the most beautiful flowers, those grown in the shade or sun—which are the most vigorous?

Then give the loved ones regular food and sleep, and it is not absolutely necessary, for manners, or right to wake it up for every sentimental young lady that calls to settle the color of its eyes. The mother should care for it when possible; the father to share the care at times. Nurses are uncertain appendages to the family. If you would have it safe, and grow healthy, vigorous and be happy, attend to it, teach it to prate or pratle, make you laugh and be proud of it. They begin to fear and reason soon.

BABY'S FIB.

Baby waking in the dark. Heard one night a big dog bark, "Let her cweep," she softly said, "In your bed, for she is faid." Nestled close to mamma dear. Baby sleeps and knows no fear. Rosy morning lights the skies And opens darling baby's eyes. Just as bright as any skies Are our darling's starry eyes; Just as fair as any day Are the curls that round them play. Now when next night she waking thought How nice to leave her lonely cot, And creep into her mamma's bed-Oh, shall I tell you what she said? What a little baby fib Trundled off her tongue so glib? But the truth it must be told-And baby's only two years old, And the night was dark and long-And she didn't know 'twas wrong-So this is what the darling said,

Lying in her little bed:

Though no voice of dog was heard, Though no sound the night air stirred, Came a whisper in the dark: "Mamma, she fink she hear dog bark."

Who could withstand the childish plea? I'm certain neither you nor me.

In mamma's bed, all in the dark, She creeps, "cos she fink she hear dog bark."

-Mrs. H. A. Brown, in the Christian at Work.

TRAINING THE BABIES.

This would be learning the little "honeysuckle" to prevaricate at an early age, by a wrong habit. People assume more in their treatment of the babies from this period on up through the spring time of their life than they should till they come of age, than they are willing to concede. In fact, they should be regarded during youth, to use a political illustration, as an organized territory is, that is to say, they are entitled to speak in their behalf for or against measures affecting their welfare, but not to vote nor otherwise to take part in actually deciding whether the measures shall or shall not be adopted. This very natural arrangement seems to disarrange their plans occasionally. In fact, they are liable to loose their "weather-gauge" every time, and just have to take whatever somebody else shall declare to be good for them. What makes their position harder is the fact that what is good for them, always must be a matter of the wildest conjecture. We so seldom know ourselves and forget that we were once in their situations and are oblivious to their infantile sensations.

It follows that the existing fund of so-called knowledge in regard to their management, is of an empirical character, and necessarily must be altogether untrustworthy; especially the first few years of the life of the new governing power. Hence we should be very patient and study their nature, wants and necessities. Basing your judgment on experience and the natural mental philosophy based on a good understanding of phrenology—more easily understood than you may suppose—which is a great promoter of charity, love and kindness, that the children are having the benefit of its influence in the more mild, kindly treatment in the public schools and many private cultured families.

Home life is where the children of school age will get their education, whether you think so or intend it so or not. They are there seven days in the week, learning the practical life ways, right or wrong. Remember the responsibility is on you, not all on the school teacher, who can only teach them rules and some facts, and

that is a small part compared with yours. Try and control them by kindness as the good teacher does.

THE CHILDREN.

When the tasks and the lessons are ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.
O, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
O, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine and joy on my face!

My heart grows as weak as a woman's
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin growing o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild;
For there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses—
His glory still beams in their eyes.
O, the truants from home and from Heaven!
They have made more manly and mild,
And I know now, how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would ask God to shield them from evil,
But the prayer would bound back on myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of learning,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
When I punish for breaking a rule,
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more.
Ah, how I shall miss all the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the good-nights, and the kisses,
The bursts of their innocent glee,
Their plays on the lawn, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their songs in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the noise of their pattering feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

-By Charles Dickens.

But some how or other these little boys get beyond the kissing and hugging period for a while, at least they pretend to; still I know it will be appreciated if others execute it. They begin to feel that it is time to turn themselves loose like so many little animals, especially at the table (if there is company). They will strike ont with their little hatchets to imitate George Washington, and if they have no hobby-horse to ride may imitate mischievous Lincoln by jumping astride the old cow and taking a rough ride. They will hie themselves away into every nook and corner, into the pig-sty, stable or barn, or along the banks of a brook where a dam can be constructed and a flutter-wheel put in, and most likely get into it themselves; then off to the grove, up into the trees, and if they cannot find plenty of nuts and berries to eat, their empty stomachs will draw them home just after the table is cleared off, "awful hungry," with their clothes in "terrible condition." Mamma says: "Now, you must stay at home!" If they cannot make up some excuse to get away, they will soon be in all kinds of mischief, from cellar to garret, of course hunting tools, paper, strings, etc., to make a kite, a sled, a wagon, a trap, a whirligig, or a gymnastic pole, keeping mamma in "hot water" for fear they will cut themselves or break their necks, yet it is the making of them-not by breaking their necks, understand me—but by means of the hilarity cultivating mechanical and scientific genius.

A BIRD STORY FOR BOYS.

"It's strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it out all as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just a moment
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven,
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not—but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked.
The moment you do a thing bad,
Are angry or sullen or hateful,
Get ugly or stupid or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of a closet
Where nobody sees but a mouse,
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be in the top of the house,
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter—wherever it happens,
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then—you can laugh at the stories,
The little birds tell!

-Wide Awake.

The little girls, bless their dimples, would be more healthy if they would share the sports of the boys in many things, and those that do are the happiest—if not the prettiest—and best. Dolls and play houses are well, as is knitting and sewing, but they become as monotonous to them, as the boys' games do to them. Liberty

and sunshine will give them all a happier future. Then they are in a condition to learn, and they will ask many questions ma and pa can't answer; and if well trained, with plenty of little papers to read that they can understand; but the reading matter should be of the best, for they soon begin to philosophize and will have grand ideals, as indicated by their queries, probably like

THE GOLDEN LADDER.

The children watched the sun go down,
And in its gleaming changes,
The west seemed first a sea of fire,
Then golden mountain ranges.

And Fannie asked, "What are the clouds?
They look like hills of glory,"
"The steps of Heaven," Frank replied,
"It is a sweet old story;

"A guardian angel, every day,
To each of us is given;
And every night they climb to Heaven,
Up o'er that Golden Ladder.

"And then the gates of pearl swing back
Upon their gleaming hinges,
And all the sky seems melted gold,
With red and purple fringes.

"But when the doors are closed again, The guardian angels gather In solemn silence, with their books, Around our Heavenly Father.

"And then I close my eyes and think How, in that sinless dwelling, Will sound the story of my life My angel must be telling.

"Some days, I know my angel takes
The record of my sinning;
But then I always try to make
The next a new beginning.

"So, when at night our Father calls, My angel may be gladder, And he the first to climb to Heaven, Up o'er the Golden Ladder."

-Marie R. Butler.

MAXIMS.

There is a great amount of poetic feeling in those spring time lives, but when they reach the age of puberty they need special care and training by the father and mother in that direction, as in dress and habits. Try and live and act so they will have confidence in you, making them feel that you are liberal and kind, then they will counsel with you freely as to where they shall go and what is best for them to do, or get in the way of clothes. Give them enough of your plans for them to understand your movements; it will get them to think and act more wisely and take an interest in your plans, and frequently they will make good suggestions. Go slow and sure, and "strike when the iron is hot." Commit to memory these

TRIPLET MAXIMS.

Three things to do—think, live and act.

Three things to govern—your temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to cherish—virtue, goodness and wisdom.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to contend for—honor, country and friends.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to teach—truth, industry and contentment.

Three things to admire—intellect, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to like—cordiality, goodness and cheerfulness.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a contented spirit.

Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends and good humor.

A WISE PERIOD.

The youth, from fifteen to eighteen years old, should have some able and experienced phrenologist to examine him thoroughly and indicate what the youth's make up will best qualify him for in the practical every day business of life, as his whole future success, if not happiness, may turn, as it were, on a pivot of circumstances at this particular period of life. And don't jump at the highest point that you might possibly succeed in, where there are ninetynine chances against you, but take that occupation where you would be strong and sure of reasonable success and a prospect for becoming more than ordinary. Farming, if you can get a reasonable start, is the surest, and is a good point, now-a-days, to start from to make a statesman or lecturer, as you may also from any mechanical pursuits. If you are not fit for either of them, or some solid business pursuit, then go in to the over run professions; you may eke out a poor living whether the people are benefited or not. Let the old stock die off and then circumstances will call you in that direction if you are the right person for the place. Keep well if you can, possibly; even prefer it to an education if you

can't have both. Education is important, but you can get it by degrees outside the school-room.

If you cannot get wood to saw or plowing to do, base ball or running a boat is good healthy exercise. To promote health take a tramp with hard beds and coarse healthy diet. Then eat well and sleep well, be as clean all through and all over as you are in the drawing room and then you will not only be able to do your day's work in this world like a man, but when the years bring their inevitable burden you will be able to say with Adam in the play:

"Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty, For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors to my lips; Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo The means of weakness and debility; Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty but kindly."

Dress is important, but let every young man or woman have moral courage to go into society if they are not in fashion, if neat.

"It is the mind that makes the man."

Never stoop so low as to make light of people because their clothes are not as good as yours. There is such a thing as

TURNING THE TABLES.

When Maine was a district of Massachusetts Ezekiel Whitman was chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. He owned a farm and did much work on his land, and when the time came for him to set out for Boston his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in this garb, but he did not care.

"I will get a nice suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home. As he entered the parlor of the house he found several ladies and gentlemen assembled, and he heard the following remark from one of them:

"Ah! here comes a countryman of the real homespun genius. Here's fun."

Whitman stared at the company and then sat down.

"Say, my friend are you from the country?" remarked one of the gentle-

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel with a ludicrous twist of the face.

"And what do you think of the city?" asked one of the ladies.

"It's a pooty thickly settled place anyhow. Its got a sweepin' sight of house'n it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should guess so."

- "Many people where you come from?"
- "Wall, some."
- "Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"
- "Ya-as, a fair sprinkling."
- "And I don't doubt you are quite a beau among them."
- "Yas, beau 'em home; tew meeting and from singing skewl."
- "Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"
- "Thank'ee. Don't keer if I do."
- The wine was brought.
- "You must drink a toast."
- "Oh, get eout! I eat toast; never heard of sich a thing as drunkin' it. But I can give you a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the

stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every blessing earth can afford, and may you grow better and wiser in advancing years, bearing in mind that outward appearances are deceitful. You mistook me from my dress as a country booby, while I from the same superficial cause thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just finished when Caleb Strong, Governor of the State, entered and inquired for Whitman.

"Ah, here I am, Governor. Glad to see you."

Then turning to the dumbfounded company he said:

"I wish you a very good evening."

Right wrongs no one. It is right for young folks to have all the pleasure they can but not at the expense of another's reputation. It indicates a weakness of intellect and culture; or their minds would be in a better channel. The tables are generally turned in such cases as the above, in time.

There are abundance of means to enjoy themselves, in this the last days of the spring time, when they like the fruit trees, lilacs, snowballs, and roses are in full bloom, gay and festive, with all of their aroma, but not quite ripe enough to marry or shed the bloom, which soon falls off, yet like the bee they love the nectar, and want to fulfill the Scripture in loving

MY NEIGHBOR.

"Love thou thy neighbor," we are told, "Even as thyself." That creed I hold; But love her more, a thousand fold.

My lovely neighbor; oft we meet In lonely lane, or crowded street; I know the music of her feet.

She little thinks how, on a day, She must have missed her usual way, And walked into my heart for aye, Or how the rustle of her dress Thrills through me like a soft caress, With trembles of deliciousness.

Wee woman, with her smiling mien, And soul celestially serene, She passes me, unconscious queen,

Her face most innocently good, Where slyly peeps the sweet red blood; Her form a nest of womanhood!

Like Raleigh—for her dainty tread, When ways are miry—I could spread My cloak, but there's my heart instead.

Ah, neighbor, you will never know Why 'tis my step is quickened so; Nor what the prayer I murmur low.

I see you 'mid your flowers at morn, Fresh as the rosebud newly born: I marvel, can you have a thorn?

If so 'twere sweet to lean one's breast Against it, and the more it pressed, Sing like the bird that grief hath blessed.

I hear you sing! And through me spring Doth musically ripple and ring; Little you think I'm listening!

You know not, dear, how dear you be; A'l dearer for the secrecy; Nothing, and yet a world to me.

So near, too! you could hear me sigh, Or see my case with half an eye; But must not. There are reasons why,

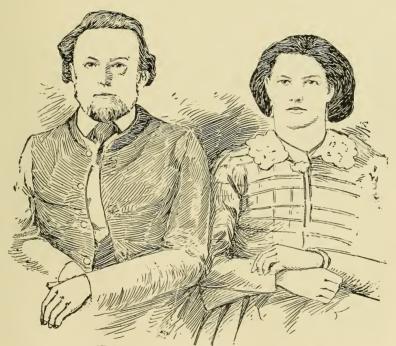
-Gerald Massey.

THE SUMMER REASON OF LIFE.

The fountains consolidate with the rivers,
And the rivers with ocean;
The winds of heaven consolidate forever
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by law that's higher
In one another's being mingle,
Why not you and I—er?

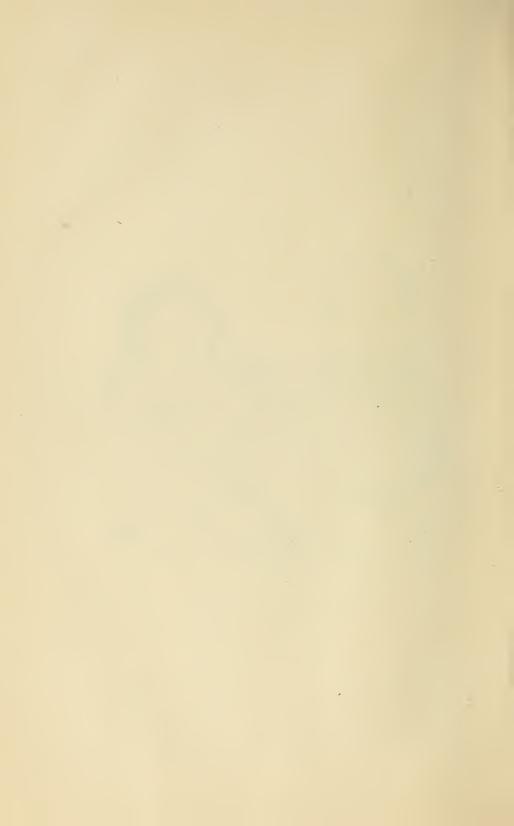
When the two blooming youths have budded richly into woman and manhood it is presumed they are from twenty to twentyfive years of age and have sowed their wild oats and some affection.

With long dresses, beard and "understanding," they should have had experience enough to have accumulated a nucleous of



[Enlarged from poor old Daguerreotype.]

WIFE AND I WHEN MARRIED.



property each, and good common sense judgment to never, either of them, allow their affections to concentrate on one that is unworthy of them in any way, in bad habits or bad health. If you expect peace and happiness, or good products, each determine on carrying out the principle of the "survival of the fittest." Let those that have bad health and habits "play out." They are the ones, if any, that should, would, and probably will be "barren and unfruitful." They certainly will be of pleasure, with an occasional exception. Besides, you should study the mental organization, from the standpoint of phrenology, and see that there is an agreeable harmony, especially if you would have

"TWO WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT,"

So far as the general purposes of life are concerned, with their fruits and culture in body and mind; but if you have got a mind do not marry a person without a mind, in order to carry out the thought, for there are many in fashionable society, of both sexes, that are not much above the ape.

With a good education, and some experience in a definite pursuit for life work, you should marry. I would advise the young lady to use her equally natural right to select, and to say so. It would be a Godsend to worthy timid young men; and both of you take the hint from the old Quaker, when he said, "Never marry for money, my lad, marry for love; but if thou finds a nice girl that has money, try to love her." I should leave out the "try" part, but if the love is genuine and all else is right, the money is not objectionable but a great convenience if it does not spoil you. Life means action, actoin means life. So if you love a true woman you may get a good wife.

And she may tell on you in the spirit of the following beautifully expressed lines which are thought to have been Horace Greeley's production, and are admired by thoughtful people who have had experience:

"WHAT MY LOVER SAID."

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh! I tried, but he would not let me,
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted each pink sweet head
To listen to all my lover said!
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over,
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover,
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me.

Had he moved aside but a little way
I could surely then have passed him,
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh! the whispering wind around us.

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and would have passed
As the night was come with its dews at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close, when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story.
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars crept out when the white moon led
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh! the moon and the stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell.
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover.
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

But after you have made as many failures to get to the point, as indicated above, and veered off, for fear that the grass or leaves may hear you, you must remember, "if you do not at first succeed

try and try again;" she will probably feel as Mary Cowden Clarke expresses it, when the declaration comes:

What makes my heart so wildly throb? I'm glad, not sorry—yet I sob:
What ails me that I cannot rest?
He told me what I partly guessed.

Why will the tears o'erflow my eyes? It must have been the glad surprise; Surprise to find I rightly guessed, Delight to hear he loved me best.

A sudden joy affects like grief;
But with joy's tumult comes relief
To feel all fears are set at rest,
As when he drew me to his breast.

When all this is true, and genuine feeling, in your case, you are not far from the kingdom. A crisis has struck you, a wedding is imminent; but don't go to any foolish expense or extravagance, as is very often the case, but save your means for necessary articles, so that you will not fall behind soon after the happy jubilee.

And do not be too formal about the ceremony, and let your responses be "yea, yea, and nay, nay," or you may be like an ignorant fellow, about to be married, who resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service, but by mistake he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when the clergyman asked him, in the church: "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone: "I renounce them all." The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool." To which he replied: "All this I steadfastly believe."

Now the great transaction is done and each feels they have got the all and in all, so they might say with Pope,

All are but parts of one stupendous whole.

Then if your "cage" is prepared, make all things ready promptly and get in it. If it is very cheap and common it is the right place to start from, and there is just where you should be to make home happy. Spend your "honey moon" there and it may last for life, if you have not got foolish ideas from novels and elsewhere that lead you astray in many ways.

If you travel, do that afterwards when it will do you good. But a happy home is no doubt your idea of heaven; make your home just as near your ideal of the future one as you can.

No difference how little a hovel it is where you stay, work will clean it, white wash is cheap, paint don't cost much, and remember cleanliness is closely related to Godliness and a man that is a man will keep things in repair about his premises and improve them what he is able, and when both are well disposed in this way, and wholesouled, free and frank to consult about any matter of importance, never deceiving each other in the least, not even in the time of day. I have no sympathy for a clock that will tell falsehoods, how could you in one that makes it, but while you possess two souls, try to get your tastes as well as tasters together and you may have a "feast of reason and flow of soul."

Then if you have prudence enough not to be like the butterfly or blue bird in this little item from St. Nicholas, you may get along in the world, but this is

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A bluebird met a butterfly
One lovely summer day,
And sweetly lisped, "I like your dress,
It's very bright and gay."
There wasn't any butterfly
When bluebird flew away.

One black cat met that sly bluebird
When going for a walk,
And mewed, "My charming singing friend,
Let's have a quiet talk."
There wasn't any bluebird
When puss resumed her walk.

IF AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER, CLIMB.

There is no need of you being as cadaverous as the black cat. If you want property work for it, produce it, raise it, get it honorably, not manage by flattery or setting forth something to be gained by some poor weak butterfly or bluebird, to get them in debt to you and then sell him out or mortgage him and finally sap him as pussy did. Take advantage of no man or his necessities, but at the same time take care of "No. 1" that you do not get eat up by the biggest fish, but by steady work you may go up in wealth, or in fame from small beginning as Lincoln, Grant or Garfield, that started at the foot of the ladder, as did Rev. Robert Collier who says:

"Remember this, too, that with health and strength to back you, life means hard work, and hard work on long lines with native ability and good conduct means success. I will venture to say that, as a rule we can trust, the young man who begins life with no advantage of position or patronage, and makes his way

to a good place. He gives his heart to what he has to do, not half the time but all the time, not grudgingly but gladly, and not merely for the sake of the salary, but because he loves to be at it and makes the work in good measure its own reward. It shall come to pass, if you take hold like this, that men will say you have a genius for what you take in hand. But you will know that one of the fine qualities in a genius for anything is an absorbing love for it, and the power of intense application by which every other power is set to its finest edge and directed to the one great purpose the man holds in his heart and brain. You may set this truth in whatever light you will, of business, or work on the common levels or work on the loftiest heights, to give your heart to it is one of the grandest secrets of success. It might seem to you that a great many men go from the bottom to the top of the ladder at one jump. It is not true. All the men that I know who have made a real success of their life are hard climbers. The other way is like the monkey top of the children. You go up swittly over the top and come down head first to begin again.

This story of mine is no use to you if you forget that from the day I left the little cottage to the day I came to New York my life divides itself into two sections of steady striking on long lines. Twenty-one years at the anvil and twenty-one years in the West, and in these there is no break except that I made to get from the Old world to the New. And now I see that these forty-two years all belong together, and in every year something was done for those that were still waiting. In some of the later years in the shop I could not but feel that I was the equal as a preacher of a good many men who did nothing else, and would wonder whether I should die as my father did at the anvil. But then we had a houseful of children, and my hammer was a capital weapon to keep the wolf from the door and keep things fair and true, so not one step would I go until light shone clear and I knew I was on a sure adventure."

Speak thou the truth, let others fence, And trim their words for pay; In pleasant sunshine of pretense Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop.
Though thou shouldst see thy heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind: Though safer seem
In shelter to abide,
We are not made to sit and dream,
The safe must first be tried.

Show thou the light. If conscience gleam, Set thou thy bushel down.

The smallest spark may send a beam

O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe unto him, on safety bent,
Who creeps from age to youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought thy speech.
What thou hast not by striving bought
Presume not thou to teach.

Then each wild gust the mist shall clear We now see darkly through, And justified at last appear The true, in him that's true.

The good wife will apply the above rules to herself in a general way, but they will probably, frequently, all through the summer season of life hold the high office of a mother. And if they are not prudent in their living and habits, they may get out of health; but they should not if well regulated. It is just as natural as life itself, and requires special care not to over do themselves, and be as cheerful and kind as they can and it will give the husband a double interest and care for them. But frequently the reverse is sadly true, with both of them. To have fretting, complaining, or scolding by either party is the worst evil in the land, even by those who profess to be exemplary outside the family. They have got sugar-coated words for the neighbor while there that calls, but a "scowl" when they have gone out. The results do not only affect their happiness but that of their offspring.

God pity the man or woman that has such a companion. How different where both are courageous in trying circumstances. How their ardent love of youth will burst forth, strong and abiding, and a feeling akin to that expressed in the following lines by Robert Herick, but seldom expressed in words at all.

Dear, be not proud of those two eyes, Which, star-like, sparkle in their skys; Nor be you proud that you can see All hearts your captives, yours yet free; Be you not proud of that rich haire, Which wantons with the love-sick aire; When as that ruby which you weare, Sunk from the tip of your soft eare, Will last to be a precious stone, When all your world of beauty's gone.

"Women are naturally good economists. They are apt at understanding how to make limited means go as far as possible. The man and wife are united in the desire to get rich, the man is likely to think more about earning money; the wife will attach more importance to saving it.

Almost every American earns money enough to be well off, and in time to be rich. If he does not become so, it is, in many cases, because he has no wife, or because he does not take her into his counsels. He is full of enter-

prise and makes an income, and if he does not prosper, it is often because he does not hold on to it. His wife, very likely, has the faculty of conversation which he lacks; and if he has the shrewdness to enlist her in his plans, he may find his fortune made.

In continential Europe, book-keeping is a part of the education of well-taught farmers' daughters, and the wife presides over the finances of the establishment. With us, woman's aptitude in the promotion of material prosperity is too little thought of; and a woman, who, as a girl, was untaught in respect to judicious economy, makes an expensive wife. Her husband, perhaps, keeps her in ignorance of his finances, purposely. If he is prosperous, she becomes accustomed to plenty of money, and ill-prepared for reverses. If he is not prosperous, she has to bear the pinching of poverty without knowing how to help him avoid the pressure.

Marriage would be easier and happier, if young women were taught the principles of account-keeping, and systematic habits in respect to finances; and if the young husband would take his wife into his confidence, and make the income and outgo, and the accumulation of the first few thousand of dollars, a matter of common interest. An American girl of average intelligence and good sense can make the fortune of a man whose love she enjoys, and who will give her for the purpose a full share in the responsible control of the income of the household. She will not generally be able to enter into his business plans, but if she knows his wages, salary or current profits, and his personal expenses, and can thus foresee what the household has to rely on, she will characteristically be ready "to cut the coat according to the cloth," and will usually be more scrupulous than he, to lay aside something every season as the beginning of their fortune.

MAKING HOME PLEASANT.

There are several good lessons to be learned from Arthur's Home Magazine on that score; one is as follows: "O, ma'am, won't you come round to our house quick," said a dirty faced child about ten years old. Her head was frizzley, looking as though it had not seen a comb for a week, and her soiled clothes were tattered and unsightly. "What is the matter," I asked. "The baby's got a fit and mother says please won't you come round, she don't know what to do." I knew the child and her mother; she lived in a court not far off, so I drew on a shawl and hood and ran around to see what could be done for the sick baby. The poor little thing lay in its frightened mother's arms struggling with spasms.

"O mamma," cried the woman, "he'll die. He'll die."

"Of course he will," said I, a little impudently, "if you sit there doing nothing."

"But O mamma, what can I do?" she asked helplessly.

"Why get him into a warm bath as quickly as possible," said I. "Every woman who has a baby ought to know enough to do that.

Have you any hot water?" "O dear no; the fire has all gone out," she answered, beginning to wring her hands in the way peculiar to some people, when any sudden trouble comes on them.

I hastily went into a neighbor's and found a kettle of water on the fire. It was cheerfully given, and the neighbor went back with me and assisted to get the poor baby into a hot bath, which soon relieved and soothed its convulsed frame.

Here is a description of the room in which I found the woman and her three children. Dirt and disorder were everywhere. The supper table was in the middle of the room, covered with unwashed dishes and what remained of the evening meal. The floor was partly covered by a filthy rag carpet, with rents here and there and ragged fringes at the unboundends. A woman's soiled dress hung over one of the chairs, the sleeves resting on the floor; a dishcloth, a pair of dirt-colored baby socks, a comfortable for the neck, which looked as though it had been dragged in the gutter, two old hats and a hood, ornamented the wall on one side, while strewn about on the floor and on the shelves were a motley collection of the most incongruous and unsightly things. A more disorderly and filthy room for a human habitation can hardly be imagined.

- "Where is your husband?" I asked, after the baby's spasm was over.
- "He never stays in o' nights," she answered, in a whimpering tone, and with an injured look.
 - "Where does he go?" I asked.
 - "To the tavern," she said, with a pulse of anger in her voice.
- "Where he finds things clean, orderly and comfortable," I remarked, glancing around the room, and then looking steadily at the woman, said, "I'm not much surprised; indeed, I would be more surprised to hear that he spent his evenings in a place like this!"
- "It's good enough for his wife and children," said she, rather spitefully, "and it ought to be good enough for him; why don't he save his money and get us a better home?"
- "Rather poor encouragement," I answered, again glancing around the room. The woman's eyes followed mine, and beginning to comprehend my meaning, her face reddened, and she seemed disconcerted, saying "Not much chance with a sick baby and all the work to do, to keep things right;" she spoke in a half apologetic, half-injured tone of voice.
- "There's no excuse for dirt and disorder, Mrs. Reap," said I, "if you gave only ten minutes a day to putting things right, there

would be some hope of your husband's staying away from the tavern and bad company; as it is, there's none, whatever. No man can spend his evenings in a hole like this."

My disgust was strong and I was in no mood to conceal it, being out of all patience with the woman who was strong and hearty. I had seen her husband a few times and rather liked his looks, and was satisfied that his wife was more than half to blame for his visits to the tavern.

Mrs. Reap took the sick baby, now sleeping softly and laid it on a bed in the next room. Then she went bustling about in a half angry way, first pushing back the supper table and carrying the dishes off into a little outer kitchen; then clearing the chairs and walls from dirty garments and odds and ends of unsightly things, putting the scant furniture, and other articles on the floor and shelves in some kind of order.

"Very much better," said I approvingly and in a gentler tone of voice, and it hasn't cost you ten minutes' work. A good half hour to-morrow morning with elbow grease and soap and water, would make such a change in this room that one would hardly know it, and what is more and better put heart into your husband, and may be if everything was made tidy and comfortable, keep him home from the tavern to-morrow evening."

A light flashed into the woman's face, it was a new thought to her, "May be you're right ma'am," she answered, "I never looked at it so before. Dick does scold about things badly, and swears awfully sometimes, particularly when he has taken a glass or two, but I've so little heart you see."

"If a wife don't do her best to make home pleasant Mrs. Reap," I said, "she can't expect her husband to stay in it any longer than he can help; she should remember that there are saloons at almost every corner and in every block, nicely fitted up, cool and inviting, where he can find the comfort she has failed to provide for him at home; and where he meets temptation in its most alluring guise. It is my opinion that one-half of the married men, who spend their evenings in drinking houses, would never have fallen into the habit of going there if their homes had been made as inviting as in the power of their wives."

"Maybe you're right ma'am," Mrs. Reap answered almost humbly and with self conviction in her tone, "I never thought of it before. Dick used to stay at home always when we were first married, and things about us looked new and nice; and now I think of it he first began to go out of evenings after Katy was born,

and I began to let things drag and get out of sorts. Since then we kind of run down all the while, and he spent more and more of his time and wages at the drinking saloons, until I got so out of heart I did not care much how we lived. But, please God, I'll try and do better from this night."

"Stick to that, Mrs Reap, and only good can come of it," I replied; "your husband has not gone far astray I hope, seeing a

change at home for the better he may take heart again."

On the next evening I went around on the pretense of asking about the sick baby, but really to see if Mrs. Reap had made an effort to carry out her good resolution. The door was opened in answer to my knock by Mr. Reap himself. I scarcely knew the room I entered as the one I had visited the night before. It had been thorougly cleaned—even the rag carpet had been taken up and beaten and the frayed ends trimmed and bound. All rubbish and unsightly things had been removed, and to my surprise I noticed a half muslin curtain, clean and white, stretched across the window. The supper table had been cleaned off, and there stood on it a nice glass lamp, beside which lay a newspaper that Mr. Reap had been reading when I knocked.

"How is the little one to-night," I asked. Mrs. Reap was sitting with her baby on her lap, dressed in a clean, though faded calico wrapper, and with her hair smoothly brushed. I would hardly have known her for the repulsive looking woman I had visited on the evening before. "Better ma'am," she answered, "indeed he is most as well as ever. My husband, ma'am," introducing Mr. Reap, who bowed with an ease of manner that marked him as one possessing a native refinement.

"You are quite comfortable here," I said, glancing about the

room with a pleased air that was no counterfeit.

"Yes, it is cozy and comfortable for a poor man," Reap answered with genuine satisfaction in his voice.

I threw a look at his wife, who returned it with one of pleasing intelligence.

"Will it last?" That was my concerned question on going home. "It shall last," was my emphatic answer, "If help from me will

do anything."

And so I made it my duty to drop in upon Mrs. Reap every day or so. I soon saw that she needed just this. The fact that my eyes were upon her gave the outside pressure that kept her to her good resolutions when the tired limbs failed, or her weary mind drooped for lack of energy. Habit is always hard to overcome, and her long neglected habits made the new orderly life she was in the effort to live seem very wearisome at times. But I kept to my work and with the happiest results.

It is not much over a year now, and Mr. Reap and his wife are living in a snug little cottage just out of the city, with everything neat and wholesome around them. The children go cleanly dressed to school, and the husband and father finds home so pleasant that he has turned his back entirely on the saloons.

What a grand lesson the above is to everyone with a good heart in them, and it should be taken home by all. If you are careless and have bad habits, correct them; if you have good, correct habits go and do missionary work among your neighbors, as the above lady did. If it takes courage, break the ice at once and keep on at it, and you will do good, yet have pleasure and honor to follow you. There is too much of the little puppy like apologies about things that should be done that makes people that call feel they are not quite welcome, no difference what the honeying words may be. The sensible caller feels a contempt, yet smooths things over a little and does not often call again.

When the caller is gone they and the family get a shaking up and the gossip is all fixed up for the next person seen. The wrinkles in their faces shows the deception and weakness of such apologizing persons, yet there is nothing more noble than a true, heart-felt apology where there is one due, and a common sense reason can be given for it. Please dispense with the sickly ones, and let the principle rough work be done in the morning. There is as much in the management as in the work. Be good generals in that line, ladies and gentlemen, and then with courage to do your whole duty, under all circumstances, you will use economy at all points, in neat repairing of a good article. Never have anything shoddy about you, in materials or character. Remember also, there is as much difference in reputation and character as there is between bad and good, and some misunderstanding, or some vile person, may injure your reputation for the time, but if vou have a character

HOLD UP YOUR HEAD LIKE A MAN.

If the stormy winds should rustle
While you tread the world's highway
Still against them bravely tussle,
Hope and labor day by day.

Falter not, no matter whether
There is sunshine, storm or calm,
And in every kind of weather,
Hold your head up like a man.

If a brother should deceive you,
And should act a traitor's part,
Never let his treason grieve you,
Jog along with lightsome heart!
Fortune seldoms follows fawning,
Boldness is the only plan,
Hoping for a better dawning,
Hold your head up like a man.

Earth, though e'er so rich and mellow,
Yields not for the worthless drone,
But the bold and honest fellow,
He can shift and stand alone;
Spurn the knave of every nation,
Always do the best you can,
And no matter what your station,
Hold your head up like a man.

HAVE YOU PROSPERED OR FAILED.

Now as the summer is almost ended, wherther you are saved or not, we will look back a moment and take it for granted that you started with nearly nothing—and you may have held your own well as many others have done or you may have "buried your talent," and now found wanting, by bad habits, bad management, or injury from the fortunes of war or otherwise, that may or may not be remedied yet in the fall time of life. But it is supposable that in the contact with the world, flesh and devil, you soon knocked off the bloom, and the real pretty bud made its appearance, and soon the young green fruits of your marriage and farm or otherwise made their appearance, both making home happy. These good fruits coming on annually or biennially so on, if you don't miss a crop, you should have in the course of this twenty-five years or less, quite a large family, and property in due proportion, and experience and strength of body and mind, gained by work and study, and contending with the many head winds on the sea of life that fits you for the fall work of life.

BUT REMEMBER FATHERS,

"If you wish to train up your child in the way, he should go, just skirmish ahead on that line yourself," said wise Josh Billings, and if he was not addressing fathers or thinking of boys, he ought to have been. The writer was present once at a social religious meeting, when a very large man with a very large nose, and

no doubt a very large heart, also, arose and used his space of time to tell what a good mother he had, and how her influence had guided him, and finished with an exortation to all mothers to make good men of their boys.

The divines followed in a similar strain and ended with the same exhortation, and all the brethren settled themselves more comfortably into their seats, and all the sisters bowed their heads with meek faces as if sweetly taking up the heavy burden thus flatteringly laid upon their frail shoulders. No, not all; for one sat bolt upright, too indignant for speech, to see those great broad-shouldered men thus calmly shirking the greatest responsibility God ever called them to bear.

Because some mothers blessed with mighty faith and powerful will, have borne their sons triumphantly over the quicksands of youthful temptations and planted their feet firmly on the pleasant upland of righteous manhood, shall it be demanded of every frail woman to whom God has given a son, that she do the same? No; with equal justice it might be demanded of every woman that she write books like Mrs. Stowe, entrance large audiences like Miss Willard and Anna Dickinson, or be a brilliant newspaper correspondent like Mary Clemmer.

What weight has a mother's word when weighed against a father's example? The mother says: "My son do not smoke; it is bad for your health, bad for the purse, bad for the morals, and the pleasure it affords is triffling compared to the evil it works."

"What does mother know about smoking?" reasons the boy; "she never smokes; father smokes, and I'm going to, too."

"Don't spend your evenings about the bar-room and village store," pleads the troubled mother; "the conversation there is not such as I wish you to listen to."

"What does mother know about bar-room talk?" questions the boy; she is at home rocking the baby or darning stockings; father is there, and I'm going."

One out-spoken ten year old boy said: "I like my mother well enough; but I think father is a great deal smarter;" and he expressed the feeling of the average boy when he enters his teens. Now, which parent is likely to have most influence in forming the character of that son?

"I'll take what father takes," said the boy at the hotel dinner table, and boys are taking what their fathers take all the world over.

A father and son were clambering up the rough, steep sides of a mountain, when the father paused to decide which of many paths to take; the boy said: "Be sure to choose a good path, father, for I am coming right behind you."

Fathers upon the hillside of life, be sure you choose a "good path," for your sons are just behind, and almost certain to follow in your footsteps. If the bewitching voice or pleasure entices you into by-paths of self-indulgence and sin, remember that where you trip he will stumble, and the same foul mire that soils your raiment will engulf him. But if you choose to walk the pleasant highways of temperance, virtue and Christian manliness, he shall keep even step with you, and at last dwell in peace at your side.

"The just man walketh in his integrity; his children are blessed after him."

And now allow me to hope you have trained your many children up as directed in the spring time lesson here given. Then with Ruth Revere you should remember.

> The children are growing up—ere long You'll miss the notes of their merry song As they cluster in glee about you;

Ah, never from them unheeding turn,
For the saddest lesson young hearts can learn
Is that of living without you.
The children are growing up.

The children are growing up—then see
That the morning hour all sunshine be
While the dew still freshens the blossom;
Else the day will come when the years have flown,
You'll long for the little ones, once your own,
To press to your lonely bosom.
The children are growing up.

The children are growing up—oh, now,
You may bind them with silken cord, I trow,
Neither time nor distance can sever;
Then the men and women who go and come
Across the threshold of the childhood's home,
Will be "Ma's" and "Pa's" children forever.
The children are growing up.

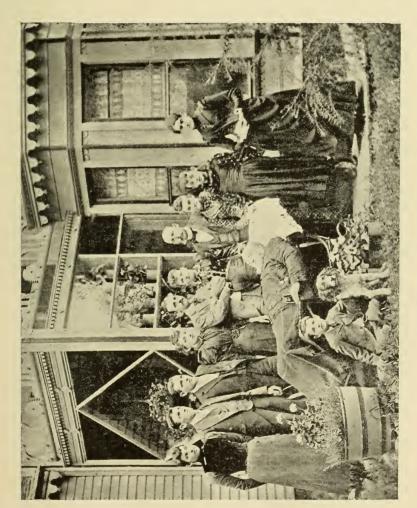
"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," is an adage which comes to the minds of many who possess a tinge of superstition. After the cold, dreary days of the week, Wednesday morning, October 7, 1891, dawned bright and clear to witness the marriage ceremony of Miss Stella C. Richards and Mr. Harry J. Bryson, which was solemnized at the beautiful home of A. W. Richards, on Howard street, at 8:30 A. M., on the above date.

The event was announced a few days ago, but only the relatives of the contracting parties were present. The bride, dressed in a princess frock of pearl grey albatross, with feather trimmings, and slippers and gloves to match, and the groom, in the regulation Prince Albert of dark goods, advanced to the altar in the south parlor, to the music of the Wedding March—Marche Aux Flambeaux—rendered by Miss Jessie Bryson, sister of the groom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Madison A. Richards, D. D., the bride's uncle, of Hamilton, Ohio, in a solemn and impressive manner, after which the newly wedded pair received the congratulations of their friends.

The home was beautifully decorated with choice flowers. Fruits of various kinds and in abundance were served as refreshments, and the event was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The bride is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Richards, was born and raised in Indianola and is a young lady of rare grace and accomplishments.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bryson, was likewise brought up in Indianola, and is a young man worthy the hand of such a bride. Being so well known, this pair have innumerable friends who wish them every success and all happiness in life. They will immediately go to housekeeping at a home already provided in the southeast part of the city. The Herald joins with all the friends in wishing these young people a happy journey through life.



OUR MODEL SIZED FAMILY.



THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself.—Gibson.

The honorable gray hairs are now supposed to be making their appearance, as the result of the frosts of many winters, and the preparations necessary therefor, each year being a step in that golden ladder, of which you have reached the center round.

When you started, forty or fifty years ago, you were but a little twig, every little breeze disturbed you, but, like the little sprout from the acorn, you grew with every shake of the wind, giving you better understanding and top sail; thus going on from year to year, learning from others and possibly by sad, rough, hard experience. The gentle breezes of life are occasionally disturbed by hard winds, storms and hurricanes; but, like the oak, the true, brave, noble spirit becomes stronger and still stronger, all along the inclined plane of life.

If you have cultivated the natural spark that was your inheritance, all along up through the spring and summer seasons of life, as a true woman or man, you should be as the sturdy oak, with its leaves, branches and fruits; with a strong body still growing and becoming stronger, so as to be of greater use, and give nourishment to that God like crown that you are favored with, above the oak, and all else terrestial,

All do not attain to such conditions, but the young should strive for it. For such are the persons we should look to for counsel and direction, while young and inexperienced in the duties, cares and responsibilities falling to our share of life.

Such persons if successful, financially, will, during this period, be enlarging prudently their barns, store houses, and already comfortable cottages, to meet the requirements of increasing wealth. He wants a little cottage or farm or business for each branch of the family tree, so they may have an easier beginning than their parents had. I have learned, as Josh Billings puts it, that "the best way to train up a child in the way he should go is to travel that road occasionally yourself." Parents should set a good example for their children, and encourage and assist them in starting into business and become self-supporting, and in return the children should show gratitude, which cannot be accomplished in a more satisfactory manner than by trying to outstrip the father and mother in all their good qualities, then parents and children are alike happy. How would you and they feel if you were to take an

opposite course and go slowly downward by degrees, hardly perceptible, until irretrievably lost in digrace and dishonor?

Young reader, take warning in time and climb the golden ladder higher.

Every parent will learn, if they have not anticipated it, that this is the period that will make the greatest demands on their resources, mentally and financially. The young hopefuls, with education completed, have lofty ideas, generally prompted by a desire to go here and there and "see something of the world"—a desire which should be gratified within reasonable bounds, taking into consideration the amount of available means at command. Then follow weddings, and if there is love and intelligence there will be no need of great display, but simply a common sense recognition of the gravity of the event.

"Love is like the melody
That's sweetly placed in tune," and,
"The mind the music breathing from the face,
Parents often feel.
O, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her pace,
You'd drop a tear."

It's frequently very hard for parents to give up those bright stars that give "A feast of reason and a flow of soul."

But where the prospects of son or daughter are good for their happiness and future good, that is a palliative. But this is not all one sided, where home is a model of goodness and happiness it will still be felt to be home by the children, and they will say in their heart of hearts. "Do they miss me at home?" Echo answers back, "Yes, dear one."

Then when all are doing right what a pleasure to visit son or daughter and companions, or to have them visit home. "The old, old home, and tell the story of their love.

What, though no grants of royal dowers.
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

TIME AND ORDER.

Such parents as described are of that noble, virtuous, intelligent kind that have some system about their life work. First these days they will cultivate cleanliness, purity of person and habits, avoiding the narcotics and stimulants that do not promote health





M. A. RICHARDS, D. D. Brother and Sister.



or usefulness, and be ready, by example, to advise others to do so, and farther to advise younger people to divide their time, daily, about as follows: Eight hours of diligent labor, the same for reading, meditation, recreation and refreshments, and eight hours refreshing sleep, regularly, from nine o'clock to five o'clock, or an hour earlier to bed, will frequently better it. Late hours are not to be recommended by any intelligent person, and system is absolutely necessary to the best success for a natural life time. Remember that order is one of the highest natural laws. Hence the confidence we have in the return of day and night, summer and winter. So we feel in regard to men that have reached this period of life, when every step of the way up the ladder has been firm, straightforward and upright.

They may have held many minor offices during these years.

But this is the period and kind of men to select for the offices, from justices, administrators, treasurers, county, state and national officers, and there are thousands of them untried in any position of trust, that would fill these positions of state and nation as honorably and successfully as those that have received the greatest honors.

It is expected of every one who would aim to fill this bill in any sense that he should be a regular, systematic reader, a student from his school days on up through life. That his library be in proportion to his resources, if not superior to that point. That his family be well supplied with the best attainable literature, these are not the kind of men that fail to even take their own county paper from every number of which you may learn something of use to you if it is drawn by inference. And my observation is that our western county papers are equal to the best of eastern papers of that grade. Besides they are our mouth pieces that should be supported, if good, heartily, regardless of politics.

If capitalists cannot see that it would pay to build railroads themselves, it would pay every public spirited man to aid them by tax or otherwise. Just as it will factories, colleges, and public enterprises generally. But here still the duty and privilege to faithfully remember the poor and needy, saint and sinner, first, last, and all the time. It will give the good man pleasure and the goodly poor and others will say

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor,

That was his deed;
He did it well.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blest "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up,
When more he got, he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead
In each good task—
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white and silken in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves a pall
For flower and weed
Dropping below.
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old;
And hope-inspiring words he said
To him he sheltered from the cold.
For man must feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;
In faith his words were never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With any one who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he.
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and worked
Ever along with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief!
Adopt his creed
And give relief.

Men with such warm hearts are not the kind that settle down in the time-worn ruts in their politics, studies, or religion, for as time moves on the scales fall from their eyes, by investigation, into the science and philosophy of each of these subjects, as well as other things. The churches have dared even to revise the Bible, and ten years spent on it shows they, while striking out many passages, have greatly improved many parts of the new testament, as other councils have done before. Now the churches, generally, are improving their creeds.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

The first thing the infant does after blowing the trumpet to inform the world that he has arrived, is to seek for the nourishment necessary to sustain life. We all very naturally continue the search even down to old age, and as we do not all get the necessary substance directly from mother earth, we have settled down on to a more convenient commodity in the articles of gold and silver, etc., to represent values and thus transact business, to get the nourishment more conveniently, than it was in the days when coon skins and tobacco, etc., etc., were a legal tender. Values of all articles of commodity are affected by supply and demand, so that many articles vacillate so much that they will not be safe to rely on as a standard.

But after so many centuries, silver and gold have been settled down as the least vacillating and most convenient article to use in transacting any business necessary among men. Their intrinsic value are approximated by the greatest average amount of labor necessary to get them into use. The value of labor is varied by circumstances, also to reach what would be equitable. Then the total average being reached it is taken as the standard value of labor. Thus getting at the approximate value of silver and gold, and it is just now being arranged for by several Nations, to have a meeting to settle their value between the great powers. Many prefer for convenience a script, or certificate on paper, based on gold and silver, deposited in some place considered safe, that is being used. We still have the legal tender "green back" notes used as a war necessity during the rebellion, amounting to \$346,000,000, based on the faith of the liability of the government to pay said bills whenever the people wish or present them. The resumption of specie payment having been carried out in 1880, these with a larger amount of national bank notes now in circulation, are all now as good as gold and silver, 1892. The latter is based on a deposit of ninety per cent of government bonds, by the bank issuing the notes. There being abundance of gold and silver at this time, with good crops, the nations are prosperous.

There's been a clamor by a small party recently for the issue of a large amount of the legal tender notes, some going so far as to advocate the propriety of making them take the place of our bonds to the extent of our national debt. All such should read the history of the three greatest inflation periods.

First, that known as the John Law inflation in France. During the regency of the Duke of Orleans the people had gone too fast and got in debt, hard times called for a remedy. Under the advice of Law paper currency was issued from time to time, till it amounted to 1,225,000,000 livres, and the people prospered for a short period then were worse than before, their currency becoming worthless.

Second, our own country was the scene of the next experiment. In 1775 our continental congress commenced issuing bills, pledging the faith of the States that it should be paid in 1792; they kept on issuing bills from time to time making stringent laws to compel people to take them, till the people lost about \$200,000,000. In 1781 the people suffered untold misery. At this time the government issued more bills paying one dollar of these for forty dollars of former issue, and after the legal tender laws of the states were repealed, one dollar in gold would buy five hundred of the old issue.

Third again in France in 1789 they became deeply involved in debt and had a scarcity of revenue.

The idea of paper currency was broched as an easy escape from the difficulty, and captivated the rabble. The former John Law experience was cited, but the people had become excited, and resolved to "gang their ain gait." In 1790 the issue was begun. It gave relief at first, but the more there was issued the worse was the distrust, even the compulsory laws failed, and they found law was not omnipotent. More and more being issued from time to time, it reached the enormous sum of their national debt, 47,500,000,000 franc. This out principally among the peasantry by 1796 and worth nothing, the last and best issue only worth five cents on the dollar.

All of these proved worse than a bankrupt law, they ended in virtual repudiation, and terrible distress among the people. Since that, all has been governed by specie bosses.

THE UNITED STATES BEATS THE WORLD.

During the late war our necessities were so great that paper currency called "green backs" were issued, and other scrip till at the

close of the war our gold dollar would buy two dollars and forty cents of the paper, norwithstanding our government had pledged herself not to issue to exceed four hundred millions of that kind of paper, but the government soon proceeded to pay off part of them, and they gradually came back to a specie basis, and the credit of the government is equal if not superior to the best in the world.

THE CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

Responding to numerous inquiries, Secretary of the Treasury Foster has issued a statement showing the amounts of various kinds of money in circulation in the United States during the past thirty years. The amount in circulation at the dates specified and the per capita circulation is shown in the subjoined table:

| YEAR. | Amount in circulation. | Amount per capita. |
|--|--|---|
| 1860 | 435,407,252 448,405,767 348,697,744 595,394,038 669,641,478 714,702,954 661,942,669 689,163,661 664,452,891 675,212,794 761,881,809 776,983,031 774,101,947 727,609,388 722,314,883 729,132,634 818,631,793 973,382,228 1114,238,119 | V \$ 13.35 13.98 10.23 17.84 19.67 20.57 18.99 17.50 18.10 18.10 18.13 17.16 16.12 15.58 18.39 17.69 18.13 17.16 18.13 18.13 17.16 18.13 18.14 18.15 18.1 |
| 1882 1883 1884 1885 1886 1887 1888 1889 | 1,171,290,419 1,230,305,696 1,243,925,969 1,292,563,615 1,252,700,525 1,317,539,143 1,372,170,870 1,380,361,649 1,429,251,270 1,500,067,555 | 22.37 22.91 22.65 23.02 21.82 22.45 22.88 22.52 22.82 23.45 |

These figures show conclusively that any present complaint about scarcity of money is due to something besides insufficiency of the circulating medium. A person who has anything to sell that people want—goods, labor, and so on—is rarely troubled about scarcity of money.

These things are given as facts in history, and not in the interest of the party, for all parties are liable to become "inflated and burst," and any one of them, as one of our congressmen has it in the following lines, may get in an awful fix.

Alas! we are unfortunate!

Upon our palpitating brow

To wear the cruel ban of Fate,
And we will put on mourning now.

What howling idiots we've been,
A cutting up fantastic tricks!

'Tis plain enough what we are in—
We're in a fix! We're in a fix!

We're in an awful fix!

We capture Congress in a day;
Again we call the country ours;
Alas! we find the Bourbon way
Beset by diabolic powers;
For as we near the victor's goal,
We hear the murmur of the Styx;
To death we're rushing, like Parole!
We're in a fix! We're in a fix!
We're in an awful fix!

To the militia, wheeling there,
The army is subordinate;
And so we merely just declare
The Nation subject to the State.
For simply that, and that alone,
The President a quarrel picks,
And with his Veto knocks us down—
We're in a fix! We're in a fix!
We're in an awful fix!

The Fed'ral troops excite our fears,
Their very presence makes a muss;
For pretty nearly twenty years
You've let 'em keep annoying us.
Now s'posin soldiers are around,
And s'pose they spoil our little tricks,
O, where can freedom then be found?
We're in a fix! We're in a fix!
We're in an awful fix!

We've wasted months of precious time,
We've squandered millions left and right,
And hoarded truth and sheltered crime
To help our party in the fight,
In vain our agonies have been,
For all the net results is "nix;"
'Tis plain enough what we are in—
We're in a fix! We're in a fix!
We're in an AW-FUL fix!



JOHN H. CRAIG,
725 pounds at 36 years of age.

PHRENOLOGY-VITAL TEMPERAMENT IN EXCESS.

Mr. Craig is better known as John H. Powers, the Kentucky giant; being born in Franklin county. He was six feet, four inches when I saw him. He grew heavier before his death a few years ago. He had married the second time. He had a powerful will force backed by his great vitality.

Phrenology is one of the most important and useful studies that I ever found. It is a system of mental philosophy, founded on the physiology of the brain. It treats of mind as we know it in this mortal life, associated with matter and acting through material instruments. In its practical application, phrenology becomes an art and consists in judging from the head itself and from the body in connection with the head, what are the natural tendencies and capabilities of the individual.

Twenty years' observation in a quiet home practice of this science has fully demonstrated the rich truths in it to my satisfaction. While no one claims perfection for it, it will come as near as those things they do. It is a study that any ordinarily bright person can soon get a good general idea of, but it is deep, wide, and far

reaching enough to thoroughly test the best minds of a nation. Pope says, "The proper soudy of mankind is man."

In reading history you may soon discover the standpoint of the writer. Every apostle has no doubt manifested his make up. See the St. Paul with his vigorous self will. See James with his loving, charitable spirit. See John, the revelator, with his romantic idealism. The author of Pilgrim's Progress, another of the latter. There are plenty of men that would deny this from their teeth out, that practice this very thought, even in the pulpit, and use illustrations frequently, based on the principles of phrenology, without giving it credit; but the best men use and give credit to it.

I have found a few so blind they would not see. I knew one man well versed in it who denied his faith, Peter like, to truckle to a superior, but he had a peculiar weakness, yet used it in many ways. It is growing strong in the west, especially its natural offshoot, physiognomy, by which men read each other's faces, readily—a necessity for success in any public business.

Physiology of man is so various as to make it always interesting. Quality is an important factor at all times to get at the real value of the bodily or mental conditions, the same as it is in everything in nature. "Size, other things being equal, is the measure of power." This being true, then from the relative size, quality and conditions of the physiological make up of the person, we divide the subject into three classes, called temperaments.

First. The Motive temperament. Persons in whom the bone and muscle predominate, the bones are generally long and prominent about the joints. They are frequently tough, hardy people, and can stand hard labor very well; if inactive, they generally become bilious, and feel "Oh, so bad and discouraged," and if not possessed with an excellent organization of mind, are likely to make it very unpleasant for others, or they may become imitators of General Jackson.

Second. The Vital temperament. Persons having large chest, giving the vital organs an abundance of room to act, digest well, and frequently have an over supply of flesh, which often proves to be a burden to them; if the mind is not well supplied with literary food, they may and frequently do become slothful, but in cases where sufficient action is kept up to keep all the tissues in normal condition, they may endure a great deal of labor, if not extremely hard labor. They "laugh and grow fat," and afford excellent characters for judges and senators.

Third. The Mental temperaments are those with a relatively large nerve force, active, bright, with large top head, tapering down, as does also the body, more smoothly and regularly. If in a diseased condition from the use of tea, coffee, tobacco or other stimulants, they are spoken of as nervous; but when in a healthy condition are capable of becoming the finest mechanics, artists, scholars and thinkers. When we find a person with these qualities all well combined we call them well balanced.

But there is a vast variety of these combinations and qualities; so that it becomes a desirable study to those who want to think and grow better. Fowler & Wells, at No. 753 Broadway, New York, publish everything pertaining to the subject, and a variety of other subjects, at low rates; send for a catalogue. The subject is of too much importance for me to do it justice in my space, if I could.

A HEAVENLY GOSSIP.

(By an old friend.) "By Jupiter."

Ever since the morning stars sang together, Mr. Jupiter has been coquetting among his neighbors. One fine evening last November, he spied Miss Venus taking her usual walk, and as she appeared very lovely, he exerted his power to entice her away from her father. But the old gentleman told her to stay within certain bounds. So Mr. Jupiter, taking advantage of the long dark nights, made rapid strides toward this celestial beauty. Observing this, Mr. Mercury stepped upon the rostrum and, with great eloquence, admonished Miss Venus to stay near him in the light. But the wayward miss, thinking only of Mr. Jupiter's splendor and her own beauty, seemed inclined to wander to the outer most limits of her prescribed path, in the direction of this splendid gallant. Mr. Saturn, observing the signs of the times, and guessing Mr. Jupiter's intention, put himself in motion, as he said, to look after these love-sick children. Miss Luna, the ancient maiden lady, having never been pierced with Cupid's shaft, says as she flits past, "I never saw such a love-sick set! You'll get up a first class heavenly scandal! so you will! You should remember that you do not live in Chicago! nor Brooklyn, but where the eyes of all the worlds are upon you! Nest hiding won't pay, nor save you here! And you know as well as I do that people will talk!" Mr. Mars. knowing full well that intense hatred and wars are likely to follow complicated love affairs, marshals his hosts for any emergency that may arise. Uranus and Neptune even are excited and making distant strides to be on hand at the grand levee of heavenly bodies now rapidly approaching. Mr. Sirius standing up in the east addresses this convocation as follows: "My dear little children, you seem to be in a turmoil of excitement, like many a lad or lassie in their first excitement of intoxicating love. You seem to think that you were never so situated before, and to desire to break away from all restraint and parental influence; but this is the fault of the observer only. Will you all listen while I tell the story?" A tumultous shout of "Yes! yes!" made all confusion. "I am king," said Jupiter, "I command silence!" "Your kind parent, the Sun," continued Mr. Sirius, "is a distant relative of mine tho' much younger than myself. He gives you all your light, heat, and life by mingling his positive emanations with your negative emanations.

Constant streams of these currents, called by different names, are flowing from all bodies in all directions at all times. Knowing what you would need the kind Father has supplied them most bountifully before you asked them. He holds you in your places and sends you spinning like tops, millions of miles thro' space, by fixed laws called 'attraction' and 'repulsion.' Now you are ever obeying these laws, and your seeming turmoil is only apparent. Now look in the direction that I point. (Uranus and Neptune will need their glasses.) Do you see that small starlooking individual?" "O, yes, how puny it looks." "Well, now, I want to tell you about that little star and its inhabitants." "Inhabitants!" they all exclaim. "Yes, this star or planet, which is one of your family, has inhabitants, similar to your own, consisting of many forms of life, the highest of which are, considering their rudimentary conditions, quite intelligent. They call themselves 'human bipeds.' They have, with some degree of accuracy, measured your distances and computed your magnitudes and motions. But of the Sun, or myself, they know little or nothing. Well, these human beings call the little ball on which they live. the 'Earth.' They have many strange notions or beliefs, among which is one that the earth is soon to be destroyed. This belief, shared in by many, has been entertained a long time; in fact was among the first that dawned in their minds. Their so-called religious books all entertain it. So now when they observe your convocation coming on, their n.inds are filled with vague fears and apprehensions. Some fix a day for this catastrophe to happen; and then working psychologically, upon impressible and sympathetic minds, drive many to hopeless and incurable insanity. These so-called learned men and women have been trying to figure out that this awful destruction of their mud ball was to take place in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-one. They think the earth about six thousand years old; consequently about ripe for the sickle of the angel of death. But some of you know the earth to be more than six million of years old." "Why, I saw the earth when it had a head and tail like a tadpole, only it looked like it was red hot or a little hotter," said Uranus, "Yes, I saw that little thing when it was a white heat comet," said Neptune. "I remember once it came so near me that I threatened to catch and spank it for running away from home." A hearty ha! ha! ha! came from all at Neptune's witticism. Mr. Sirius then resumed: "Now if these earth bipeds were truly wise or learned, they would know that the earth is still in its babyhood, and in no more danger now, than it has been in all time since its birth, of any constitutional calamity. Neither of you, nor your Sun has ever been twice in the same point in space; for all are moving, through space, around a common remote center. The time, required to make one of these grand rounds, is more than I am able to compute. But I am assured, by one much older than myself, that not one jot or one atom shall be destroyed until a grand round is completed by your entire solar system. In the mean time, many things, predicted by both ancient and modern seers, will be fulfilled on earth instead of in some imaginary world as taught by some earth bipeds. 'Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' and 'Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one title shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled," are truths that have been proclaimed to the inhabitants of all worlds. So now, my dear children, if earth's inhabitants would enjoy, they must obey the laws of life. Then they would keep clear of Mother Shiptonism, Millerism, Adventism, Spiritualism, or any other 'ism,' 'ology,' or 'pathy;' and all other skin diseases, itch after wealth, place, or power; keep out of lawyers' clutches; avoid judges, justices, doctors, and priests, as they would poisonous serpents; then practice the Golden Rule one with another without interpretation, then the kingdom of 'Harmony' would fall upon the earth like the gentle dew. Then no son or

daughter of earth would be willing to exchange for any imaginary world told of in allegory, or in fabled books. Every natural desire would find a natural gratification; and unnatural desires would pass away. Mortals and immortals would sup together on earth. Death would lose all its terrors, and the grave become useless in the victory of life. Knowledge is the savior most needed. Ignorance is what they need to be saved from. So, now, dear children let us move on in the everlasting love and harmony of the Infinite, hoping all will cease to do evil and learn to do good for the sake of the good. Wisdom without folly, will neither desire nor prophesy the destruction of any of nature's works. So good-bye."



MIND READING.

Having become interested in this subject, I had some correspondence with Mr. J. R. Brown, who created much sensation by his wonderful power. Then he came here so I became acquainted with him to see his personal make up. He is a negative, sensitive of very fine qualities, so that any person of a strong positive will, will make an impression on his mind that will enable him to tell what they think, as I saw verified, both by his touch of their forehead and through a wire some twelve feet long, like telephoning. We selected a committee of our best citizens, that took every precaution to detect any trick, and guarded at every point, much as set forth in the following tests at Philadelphia by the learned committee, and Mr. Brown gave us tests equal to the following:

Experiment 1. Professor James Wilson, of the High School, was selected by the committee from the audience, and Mr. Brown, being taken into an ante-room, the professor, walking down one of the aisles, dropped a spectacle-glass upon the floor. Then returning and ascending the platform, Mr. Brown was brought in blindfolded. He then took the professor's left hand in his, and, first placing his

own right hand on his own forehead, placed it for a minute on that of the professor and removing it, but still holding the latter by his left hand, walked rapidly down the stairs from the platform, then down the centre aisle, then back again, then in front of the platform to the western aisle until he reached the exact spot where the glass had been dropped, and picked it up. The blindfolding and handclasping process and forehead manipulations were in each of the following experiments the same as in this.

Experiment 2. Hon. Allison White having mentally selected a person in the audience, his selection unknown to any but himself, Mr. Brown having first stated that he would follow the thought of Mr. White to that person, moved with him briskly off the platform, and after walking down the centre aisle returned as before and then walking into a side aisle placed his hand on the head of Professor Allen, of Girard College, and said, "This is the man." "Right," said Mr. White.

Experiment 3. Professor Allen having mentally selected a route down and back in the centre aisle, then half way down the western and return, then half way down the eastern and return, the exact route was followed by Mr. Brown, who appeared to have some difficulty in dragging with him the avoirdupois of the Professor.

Experiment 4. Mr. Brown asked any gentlemar in the audience, who was suffering from an ache or pain in any part of the body, to come upon the platform, who should state to the committee only where the pain or ache was located and he would discover the spot. A gentleman, unknown to the "Times" reporter, answered the invitation, Mr. Brown, blindfolded and manipulating as usual with his disengaged hand, finally tapped the subject upon the front of the head. The gentleman and a member of the committee pronounced the location correct, the former having been suffering from a severe headache all day.

Experiment 5. Dr. James, of the Philadelphia Dispensary, was the subject of a similar experiment, Mr. Brown placing, after some hesitation, his hand on the knee of the doctor. The committee hesitated for a moment. Finally, Professor Neill stated to the audience that the result was not altogether satisfactory to the committee, although the doctor was perfectly satisfied. The professor said that Dr. James having had his right leg amputated at the knee, and wearing an artificial lower limb, had informed the committee that his right toe pained him. [Laughter in the audience.] "Nothing unusual, gentlemen, I assure you," said the professor; "strange as it may seem, it is well known to surgeons that persons who have had limbs amoutated, frequently suffer from pain in the part they have lost, and when Mr. Brown put his hand on Dr. James' knee the committee were not satisfied; however, the Doctor can explain further." The Doctor then said that while he did feel a pain in the toe of his lost limb when he told the committee yet when Mr. Brown took hold of him, that abandoned him, and instead he felt a soreness in the stump where it fitted in the socket of the artificial limb, upon which soreness his mind was then at once fixed. Therefore, Mr. Brown was, after all, perfectly right. [Long and continued applause.]

Experiment 6 was similar to the two preceding, except that the subject was to magine a pain somewhere in his body. This was successfully performed upon Mr. D. T. Pratt, who located the pain on the right side of his right ankle.

Experiment 7. Mr. Brown being again taken into the ante-room, State Senator Horatio G. Jones was selected to give an article unknown to any but himself to any one he chose, who was in turn to give the same article to a third person unknown to the Senator, who was to secrete it where neither of the other two knew. Senator Jones, therefore, gave his knife (as it afterward appeared) to Mr. H. B. Muirhead, who, in turn, gave it to Mr. James Somers Smith, who hid it. Mr. Brown

then returning and clasping hands with Senator Jones, after a walk up and down one aisle, and another, and another, that bid fair to out-Weston Weston, Ascovered Mr. Muirhead, and seizing that gentleman, after some hesitation pounced upon Mr. Smith. Then taking charge of Mr. Smith, he searched and searched until he declared himself weary; that Mr. Smith was an unfit subject, and asked that any gentleman in the audience might be substituted for him, he to inform the substitute where the article was secreted. In the meantime, Mr. Smith ascended the platform (Mr. Brown still standing in the aisle), and talked with the committee, whereupon Mr. Dougherty announced to the audience that Mr. Brown was not in fault—that Mr. Smith had just informed the committee that he had really forgotten where he had hidden the article, [Laughter.]

Senator Jones-I am the only one left in the lurch. I have lost my knife. [Roars

of laughter.]

Experiment 8 was the discovery by Mr. Brown of a silver surgical instrument in the vest pocket of Professor Hartshorne, where it had been put by that gentleman while Mr. Brown was in the ante-room.

AMHERST COLLEGE, (AMHERST, MASS.)

I think no fair and candid person could have viewed Prof. Brown's experiments, and have gone away without feeling that there is a world of power and mystery in the mental realm of which our psychologists have not given us the faintest glimmer.--Pres. J. H. Seelve.

YALE COLLEGE, (NEW HAVEN, CONN.)

All of his experiments were successful, and the result served only to deepen the amount of the interest and curiosity centered on him. I will stake my reputation on the genuineness of the phenomena.—Prof. C. S. Lyman.

As strange as this may seem to you, I think the principle is just as true as strange, and will bear the test of thorough investigation. A few others have done so, but I know of no one that has so thoroughly demonstrated it as Mr. Brown.

The place to turn it to the best use, I think, is for detectives in ferreting out crime, and by this means finding articles as evidence, as I have seen an account of one man doing. But these men are not the make up of persons that would naturally incline to that business. In fact they are nearly the opposite, but might work together to carry out the purposes in mysterious cases. And the telegraphing test that I saw, where the wire was just touching each man's head some ten or twelve feet apart, proves we each have an atmosphere of our own similar to the electrical current used in telegraphy.

Then to be happy be true;

Be careful what you think, say and do.

Never tell a falsehood just to be polite

Or your "chickens may come home to roost" before night.

Never invite any one to call
Unless you wish them to do so,
Or your pride may have a fall
And show your lack of truth and honor before they go.

Never do as "Rome does" when it is not right.
Or turn yourself loose "just for one night."
Future days and years will show the blight.
When you crave a character that will stand the light.

METEOROLOGY.

A brief mention of this important subject may induce you, dear reader, to investigate this subject, that so much affects us in so many ways, during our sojourn here, hence will give you but the essence of the latter day theory upon the subject.

Meteorology is defined to be the science that takes cognizance of all atmospheric changes. The states of the atmosphere, as regards heat or cold, moisture or dryness, calm or storm, clearness or cloudiness, thunder or lightning, and high or low barometer pressure, are what is commonly meant by the indefinite term, weather. Since meteorology takes cognizance of all atmospheric changes, therefore all these phenomena are within its domain.

I will here give Prof. Tice's theory, as summarized by Dr. Higbie, it being brief and to the point.

The Solar system is a group of electrified bodies, the sun being the center and fountain of electric energy, and holds all the nine primary and numerous secondary planets under the sway and unvarying control of his positive and negative electricity; and in accord with a known law, a charge received by one member of an electric group simultaneously affects each member.

There are four points in the orbit of a planet at which it receives the sun's electric and magnetic charges, viz.: at 80 deg., 170 deg., 260 deg. and 350 degrees. Between the earth and sun are Venus, Mercury and Vulcan; the last being recently discovered and requiring about twenty-three days to make one revolution around the sun; Mercury, 88 days; Venus, 224 days; earth 365, and Mars next to us, but beyond 321 days Vulcan's rapid passage through these four critical points once in about six days, at which positive electric phenomena are manifest in the earth's atmosphere and causes oscillations of barometer and thermometer every three to five days. Mercury reaches one of these points every twenty-two days; Venus every fifty-six days; Earth every ninety-one days, and Mars every eighty days on an average; Jupiter being 1,400 times larger than the Earth, requires nearly twelve years to make one revolution, and whirls on his axis once in ten hours, and when he reaches one of these points he pours off upon us in such electric broadsides that the earth fairly thrills and dances in her orbit. Each primary planet at the four given points develops meterological conditions on our globe in proportion to size, orbital and axial velocity. It often occurs that two or more planets reach these critical points at or about the same time, and hence electric phenomena are intensified. These electric changes passing through and around the

earth develop low barometers and higher temperatures, followed invariably by high barometers and lower temperatures, with all the attendant phenomena of rain, snow, hail, cyclones, hurricanes, etc. Now, it is simply an astronomical question to determine the planetary position, and in accordance with electrical laws deduce their meteorological phenomena. This, Prof. Tice gives in a tabulated form for every day in the year in advance.

Farmers and others can at once see the immense value of these forecasts. It enables them to foretell the coming storm days and weeks in advance, and prepare for them. Also, to calculate their severity according as the electric charge is a single or combined planetary influence. It may not strike their latitude but will be developed on the days designated, as the barometer will show. And forewarned is forearmed.

I am emphatic in my belief of the accuracy of his forecasts, having subjected them to the closest scrutiny with the aid of an English Aneroid barometer and thermometer combined. Since June, 1875, having made daily observations, and do not hesitate to declare they have been remarkably verified; not only on this continent, but on the eastern also. Please compare the dates of those deluging rains in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, in France, Spain, and England, and the terrific cyclone of India, in which 200,000 lives were lost; the great loss of lives and property in France, Spain and Austria, and in South America where ten cities and villages were mostly destroyed and many inhabitants; the terrific cyclone that destroyed Indianola, Texas, and ravaged Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and the Atlantic Coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, doing immense damage to shipping and other property in Nova Scotia. Compare thoroughly these terrible disasters with the recorded forecasts of Prof. Tice, and sav if you can, "It is merely shrewd guessing." As some may not understand the terms high and low barometer, I will say for the information of such, low barometer, or lowering, means comparatively warm; rising or high barometer comparatively cold. The former generates clouds, winds, storms, water spouts, etc., and consists of an upheaving mass of atmosphere attended by a corresponding inflow from all sides, as a feeder of the moving storm-center, which in the majority of cases starts on or in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountain range and moves easterly unless deflected by high barometer in front, and requires from two to five days to reach the Atlantic Coast.

What causes a break in the midst of steady cold weather? Who will tell us? Meteorological cycles—the passage of planets through the above named critical points, give us the only philosophical explanation.

Positive electric charges produce heat and are promptly passed on to other planets, thence back to the sun in magnetic waves being devitalized electricity, in whose mighty laboratory it receives rejuvenation, again to flash out his exhaustless vital electric current, when a planet sweeps through his points of range on the Elliptic and fires his salute with another life giving benediction.

This gives to meteorology a substantial physical basis founded upon cycles whose phenomena repeat themselves. On these laws science will build her ample halls and illumine them with electric light.

Let any one calmly, dispassionately and intelligently scan the facts that constitute atmospheric phenomena, whether wind, clouds, rain, whirlwind, water-spout, tornado, hurricane, or cyclone, and he will soon perceive that electricity is written all over it in characters of living light. From facts whose character is so unmistakably revealed as electric, the inevitable and conclusive inference must be that the cause of them is electricity."

The great storm that killed some sixty persons and blew down and into ruins Iowa College buildings and a large part of the city of Grinnell, and damaged many other places, June 17, 1882, was predicted by meteorolgists a year or more before on these principles, but not designating just what part of the country would feel it, and that there would be an unusual amount of disturbing causes that year, which was verified.

PRACTICAL EVOLUTION.

It has been reserved for a German lady, Fraulein Marie Von Chauvin, to accomplish one of the most remarkable feats in evolution on record—the changing of an amphibious gilled double-breathing animal into one that is a lung-breathing and land-inhabiting. The subject was a Mexican gilled salamander or axoloti. As far back as 1867 Dumeril noted that, out of many hundreds of these creatures in the Sardindes Plantes in Paris, thirty lost their gills and assumed the form of the distinct amblystoma, a true land salamander, breathing air only by lungs. No cause could be assigned for this change, as all the axolotis were exposed to precisely similar conditions. Nor did the excision of the gills of one that had not changed throw any light on the matter, because a new set of gill tufts soor grew out again.

Fraulein Von Chauvin owes her repeated success to gradually accustoming the animal to life on land and exercising constant care as to its health and diet. Five strong axolotis were selected and were first kept in shallow water. Here they did not thrive, and the bolder measure of putting them directly on land was resorted to. Tepid baths twice a day kept up cutaneous respiration, and during the intervals between the baths wet moss was packed against the bodies. The mode of feeding was ingenuity itself. An earth worm was inserted in the axoloti's mouth as far as possible. Then the worm's tail was pinched until it wriggled so far down that the axoloti was obliged to finish the swallowing whether he liked it or not. Three of the animals persistently ejected their food, and, after fifty days' sojourn on land, died, or rather committed suicide, by starvation. The survivors, however, even after a few days showed a marked decrease in size of gill tufts and tail fin; before long, when put in water, they struggled to get back to land. Further changes went on; the skin was cast repeatedly, the gills slowly disappeared, and the gill clefts closed. The eyes became larger, and the skin, from being black and shiny, turned brownish violet black with yellow spots. Finally the complete amblystoma form was assumed and with the amblystoma nature, the animals developing an astonishing greediness.

It is stated that the gills and tail fin seemed to shrivel by actual drying, through the action of the air, and that they were not absorbed by the vital processes of the animal itself. This is considered by Prof. Huxley to be a most interesting point, as it shows how the first air-breathing amphibia may have been evolved from double breathers by a succession of dry seasons, that is, by purely mechanical causes.—Scientific American.

These are interesting facts and calculated to make us think, and that will enlarge our hearts and souls, which are necessary to do good or comprehend God's natural, universal laws.

While I know but little of the evidences of evolution, it does not strike me as an unreasonable theory; and, then, if our traditional theory of man's origin is placed on the doubtful side of the scales and it really seems to throw light into the balance for other evidence, I see no reason why we should not be free to search deeper. Cain slew Abel and then strikes out, as most murderers do. And it is hardly a likely story, as some try to make themselves believe, that he ran off with his sister—which we have no account of—"and Cain went out from the presence of the Lord," into the land of Nod, where he knew his wife and builded a city. So there were people to build a city there; if so, they must have been pre-Adamites. Some authors claim that Adam was a representative man of a race of people, as Abraham and Noah were; this is the first source of history. This would indicate that Cain married among the aborigines; similar to our Indians, possibly.

WHERE DID THE INDIANS COME FROM?

The latest intelligence from the Pacific coast reports that a Japanese junk had come ashore on one of the islands of Alaska, with three living Japanese on board. The vessel had been disabled in a storm off Japan, and had drifted two thousand five hundred miles in nine months, twenty-three of the crew perishing from hunger and exposure. The striking occurrence is by no means unparalleled. Just forty yeais ago, a Japanese vessel with living men on board, came ashore near the mouth of the Columbia river in Oregon. It had a cargo of rice, and the crew consequently had enough to eat, though their only drink was water from occasional rains. Such occurrences assist greatly in explaining how America was peopled—a question very perplexing to our ancestors, though late geographical and ethnological researches show clearly that there is very little mystery about it. The Japanese are evidently of the same race with our Indians, their language being to some extent similar to those of our tribes; and it is not at all unlikely that, during the thousands of years to which Japan history goes back, many vessels have floated from their shores to ours, bearing living persons of both sexes. But even if it were impossible for them to cross the ocean, it is certain that Asiatics could easily make their way to America across Behring's Straits, or the Aleutian Islands, the distances between which would be an easy voyage for a canoe. Ten or twelve years ago the Appletons published an account of a voyage down the Amoor, by Perry McDonough Collius, the first American who ever descended that river. In his journal, he constantly spoke of the wild tribes on its banks as "Indians." We remember asking him at the time why he called them such, and he replied, "because they are Indians." He was familiar by long personal observation, with the tribes in Oregon and California, and declared he could see no material difference between them and the tribes on the Amoor. He is a man of plain common sense, with a mind not obfusticated by ethnological or antiquarian studies; and the idea had apparently not entered his head that the Amoor tribes were not Indians. Their appearance, their garments, their mode of life, and the lodges in which they dwelt, he said, were all similar to those of the natives of Oregon. Their language, also, seemed to him very much the same, though, of course, he

had no critical knowledge of their dialects. Taking this resemblance for granted, therefore, and their being no great difficulty in crossing the ocean by way of the 'Aleutian Islands, even in canoes, there is no longer any mystery about the peopling of America. Dr. Le Plongeon, a learned gentleman, now in our city, also maintains after long study of Peruvian antiquities, that civilization and population originated on this continent, and that the arts, customs, manners and religions of the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Assyrians and Egyptians are only developed imitations of Peruvian Originals! It is well known that according to Agassiz and other eminent geologists, this continent was the first land that rose above the ocean that formerly covered the whole surface of the earth.

If then, as Agassiz says, this country was the first to get its high lands above the waters, it would naturally be supposed to be first inhabited by some kind of a race of beings as supposed by Dr. Le Plongeon. The discoveries of the contents of the mounds in this country, indicate great length of time having elapsed, previous to any history or traditions. And the wonders of the cave builders take us farther back. I do not know whether we ever will reach any definite evidence or not. We must not be too credulous, or we will become drones. A few years ago all took it for granted that the earth was flat; now we have it a ball spinning through space. Then it was thought the earth was created some six thousand years ago; now the learned make it millions of years in evolving from a little ball just like we see everything growing, in a natural way, from a little seed. And they tell us we are only a small "mud ball" by the side of some of the planets. So we are in our babyhood, and we should take care of ourselves and grow up to motherhood and raise a family. But you know babies may die if you give them medicine and Mother Winslow. No, Shipton has given us a dose if we take it. She says:

> "The world to an end will come, In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

Yet ten years have passed and we still live. "There was nothing soothing about that for those that believed it. It may have acted as a purgative to those that swallowed it." But we think it will live and improve. And I don't fancy the idea of our first parents being better than we are, and that we are the last of a noble race. It don't speak well for the improvement on the talents given. I would prefer to reverse it and evolve the natural way from a lower race and be going on up toward God.

ESSENCE OF BIOGRAPHY OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN.

As there are thousands of readers who would like to know something of say one hundred of the leading thinkers or noted leaders of the world, we shall hope to gratify them in part. Circumstances

have made many of them, while less noted men developed the inspiring thoughts, and may hold a higher estimate in the great future. But many of them were developed by cultivating their own God given spark. We have many of them at present. Thousands of them, in their different avocations, that will shine in the future. James G. Blaine and Wm. E. Gladstone are now considered the peers of the greatest statesmen that ever lived. Perhans superior as they should be in the light of progress of our times. Besides we only store up the good, great things of dead men, while we flatter and abuse them in life. They may fall, an easy thing to do by mistake or selfishness, so we write them up after death. I will speak of Mr. Corwin first, "Tom" Corwin for I knew him when he was a boy. First of a matter that may cause young people to do the important thing for their culture, that is think and study for themselves. I feel toward the masses about as "Tom" Corwin, of Lebanon, Ohio, once wrote to his only son, who he had been informed was injuring his health while at Denison University, by over mental exertion. The old statesman wrote him:

"My son, I am informed that you are seriously injuring your health by study. Very few young men now-a-days are likely to be injured in this way, and all I have to say to you is, that should you kill yourself by study, it would give me great pleasure to attend your funeral."

Thomas Corwin was born in Kentucky, July 29, 1794, his parents soon moved to Warren county, Ohio, where he was raised. His father fitted his brothers for professions, thinking them bright, but "Tom" must be the plow boy; but he would think and read history. In one of his playful scuffles after he became a young man, he fractured his knee cap, which made him a cripple for life.

He first became noted as an orator in the political campaign of 1840. I have heard him since. He was very dark skinned, and when he was a candidate for governor, he happened to be on the stage with his opponent's wife, who took him for a colored man, and used him for nurse, unconscious of who he was and when he went to get out offered him a "quarter," which he declined and went to the place where the candidates were to hold a joint discussion. When he got on the rostrum with the lady's husband, she first discovered her mistake and was terribly mortified, but he could make it lively. It is said Judge K. of Illinois, who boasts of Indian blood in his veins, first saw Corwin at a hotel, where he had an appointment to deliver a speech. Corwin noticed young Mr. K. and turning from his friend, offered the young man his hat. Mr. K. wanted to know

what for. "Because you are a blacker man than I am," said Mr. Corwin. Upon learning that the young man was in straitened circumstances, Gov. Corwin invited him into his law office at Lebanon. The invitation being accepted the young man was helped through to the end of his studies. The Governor is said to have suffered intolerably in giving up for his three daughters to marry, though doing well. He could not bear the thought of their loving any man better than they did their father. A warm hearted father truly. His last office was United States minister to Mexico. He afterwards was doing a paying business at Washington in settling claims, the result of the war with Mexico. While surrounded with many friends telling them one of his inimitable stories, he arose from his seat to illustrate a point in the anecdote, with both hands up, he was struck with paralaysis and fell forward into President Garfield's arms and soon died.

MARCUS T. CICERO, the great orator whom we hear quoted occasionally, was born January 3, 106, B. C., on the border of Volscian. He had no title or rank, but by the direction and help of Crassus. a great orator, he had the best advantages of learning of that period of time, and with a native talent made great proficiency in literature. He became an advocate before the tribunals of the day, but sought to be on the defense, to thus gain popularity; in fact, he was a follower of great men and ideas, more than a leader. More disposed to imitate old things than to broach new ones, and by his very affable ways followed along up to some eminence in state affairs, as long as rulers could use him, but when jealousy followed he was banished for a time, but was again provided for. He wrote Roman history; his orations and personal history are valuable to scholars and thinkers. But when divisions came and he was on the weaker side, Antonious demanded the head of Cicero, and while still in Italy Bravo Popilius cut his throat, then took off his hands and head and sent them to Rome, 43 B. C.

Lycurgus, the great law maker of Sparta, was born about 900 B. C. He established a senate as a mediator between king and people, destroyed distinction between classes, made equal divisions of land among the people. All citizens required to have their food in common, all must fare alike. He forbade the use of gold and silver as money, and introduced iron and brass as substitutes. For seven hundred years it is claimed these laws were enforced and that crime was unknown in the land. The Spartans became famous for their bravery, wisdom and virtue. Lycurgus had them to take a solemn oath not to abolish or change these laws until he

should return, departed to Delphi, put himself to death, and caused his ashes to be thrown into the sea, that his people might never be freed from their obligations to maintain his enactments of the law. So you see he rode his hobby to a foolish death, and the people must have creduously worshiped him as a god to maintain his commands so long.

Solon, the eminent legislator of Athens, was born at Salamis, B. C. 600. His early life was devoted to study and business pursuits. After traveling through different portions of Greece and studying their customs, laws and politics, he returned to Athens and was chosen ruler. He profited by what he had observed in his travels, and set about reform. He created greater equality among the common people, obliged the payment of debts by those able to pay, and freed all others from their obligations. The bloody laws of Draco were abolished, the laws of marriage regulated upon equality of age, and it was made a disgrace for young men to remain single after a given age. During his rule he enforced industry of some kind upon all classes. To examine into each man's means of living, and to punish the idle. He died at Salamis and his ashes scattered about the isle. Such men are worthy of a place in history.

Romulus, the founder of Rome, was born 768 B. C.; he and his twin brother, Remus, it is said, were nursed by a she wolf. Growing up and having inherited a fierce, warlike nature, they organized a band of soldiers and began building a city. A dispute arose concerning its fortification, whereupon Romulus killed his brother, and the site of Rome was then laid by him on April 21, 750 B. C. When the city was built he divided the younger portion of the inhabitants who had flocked to him, into batallions of soldiers, and the others he called the people. Next he organized a senate, composed of a hundred of the most prominent citizens. In the fourth year of Rome, seeing that the city suffered from lack of women, he invited the Sabines, a neighboring tribe, to attend a feast at the capital, during which he seized and forcibly retained between five and six hundred of the Sabine virgins.

During his rule the population of Rome rapidly increased, but his success overcame his integrity, and after thirty-seven years' of governing suddenly disappeared, probably as his brother did.

Socrates was born at Athens, 470 B. C. When a boy he worked with his father as a sculptor; afterward learned geometry and astronomy and read and studied the thoughts of all the great men

of the time and had a critical knowledge of them; he also managed to get the benefit of all the great teachers of the period. He married and had three sons. Xantippe, his wife, is represented as a typical scold, and her husband used it as a means of cultivating his patience. Socrates, though very good and wise, was not considered handsome, having a turned-up nose, projecting eves, a bald head, thick lips and round belly, wearing miserable dress and going bare foot, yet he is still a wonder to the world as a great teacher and originator of thought and philosophy. Individual thoughtful conscience and personal decision date from the epoch of Socrates, and their growth from that time to this is the world's growth or progress. He taught the important thing is, "Know thyself," and was always trying to make men better and purer, turning them from vice to virtue, but he differed from the religious teachings of his day and was condemned to death, by a small majority of five hundred judges who sat at his trial. Then, after a long conversation with his friends on the subject of the immortality of the soul, expecting a happy journey, drank the cup of hemlock with perfect composure, and died, in 399 B. C. Are we improving?

Plato, a Greek philosopher, born in Athens, 429 B. C., his original name was Aristocles, but was changed to Plato (broad), whether from his shoulders, forehead or diction, is not stated, but probably from the latter. In his twentieth year he came under the influence of Socrates. He therefore devoted himself to philosophy, as that essence and soul of harmony of which rithmical numbers are but the sensuous and shadowy embodiment. He seems to have never taken active part in state affairs, but philosophised all subjects, and taught them by lectures which were profoundly interesting. He seems to have taken from our native consciousness of the right and wrong, the idea of pre-existence, and in this establishes the existence of the soul before coming into the body: he establishes its independence of the body, and by consequence its immortality. He reasons from the past to the future, and by showing that the soul is not dependent for its existence on the body, he shows it is not affected by the dissolution of the body. He argues that "true virtue always cures" with its own enjoyment, and the virtuous man, another name for the philosopher, finds his highest happiness in communion with and assimulating to the good and the divine. He died in 348 B. C.—rather old.

Hannibal, the brilliant Carthaginian leader, born 247 B. C. At the age of nine years his father, Hamilton, who was then engaged

in the first Punic war, made him swear eternal enmity to Rome. Upon his father's death he concentrated the Carthaginian armies, subdued all the nations of Spain, made his famous march across the Alps and boldly advanced into Italy. By artful stratagems and vigorous fighting he routed all the armies of the hitherto invincible Romans, and at one terrible battle at Cannae he killed fifty thousand of the enemies' soldiers and utterly destroyed their army. As a trophy of this victory he sent to Carthage several bushels of gold rings taken from the dead Romans. But fame gained by war is seldom lasting, and he was finally defeated and forced to fly from the country. And at the age of sixty-four, without a single friend, he took poison and died.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT Was born July 6, 354 B. C. While still a mere boy he complained that his father, the warlike Philip, should keep on conquering cities and overpowering nations, saying there would be nothing of consequence left for him to do. His first act of courage was training the famous horse Bucephalus, whose ungovernable fury all the countries of Philip were unable to subdue. At sixteen he was left as regent of Macedonia, and the tribe of Madari, despising his youth, rebelled against him. Promptly collecting his army, he attacked and subdued them, took their city and changed its name to Alexandrapolis. During his youth he was temperate in all things, disdaining to yield to bodily pleasures; and while conquering the surrounding nations, he treated them with more humanity than was customary at that time. But as he grew older, becoming elated with success, his character changed and he developed the extremes of passion and vice; some say he died in a fit of debauchery, 321 B. C., at the age of 33.

Demostheres was born in 384 B. C. It is said he had a bitter foretaste as a boy, on account of his maternal grandfather's having recognized a different authority. He had an impediment of speech, yet he took active part in the law courts, and it is said he used pebbles in his mouth and many other means to get his voice modified so as to make a public speaker, and in time made one of the most eloquent orators of his day. The political career of Demosthenes from his first direct contact with public affairs in 355 B. C. to his death, 322 B. C. has an essential unity. It is the assertion in successive forms adapted to successive moments, of unchanging principles. He always claimed that Athens was the natural head of Greece, and amid all the wars of the surrounding nations, his voice was heard against them, and his predictions came true so uniformly that he came to be looked up to as an honorable statesman, that

caused them to avoid war more. To one he said, "Domestic administration must be purified, statesmen must be made to feel that they are responsible to the state."

The finer tones of averted war,
When all the winds were laid
And every hight come out, and jutting peak,
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest.

Archimedes, who was probably the greatest mathematician that ever lived when we consider how little he had to work upon, save his own individual ingenuity, was born 284 B. C. He made a continual study of all branches of physical science. When the Romans besieged his native city, Syracuse, he constructed machines of such power and wonderful mechanism, that he could sieze the enemy's ships, lift them in the air and hurl them into the water with force enough to dash them to pieces.

Unlike the great conquering heroes of that time, he spent his life in conquering the forces of nature, and studying the laws of the universe for the benefit of mankind. He was killed while solving a problem in mathematics, during the sacking of Syracuse, 212 B. C. Among his many inventions were the celebrated burning glasses capable of effect at three hundred yards. Well done for the times. Such men are more worthy of honor than the slayers of men.

JULIUS CESAR was born July 10, 100 B. C. His character was warlike. When quite young he engaged in the wars in Spain. In the year 57 B. C. he was appointed Consul of Rome. One of the many laws he enacted required that in the case of unpaid debts two-thirds of the debtor's income should go to the creditor, and only the balance be retained by himself till the debt was paid. He was not noted as a successful law maker, and his chief glory was in the sword. In less than ten years he took, it is said, eight hundred cities by assault, conquered three hundred nations and fought regular battles with over three millions of men, two-thirds of whom were either killed or made prisoners. Very little can be said of him save as a great military chieftain, whose very successes proved his ruin, for the greater part of the Roman senators believing he was endeavoring to overthrow the republic and proclaim himself king, conspired against him and assassinated him as he entered the senate chamber, 43 B. C. "He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword."

St. Patrick was born in the year 386 at Boulogne, in Britain. When in his sixteenth year he was taken prisoner by an Irish monarch and sold into slavery. Six years of his youth were passed in tending sneep for his master. He made his escape at length and reaching the coast was taken on board a vessel and landed in France. There he entered a monastery where he passed four years in study. At the age of thirty-five he again landed in Ireland, and on the way to his early home was once more captured by robbers. but his holy countenance so affected the chief that he gave him his liberty and became the first convert to his religion in Ireland. He held the first service of mass in a barn, and many were converted. The rest of his life was spent in traveling from place to place, giving religious instruction and raising Ireland from the superstitious ignorance of idol worship to the elevation of Christianity. He died after a long and useful life March 17, 465, respected and loved by all his people and highly esteemed by the world.

MAHOMET, the founder of a religion which to-day holds in ignorance a large portion of the eastern world, was born at Mecca, in the year 570. He was an unlettered man, but in attending sermons from Mecca to Damascas, he noticed a great number of religious sects, and pretending to have been taken up to heaven on the back of an ass, he, with the aid of a learned Jew and two Christians—so said--framed the Koran--the Moslam bible--which, he said, was given him by the angel Gabriel. Thus he imposed upon the people, and forming large armies of his proselytes, who fought with the desperation of fanatical ignorance. He compelled many of the surrounding nations to embrace his creed. He died at the age of sixty-three. There is enough of good things in his bible to season the false and superistitious for a credulous, ignorant people, so that Mohammedanism is flourishing. There were many converts made at the point of the bayonet in many religions by warriors in those days.

ALFERD THE GREAT was born in England in 849. At the age of twenty-two he succeeded to the monarchy, and immediately found himself at war with the Danes, in which he was beaten and forced to fly from the throne. After some years of exile, he collected his forces, fought fifty-six battles with the enemy and routed them by land and sea. He then secured an honorable peace and applied himself to the improvement of the country. He established the jury trial, divided the government in to shires, and formed a council of municipal officers for the considering of affairs of state. During his government his laws were so just and impartial that crime

was hardly known. He invited learned scholars from all countries, encouraged education, started the great naval power of England, and one account says he started the Oxford university. He died at the age of fifty-two. The loss was keenly felt. Such a course of improvement is what should make men great.

William Tell, the hero of Switzerland, was born in 1275. His famous exploit of shooting the apple from the head of his son, is well known—yet doubted by some. After this event he turned his whole attention to the overthrow of the tyrant Gessler, at whose command it was done, and by his great bravery created such a general uprising of the Swiss mountaineers, that his country was finally freed from Austria. Believed to have been drowned in the great inundation of 1350. He was loved by the Swiss.

AMERICO VESPUCIOUS tried to take the honors of the discovery of this continent from Columbus. He was born in France 1451, a great merchant, who heard of Columbus' discovery when in Spain. In 1499, he with his fleet crossed the Atlantic and struck at the Gulf of Mexico, then claimed to have crossed the year before and made the discovery. He published the first book describing this country, and many charts of the sea, did good, but failed to get Columbus' honor.

Joan of Arc, whose real name was Jane of Arc, was born of very poor parents at Domremi, in Lorraine. She was in youth a servant at a wayside inn, and was required to perform the most menial work. She never received education, but was religious to the extreme and highly imaginative. At this time the enemies of France had pressed so hard upon Charles VII that when she appeared before him and said she had a commission from Heaven to deliver him from his enemies, he almost, in the extremity of despair, placed her at the head of his armies. The French soldiers, elated with the belief of having an inspired leader at their head, with great vigor assaulted the late conquerors, and after a number of desperate engagements, drove them from the field, and France was free. Joan was taken prisoner afterwards, however, by the English, and so great was their rage, that, trumping up a charge of sorcery against her, she was condemned and executed at the stake in 1531 at the age of twenty-nine.

WM. Penn, one of the foremost among the Quakers, was of Engglish birth. He was born in 1644. At the age of eleven he fancied the Lord had visited him and left with him divine inspiration. He soon after found himself under the influence of the

Quakers, and came out publicly as one of the sect. In 1668 he became a preacher and his zeal brought him quickly into notice by the regular clergy. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London and afterwards at Newcastle. Finally, in 1681, the king gave him a province in America and Penn at once formed a colony and left England for his new possessions, which he named Pennsylvania. His colony flourished but he did not stay with it altogether. On returning to England he was charged with being a Papist and was so persecuted and involved that at one time he mortgaged his whole province in Pennsylvania for six thousand pounds sterling. He died in 1718. To him the Quakers are indebted for their early introduction into America.

Coperations, the great astronomer, was born in Prussia, in 1472. At twenty-three a professor of mathematics at Rome. Afterward examined into the earth's form and its relation to other heavenly bodies. This resulted in the discovery of the earth's revolutions around the sun and its rotundity. He wrote a book in support of his theory, but owing to the bigotry and ignorance of the church, which condemned everything opposed to established beliefs as heretical, he kept it concealed some years, until his friends urged its publication upon him. He died a few hours after the first copy was brought to him, but in his death he gave to the world the true plan of the universe.

John Knox, a reformer of Scotland, was born in 1505. Was educated and ordained a priest, but soon tired of the theology then taught. He studied to find the plain, practical truths, and preached against the authority of the Pope, but soon had to conceal himself in the castle of St. Andrews, for a time, but still preached his doctrine. In 1547, he was captured and imprisoned by the French for two years. He afterward became chaplain to Edward V1. He was a bold preacher. He died in 1572.

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa, on the Mediterranean. He became a sailor, and on learning that the earth was round he set his great mathematical mind to work and concluded there must be land on both sides of the world in equal quantities to "balance all." He endeavored to raise a fleet, but on application at Genoa they called him visionary. He then applied to the court of Portugal. The king had so little honor that he took advantage of the secret, and sent out a secret expedition, which was a failure as it should have been. After many disappointments, Queen Isabella, of Spain, fitted out a fleet. He sailed from Palos on the 3d of

August, 1492. Now his anxiety began. Days, weeks, merged into months, still nothing but the dreary ocean. His sailors were in constant fear and mutiny, and his life in constant danger. Undaunted he kept on his course, when as it were, his last moments, October 12, an island was discovered that he called San Salvador, and the point of our new world waz established. On returning home he was made Admiral of the sea, and vice-regent, of his discovery. He made two other voyages and it is thought, touched Florida. He died in 1506. His disposition was said to have been kind and exemplary. October 12, 1892, the world is now celebrating his four hundredth anniversary at Chicago at the great Columbian Exposition.

MARTIN LUTHER was born in Lower Saxony, in 1483. He was a brave reformer. He had a hard time, as many boys do; went to school six years, and at twenty delivered lectures on physics; was being fitted for a lawyer, but while walking one day he was placed in such peril of his life by a terrific thunder storm that his views of life were changed. He entered a monastery. At the age of twenty four he was ordained a priest and soon after a professor of philosophy, at Wurtemburg. On his way to Rome, two years later, he saw such corruption in the church that, on his return, he began preaching against the sale of "indulgencies" and other church abuses; in place of correcting the evils, the Pope upheld them and excommunicated Luther. He preached the more earnestly and was supported by the better classes, so that he had a safe escort when taken to the Diet at Worms, where he defended his position bravely. Then was secreted for a time by his friends; wrote a book. The prince, in his favor, protested against the rigorous impositions of the Diets, or assemblies, and thus arose the name of "Protestants." He had the grit for a reformer for those times. His history does not make him of the highest order of men; but he was the man for the occasion.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, daughter of Henry VIII, and Anne Boleyn, was born in 1533. She was crowned Queen of England at the age of twenty-five. Commenced showing great despotism, as did her father, but manifested wisdom in State affairs. Soon paid off the court debts and improved the coin of the government. Improved the army and navy, and other branches of the government. Strange to say, she never married, though she was very vain of her personal charms, jealous at any indifference of her male attendants. During her rule she allowed great persecution of the Catholics. Some thought this injured the reformation. England

owes much of her prosperity to the reforms made during her reign, yet history will never forgive her for her many cruelties, and especially the wicked act of beheading her cousin and rival, Mary Queen of Scotts. Elizabeth died in 1603. So responsibility with care, and a consciousness of wrong done, does not always kill immediately.

Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, was born in 1542. At sixteen she married the dauphin of France. After his death, two years later, she went from France, where she had lived from her infancy, to Scotland, and took possession of the Scottish crown. She married her cousin, Lord Darnley, who in his insane desire to rule and by his overbearing disposition brought continued trouble to Mary, and finally plunged the court into such a state of affairs that the nobles conspired and assassinated him two years after his marriage. Three months later Mary was married to James Hepburn, Earl of Bothnell. Scotland now became a field of civil war, which resulted in the flight of the queen to England for protection at the hand of Elizhabeth, but the latter looked upon her with jealousy and fear, as she was considered by the Catholics to be rightful heir to the English throne, and her cousin imprisoned her; false accusations were made, charging her with conspiracy to overthrow Elizabeth; she was wickedly sentenced and beheaded by the queen. Mary was highly educated and possessed great beauty. She died calmly.

Gallileo was born in 1564. In his youth he constructed several pieces of music and displayed talent in that direction. He was educated for the medical profession and was the inventor of the method of calculating the rate of the pulse by the abbreviations of the pendulum. After this he began a course of mathematical studies and attained such distinction, that at twenty-five he was appointed lecturer on mathematics in the university at Piza. He soon became so popular as a lecturer that no building would hold his audiences and was often forced to adjourn to the open field for room. In 1609 he made the discovery of the telescope, which doubled his fame, and eventually led to his accepting and teaching of the Capernician system of the universe. This brought him into collision with the church, which ignorantly discarded science, and he was brought before the Inquisition and forced to deny his theory that the earth revolved around the sun. He did this with instruments of torture around him, but as his last words of reconciliation passed his lips, he stamped his foot and said, "It does move

nevertheless." His health failed, he became blind and died in 1642. The world moves.

William Shakespeare, born in England in 1564. He was married at seventeen, became dissipated, got in trouble, ran away from home, joined a company of play actors at London, but did not make it a success. But he soon began writing the great poetical and historical plays which have become so famous that at this late date his writings have a greater circulation than those of any other writers. It is said that he never erased any lines written, his thoughts and words were so harmonious. After his youthful follies it is said his life was without blemish. He died peacefully at the age of fifty-two.

"To live in harmony with your better thoughts."

John Bunyan was born in 1628 in England. He was a tinker by trade; was married at nineteen, his wife's only dower a few religious books. He began to read them, became interested, and began a course of study and afterwards commenced preaching. As his preaching did not harmonize with the established church he was persecuted and thrown into jail. While there he wrote his peculiar idealism in his famous "Pilgrim's Progress." He was afterward liberated and went from place to place, preaching wherever he could get an audience. He died at the age of sixty.

EMANUAL SWEDENBORG, a Swedish philosopher and able religious writer, was born in Stockholm January 29, 1688. He was the son of Jasper Swedeberg, bishop of Skara, West Gottland, who had the charge of the Swedish churches in England and its American societies. The family was enobled in 1719 by the queen, thenceforth he assumed the name of Swedenborg. He was a remarkable writer on such a vast field of subjects in the arts, science and philosophy, and was looked upon as wonderful in thought. A remarkably sincere, faithful, religious man, when fifty-seven years old and at his prime, he said "he was called to a new and holy office by the Lord himself, who manifested himself to him in person, and opened his sight to a view of the spirit world, and granted him the privileges of spirits and angels." And then he wrote another large series of books principally on the scriptures. The New Jerusalem church was founded on his teachings. And though societies are not very numerous, yet many learned men hold to his views, and his writings are held in high esteem. He died in London, March 29, 1772.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was born at Lincolnshire, England, in 1642. He was a boy of steady habits, and received a thorough education

in the then sciences. At the age of twenty-two he commenced studying the phenomena of colors as demonstrated by a prism, and finally developed a new and correct theory of light and colors. Soon after this he discovered the law of gravitation, the most important event of his life. He was a great philosopher, and developed many things that are benefiting the world. He achieved high honors and died at the age of eighty-five.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. He had only a common schooleducation, and worked at printing, with his brother, at New York, afterward at Philadelphia, where he began with one dollar, but by perseverance and industry established a printing business of his own. He kept up a course of study in the languages, and wrote "Poor Richard's Almanac," which went over all the world. His business increased, and he did many noble and generous acts. He tried to prevent the revolutionary war, but finding it inevitable, assisted in drafting the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. He made discoveries in philosophy, and died at eighty-four years of age.

ROBERT BRUCE was born in 1275. He had a long war to hold the crown of Scotland, King Edward I Bruce claiming it. Robert was driven out in the mountains, and excommunicated by the Pope. he being friendly to Edward. Robert's queen went with him in nearly all his wanderings, his little bands often defeated and often compelled to seek safety separately. Bruce was hunted with blood hounds and he only escaped by wading a long distance through the waters of a small river. Then nearly exhausted, worn out and sick, one day lying in a shepherd's hut, thinking of surrendering his claim to the throne, he noticed a spider attempting to carry its thread from one beam to another, each time it failed, but renewed the attempt till the seventh time it succeeded and fastened Superstitiously considering this an omen, it gave him new energy. He arose, collected his bands that were faithful to him, and succeeded in a number of small engagements; his friends flocked to him, and Edward died while on the way with an immense army against him. After this Robert gradually got possession, and reigned many years. Made a peace so that England relinquished the crown of Scotland, and died June 7, 1339.

PETER THE GREAT was born in 1672 and succeeded to the Russian monarchy on the death of his eldest brother. To become a favorite with his people he enlisted as a private soldier and gradally rose to distinction in that body by his own merit and courage.

Then seeing the superiority of the English and German navies, he went in disguise to Amsterdam and labored as a ship carpenter in order to fully learn the trade, teach his own laborers to become proficient at it, and thereby produce a navy of his own inferior to none. Though often defeated in his battles, his energy and persistence eventually gained the day and he added much territory to his original possessions. His victories were always wisely employed to establish a permanent peace. He labored earnestly to educate and enlighten his countrymen, and built schools and colleges in all of his principal cities. During his reign the laws were much improved, strict justice rendered, the arts and sciences encouraged, and the welfare of his people carefully considered. He died in 1725, loved by all.

JOHN WESLEY, the founder of Methodism, was born at Lincolnshire, England, June 17, 1703. He was the son of Rev. Samuel and Susannah Wesley, and was one of nineteen children. early teaching was by their truly "incomparable mother," who should share largely the credit of the advance her sons made, and no doubt felt then, as some have said of late, "Time to start a new church, brethren." John was highly educated, and he and his brother Charley, and others, were so devout and Methodical in their worship that they were called "Methodist" in 1729. May 1, 1738, he founded the first Methodist society in Fetter Lane, London. As he had moved on a little the established church would not alow him the privileges of their churches, hence he preached in the pure air. The foundation stone of the first chanel was laid in Bristol May 12, 1739. In 1742 Wesley instituted class meetings at Bristol for the purpose of paying off a debt, but were continued for the good they did. He held the first conference at the old foundry church in London, June 25, 1744, ten of them being present. The next conference there were three present, but they grew since that. His marriage was an unhappy one. He was a small, slim man with a good head. He thought he would die of consumption in 1753, but lived till March 2, 1791.

FREDRICK THE GREAT was born in Prussia in 1712 and was crowned king at the age of twenty-eight. His first act was to claim the territory of Siliceu, to which he had no right. After two wars during the space of two years, he attached that province to Prussia. He next engaged in the great Seven Years' war with Austria; after being nearly overthrown he finally triumphed. Peace was restored favorable to his kingdom, but this did not last long, for Fredrick,

ever intent on increasing his dominions, joined the Austrians and Russians in the robbery of Poland. Five years later he embroiled himself in another war with Austria, which lasted two years and few results were obtained. During his declining years he endeavored to instruct his people in the arts of peace and attempted some improvement in the government. But with so much bad example there cannot be much said in his favor or expected from his teachings. Why should such men be called great? He died at the age of seventy-five.

George Whitefield, founder of the Calvinist Methodists, was born in England, in 1714. He joined the Wesleyans at Oxford College, and soon became the most popular preacher of the times. He came to America in 1738, and labored one year in Georgia. Returning then to London his preaching attracted such immense crowds that he was obliged to resort to out-door worship, as none of the churches would contain his audiences. No man was ever more successful in gaining converts to a new profession of faith. He made seven voyages between England and America, dividing his religious labors between the two countries. His unremitted zeal and exposures brought on disease, which caused his death at the age of sixty-four.

EDMUND BURKE, the celebrated Irish lawyer, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1730. He graduated at Trinity College at eighteen years of age, and was soon after admitted to the bar. He was particularly devoted to literature, and during his life wrote many excellent works, in addition to his legal labors. The war against the United States in 1776 met with his greatest opposition. He labored for Catholic emancipation and Irish freedom. His conversational powers were truly wonderful, and his eloquence as a speaker, not excelled; such impressions upon the minds of jurors as he was able to produce are rarely equaled by lawyers. During a speech before the House on the impeachment trial of Warren Hastings, he affected his hearers to such an extent that several ladies fainted and had to be carried out, and the learned and eloquent defendant himself afterward stated that his own impressions at the time were that he was the very worst and blackest of his race. His death occurred in 1797.

NOAH WEBSTER, author of the dictionary, was born at Hartford, Connecticut, on October 16, 1758. After four years hard study in Yale college he graduated in 1778. Then he studied law and taught school two years. He was then admitted to the bar but did not shine and returned to teaching. He then proceeded to issue the

first spelling book for this country, the income of which supported his family while he was at the great work of his life, the American dictionary. He finished and published it in 1828 and also published other works, edited a magazine and two newspapers.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Tallos, Ireland, October 10, 1731. He attended Dublin college and Edinburgh university. After which, being poor and wishing to travel, he took a tour through France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy on foot. He returned to London and engaged in literature, his first work being "The Traveler," which gained great celebrity. The year following he represented his own family in "The Vicar of Wakefield." He wrote "The Good Natured Man," "Deserted Village" and other works, and died in 1774.

General Lafayette was born in France in 1757. He received a commission in the king's regiment, and was married at sixteen, his wife two years younger. In 1777 he was so affected by the struggle in America, that he came over to assist in the great cause without pay or price. Throughout the war he distinguised himself for great bravery and hard work, and returning to France twice during the period finally succeeded in obtaining help in both French soldiers and money. He was the firm friend of Washington and was equally loved by him in return. After this he passed through the great French revolution, lending his voice and labors to the cause of freedom, and was appointed General of the National Guards of Paris. He always favored a republican form of government in all countries and assisted them where he was able. His death occurred in 1834 at the age of seventy-seven.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born on the island of Corsica in the year 1769. His early studies were mathematics and history. At the age of twenty-seven he married Josephine, and was given command of the French army, in Italy. He promptly defeated the king of Tiedmont, and swept down upon the Austrians, routing them in every battle, and in less than one year had taken every fortified place in Italy. Pope Pius the VII, sued for peace. During the next six years he vanquished Austria, Venitians and Britons. The crowns of Naples, Holland and Westphalia were given to his three brothers, Lewis, Joseph and Jerome. After other wars, in 1804 he was crowned, by the Pope, monarch of France; but before this, his great expedition to Egypt was probably the best thing he did; and it seems he made a success of everything he undertook from the first and on down to 1810. At this time his marriage with Josephine was dissolved, and he united with Maria Louisa. Soon

after he made war on Russia, and with five hundred thousand men, grandly equipped, he went into Russia as far as Moscow, the Russians falling back; but Napoleon returned with only a remnant of his great army. Now, all Europe was against him, and finally defeated at Waterloo, and himself banished to St. Helena, where he died at the age of fifty-two years.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, Arthur Wellesley, was born in Ireland, 1769, was educated in England and France, and was appointed in the army and rose gradually. In 1790 he was sent to parliament from Ireland. Four years later he was in active service in the retreat of the Duke of York's army. From 1796 for nine years he was engaged in fighting and subduing various tribes in the West Indies. On his return he was with the British forces against Bonaparte. He again took his seat in the House and was active in politics; in 1807 was in the war against Denmark; the next year was sent with an army to Spain to begin operations once more against the French. His opening engagements were successful, but officers of higher rank came on and lost all. Two years later he was put in command and defeated the French army at Talavera. But the French concentrated on him and he withdrew to Portugal. After a winter's preparation Wellington fell back and drew the French and defeated them at Salamanca. He then became commander of the Spanish army, also In 1813 he beat Napoleon at Toulouse, and again at Waterloo, June 18, 1815, where he annihilated the French army and ruined Napoleon. Wellington died at the age of eighty-three.

Robert Fulton was born in Pennsylvania, 1765. He received very little education only as he picked it up himself. He developed, first, his faculty for painting. Even while a boy he painted landscapes and portraits, the proceeds of which he used in buying a farm for his mother. Franklin, observing his talent, advised him to place himself for tuition under the care of Benjamir West, where he became proficient in the art, and entered a studio on his own account. His inventive genius was uppermost and he soon gave up painting and applied himself to the study of steam navigation. His first boat to run by steam was built on the river Seine in France, in the year 1803. This being a success he returned to America and, in 1807, built "Clermont," which was used on the Hudson river, the first steamboat in the United States. He afterward built two steam ferry boats; also a sub-marine battery, and supervised the construction of a large steam frigate for the

government. He invented a machine for making rope, one for spinning flax, and set the minds of men to work so generally that he ushered in the age of inventions. He died at the age of fifty-one.

Daniel O'Connell was born in Ireland, 1775. He was educated at the College of St. Omer in France and at the Irish school of Douay. He first intended to enter the service of the church, but finally decided to study law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-three. He was of an impetuous disposition and applied himself diligently to the cause of Irish freedom. In 1815 his excitable nature involved him in a duel with an alderman which resulted in the death of his adversary. Eight years after this event he formed a catholic society that spread over all of Ireland, and in 1828 he fought such a vigorous battle with his political opponents, that he obtained a seat in parliament, which he retained for eighteen years. In 1841 he was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, and immediately after headed a party which demanded a repeal of the union with great Brittain. They were soon subdued, and O'Connell's reputation as a politician was ruined. He never could accomplish but little after this and died at the age of seventy-two.

Daniel Webster was born in New Hampshire in 1782. graduated at Dartmouth College at the age of nineteen, and four years later was admitted to the bar. In 1812 war was declared against Great Britain, and Webster was elected a member of Congress from New Hampshire. He at once soared to the front rank, both his political and professional reputations becoming prominent alike, and was soon acknowledged to be one of the foremost men of the times. In 1820 he delivered his fine oration at the centennial celebration of the landing at Plymouth Rock, and five years later, his grand address at Bunker Hill gained him the applause of the whole nation. In 1827 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and in ability was the leader of that body. He remained in the Senate twelve years and maintained the reputation of a great statesman. He was Secretary of State under President Harrison, and by his diplomacy disputes with Great Britain of fifty years' standing were amicably settled. His severe labors told on him, and he died in 1852. His last words were: "I still live."

George Washington was born in Virginia on the 22d day of February, 1732. At the age of fifteen he wished to go into the British navy, but in deference to his mother's wishes gave it up. At nineteen he was appointed an adjutant general of militia. He

was married at the age of twenty-six, and until 1774 passed the time in cultivating his farm at Mount Vernon. During this year he was sent as a delegate to the continental congress, and the year following was chosen commander in chief of the continental army. He fought the great battle of "Long Island," "White Plains," "Trenton," "Princeton," "Brandywine," "Germantown," and "Monmouth." His famous crossing of the Delaware took place December 25, 1786, and his final closing of the war by the capture of the army of Lord Cornwallis, was on October 19, 1781. For all his service during the revolution he never would receive a single dollar from the government. In 1789 he was elected the first president of the United States. Against his wishes he was pressed in for a second term, at the expiration of the second term he went to his farm and two years later he died, December 14, 1799.

THEODORE PARKER.

"A statue of Theodore Parker, to cost \$12,000, will be erected on one of the squares in the south end of Boston."

This statue, if erected, will be the first honor of the kind ever bestowed upon an American clergyman, so far as we are aware. And it will be an honor worthily bestowed. Parker was twenty-five years in advance of his age, and paid the penalty in as much persecution as the age would permit. Had he been born in the eighteenth century instead of the nineteenth, he would have lost his liberty, and in the seventeenth his life; but he would have lost both with just as much cheerfulness as he did less valuable things at a later day. He had the "courage of his convictions;" and the true martyr stuff was in him, and carried him through trials that would have crushed men of the common stuff. Nowadays the path of the clerical heretic is spread with roses and laurel; then it was sown with thorns. It cost something then for a clergyman to step outside the circle of beliefs in which he was reared, and persuade others to do likewise. It costs nothing now beyond the mental struggle and temporary personal inconvenience, usually compensated by extended reputation and increased salary. Heresy of such pronounced type as Parker's was rare, very rare, then, but it has long since ceased to be so, and its influence has decreased accordingly. Pigmies now walk unmolested the road that giants trod, sword in hand. "The climate of opinion," as Joseph Glanvil called it, has changed wonderfully, and no man in America, certainly has contributed to the change more than this son of New England. Few persons, we think, will now question the value of his work, however widely they may differ from many of his conclusions. He liberalized thought by giving perfect freedom to his own thought. Breathing clear air himself, he knew how to clear the air for others. He has made religion possible to thousands and tens of thousands, who would otherwise have wandered away into the dreary wastes of atheism. Loving God and humanity with an all absorbing love, he communicated that love to thousands and tens of thousands of hearts which would otherwise have been strangers to it. A fearless iconoclast, he placed the divine image where the idol had stood, and taught a nobler worship than that which he destroyed. And it can be said of him what cannot be said of most reformers, either before or since his time, that he had no words

of reproach or rebuke for those who went further than he was willing to go. He did not break old chains to forge new ones. He says:

"The religious teachings of Jesus have this chief excellence—they allow men to advance indefinitely beyond Him. He does not foreclose human consciousness against the income of new truth, nor make any one fact of human history a bar to the development of human nature. I do not find that He taught His doctrine as a finality or as one of many steps in the progressive development of mankind. He gives no opinion.

* * No sect has practically taken the words of Jesus for a finality though each counts its own doctrines as the last word of God.

* * Whatever is consistent with reason, conscience and the religious faculty, is consistent with the Christianity of Jesus—all else is hostile. Whoever obeys these three oracles is essentially a Christian, though he lived ten thousand years before Jesus, or, living now, does not own his name."

"The whirligig of Time brings in his revenges," when in a city where men and women were once imprisoned, whipped and hanged for daring to worship God as conscience dictated, a statue rises to perpetuate the memory of a man compared with whom the most heretical of these victims of Puritan intolerance was intensely orthodox. The statue will mark a grander and more fruitful victory than that commemorated by the granite obelisk on Bunker Hill.

THOMAS PAINE was born in Norfolk, England, 1737. His great literary ability made him the friendship of the philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, who induced him to come to America. His first publication was called "Common Sense," which promoted the Declaration of Independence. During the war of the Revolution he wrote the "Crisis," and the whole patriot army was inspired by it. Other patriotic articles and "tracts" were written by him, and during the war his pen was considered as mighty in leading on the armies as their cannon were formidable to the British hosts. He was a personal friend of Washington and Jefferson, and assisted the latter in getting up the Declaration of Independence, that partook of his spirit. He then went to France where he published "The Rights of Man," for which he was prosecuted. During the French revolution he was imprisoned. While thus confined a political prisoner, he wrote "The Age of Reason" and had it published. This brought down the anathema of the churches on him, yet it was only his opinions, just as the rest of the world had a right to, and all his labors for the freedom of humanity were lost sight of. But "the world moves." He died at seventy-two years of age, 1809.

ALEXANDER II, Czar of Russia, was born April 20, 1818, son of Nicholas. At sixteen he was declared of age, and given command of the Lancers of the Guard; was married in 1841, and became chancellor of the university of Finland, and gained the affections of the people of that country; did not approve of his father's course

of action toward Europe, or in the Crimean war. He assumed the throne March 2, 1855, and found a divided country. He managed for peace and harmony; punished corruption in office, and established public schools. Pardoned the Polish exiles in 1856. The grand achievement of his reign was the emancipation of twentythree million of slaves or serfs, March 3, 1861. In 1865 he established elective representative assemblies in the provinces. He carried on a war against Bakhra, in 1866; Kiva, in 1873; Khakan, in 1875-76, and personally went for a slice of Turkey in 1877-78. Was a kind, agreeable home ruler, yet the nihilist or commune element after threatening his life for some years accomplished his death by a nitro-glycerine bomb, while returning from a military review, March 13, 1881. The nations mourned his loss deeply, as he was trying to improve the condition of his people. He was a grand good friend of the United States in the rebellion of 1861. He held other nations in check that would like to have destroyed us.

HORACE GREELEY was born in New Hampshire, February 3, 1811. His early life was spent on a farm, where he had no advantages in schooling or books only as he could pick them up in the neighborhood. At the age of fifteen he went to learn the printer's trade, in Vermont; he was so diligent and his mind so active that he soon became one of the editors. At twenty he made his first appearance in New York City, without money or friends, having spent all he made in trying to inform himself. He obtained work at printing and had a varied experience in many offices, and was unusually successful, and made many friends by the art and by able articles written after hard study, that when he started in the publication of the New York Tribune, in 1841, he was looked upon as able politician, and had a wonderful faculty for obtaining facts and statistics. Although beginning in a small way he arose to the highest point of eminence as a journalist, and made the Tribune what it was, always against slavery. He was a member of con gress, in 1848. He wrote many large volumes or books. After the war he favored immediate restoration of the southern states to their place in government. In 1872 he received the Liberal nomination for president, but Grant beat him. He became melancholy and his wife soon died when he grew worse and died in 1873.

PATRICK HENRY was born in Virginia, May 29, 1736. He received a limited education, was placed in a store, but did no good, not having any adaptation for it. He married when eighteen, and settled on a farm, which also proved a failure. He then determined to study law, and was soon admitted to the bar. His first

case was the famous one against the "Parsons," in which he was engaged as a last resort by the parish—the lawyers previously engaged having given it up—and, climbing over the public, he gave the clergy such an overwhelming defeat that his success in life at once became an established fact; business and fortune now greeted him at every step, and the halls of legislation were open to him. He devoted himself to the cause of liberty and became a champion of freedom. By his speech before the Virginia Assembly he fired the whole country with enthusiasm, raising it in arms against England, and himself headed the first warlike demonstration. His great power lay in his oratory, and with this brilliant gift he labored for the benefit of his country until his death, which occurred in 1799.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, the eminent naturalist, was born at Edinburg, February 12, 1809. He was educated in the grammar school of his native town, at the University of Edinburg, and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of M. A. in 1831. The same year he sailed with Captain Fitzroy, of H. M. S. Beagle, as volunteer naturalist in the survey of South America, After his return, in 1836, from the voyage, in which he sailed around the globe, he published a "Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History," etc. (1839), which has been pronounced the "most entertaining book of genuine travels ever written." In 1839 he married his cousin, Emma Wedgewood. In 1841-42 he published "The Zoology of the Voyage of the Beagle," a "Treatise on Coral Reefs," on "Volcanic Islands," and "Geological Observations" in 1846. His monograph on the Corripedia (1851-53) would have given him a lasting reputation as a philosophical observer had he never written anything else. In 1859 he published his "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," a work which has attracted much attention and given rise to warm controversy in all civilized countries. He published a work on the "Fertilization of the Orchids" (1862), the "Habits and Movements of Climbing Plants" (1865), "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants" (1865), and the "Descent of Man" (1871), which has attracted scarcely less attention than his "Origin of Species." Also in 1872, "The Expressions of the Emotions in Man and Animals." Darwinism is a term applied to a particular theory of development originated by Mr. Darwin, and while based on the doctrine of evolution, is not identical with it. He died April 20, 1882, in London.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born in Scotland in 1795, was educated at Annan and afterward at Edinburg. At eighteen he and Edward Irving opened a school at Kirkcaldy; the latter dying the school was left and Carlyle returned to Edinburg and entered on the profession of literature, which he ever afterward followed. He translated "Leyender's Geometry" and "Wilhelm Meister." In 1826 he married Jane Welch, a lineal descendant of John Knox. She brought him some property; she died in 1866. He devoted much time to writing biographical sketches for the "Edinburg Cyclopædia." He became a popular English author, having written many volumes. He died at eighty-six years of age.

Dr. Haves, the Arctic explorer, who died in New York in 1881. was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, March 5, 1832. He graduated an M. D. in the University of Pennsylvania in 1853; was surgeon to the second Grinnell expedition, under Dr. Kane, 1853-5, and commanded in 1860-1, an expedition in the schooner United States, and with a small party in a boat and dog sledges reached (via Smith's sound) latitude 80 degrees, 37 minutes north. During the civil war he was a medical officer in the service of the United States, and in 1869 went in the steamer Panther to Greenland. He was awarded gold medals by the London and Paris Geographical Societies. Dr. Hayes' published works were as follows: "Arctic Boat Journey" (1860); "The Open Polar Sea" (1867); "Cast Away in the Cold" (1868), and "Land of Desolation" (1872). During the last ten years of his life Dr. Haves took an active part in politics as a republican, and served two terms in the New York assembly as a representative from one of the New York city districts, being a member of that body at the time of his death.

William H. Seward was born in Floraday, New York, May 16, 1801. He graduated at Union College in 1821 and commenced practicing law at Auburn two years later. He soon became active in politics as a whig and then anti-slavery leader, and in 1830 was elected to the State senate as an anti-mason. In 1833 traveled in Europe. In 1838 he was elected governor and served two terms; he rose rapidly in his profession; in 1849 was elected to the United States senate, and soon became the leader of his party in the senate. In reference to slavery and the territories he claimed there was a higher natural law, that favored equity, than state and national laws. In 1858 he spoke of slavery and free labor as "an irrepressible conflict between the opposing and enduring forces." In speaking in congress just before the war broke out, he said: "I avow my adherence to the Union, with my friends, my State, my

party, or without them, either—as they may determine—in every event of peace or war, with every consequence of honor, dishonor, life or death." He received $137\frac{1}{2}$ votes in 1860 for president in the republican convention at Chicago when Lincoln was nominated. He was the very able secretary of state under Lincoln for the two terms. In August, 1870, he and family started for their tour around the world; he received the honors of nations; arrived home October, 1871. He was an able author. He died in Auburn, New York, October 10, 1872.

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 6, 1811. He graduated at Harvard college in 1830. He was first a law reporter on "Sumner's Reports," then he edited the "American Jurist," a quarterly law journal of high repute. He was also a lecturer to law students. Traveled in Europe in 1837. Judge Storey spoke of him as a young man of "extraordinary attainments, literary and judicial, and a gentleman of highest purity and propriety of character." He received the highest honors wherever he went. He opposed the Mexican war, claiming such things should be settled by arbitration. He separated from the whig party on account of its slavery tendencies and joined the "Free Soil" party. He was elected to the United States senate in 1851 and retained his seat in the senate till his death. His motto, "Freedom is national and slavery sectional," was a good guide then. In his advocacy of these principles, he said something that offended T. S. Brooks, of South Carolina, who used a cane on Sumner in the senate chamber, that injured his spine. He afterwards made a speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery." His strong influence was felt in the election of Lincoln, and during the war was always in favor of moderate or mild measures against the enemy. His last election to the senate was nearly unanimous by all parties. He was a great sufferer from his injury above referred to. No doubt it shortened his life. He died at his post in Washington in 1874.

James W. Grimes, LL.D., was born in Deering, Hillsborough county, New Hampshire, October 20, 1816, and educated at Dartmouth College. He settled at Burlington, Iowa,—then a territory—in May, 1836, and engaged in the practice of law, being very successful in his profession; held a number of minor offices; was elected Governor of Iowa by the Whigs and Free-Soilers in 1854; assisted in organizing the Republican party. Under the new constitution his term as governor expired January, 1858, and was then elected United States Senator, and again in 1864, and resigned, in consequence of failing health, in August, 1869. He was a faithful,

conscientious worker, and a good debater, and was held in highest esteem. Some of his party leaders found fault with him for voting against the impeachment of President Johnson when he was on trial. Mr. Grimes conscientiously believed the grounds were insufficient; it turned the scale in Johnson's favor. He afterward said: "I shall always thank God that He gave me courage to stand firm in the midst of the clamor and by my vote not only saved the Republican party, but prevented such a precedent." He died at Burlington, Iowa, February 7, 1872.

HENRY WILSON, LL. D., was born at Farmington, New Hampshire. February 16, 1812. When but ten years old, in consequence of the poverty of his parents, he was bound out to a farmer till he was twenty-one. He got for this faithful service eleven months' schooling and eighty dollars in all this time. start he went to Natick, Massachusetts, and settled permanently. He was in Washington in 1836, where he first saw slavery, and he was so wrought up that he determined to make it a life work to oppose it. In 1840 he was in the state legislature; in 1844-5 in the state senate, and in 1848 in the whig national convention and because they did not pledge themselves against slavery, he openly renounced his allegiance to the party, and joined the free soilers. He was again elected to the state senate and in 1855 to the United States senate where he stayed, and Gen. Scott says he did more work in one short session on the military committee than had been done in the committee in twenty years, being an incessant worker. In 1872 he was elected vice-president and "snatched leisure" to write three large volumes of "The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power." His pure, faithful life, commencing right where many young men are, should encourage them. He died in the vice-president's apartments at Washington, November 22, 1875, admired by all good men.

James A. Garfield, late president of the United States, was born November 19, 1831, at Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, fifteen miles from Cleveland. His father was Abraham Garfield, who died two years after James was born; his mother's name was Eliza Ballou, and a remarkably good, intelligent woman. They were very poor; James being the youngest of four children, all young and dependent, but the mother kept them together and trained them the best she could. So you see that young James had a struggle to obtain the necessaries of life from the start; he farmed, chopped cord wood, drove a horse on the canal tow path, and was promoted to hold the helm of the canal boat; he also

worked at carpentering when he could get it to do. After his home training and reading, while in his teens, he determined to go to school, at Geauga academy, in an adjoining county; with a little help financially from home, and food and utensils, he rented a small room and made a worker's progress in his studies. He paid his own way after that by working morning and evening, and during vacation at carpentering and teaching country schools; and so worked his way on step by step till he entered Williams College. in Massachusetts, in the fall of 1854, where he graduated with the metaphysical honors of his class. Was what is called "Disciple" in doctrine, of the Alexander Campbell persuasion, and occasionally preached. He became a professor in Hiram Eclectic Institute. not far from his Ohio home, and afterward was made president of the institution. "Plain living and high thinking" was the order of things there, as it should be everywhere. He married Miss Lucretia Randolph; their children are Harry, James, Mary, Irwin and Abram. The college president was elected to the state senate. in 1859, where he made his mark. Then, in 1861, was elected colonel of the Forty-second Ohio infanty and went into the field. where, by hard marching, he surprised Humphrey Marshall, at Picton, Kentucky, and routed the rebel forces. This gave him the promotion for brigadier-general. In 1862 he was elected to congress and took his seat in December, 1863, and held the seat, gaining in influence constantly, until he was elected senator from his state, in January, 1880. And after a long and hotly contested campaign between General Grant and James G. Blaine, General Garfield was nominated for president, at Chicago, in June, 1880, and elected that fall to the presidency. He was inaugurated March 4. 1881, and made a splendid record till he was assassinated July 2d the same year, by Charles J. Guiteau shooting him in the back. He lingered till September 19, 1881, when he died, and was buried at Cleveland, Ohio. The nation, if not the whole world, mourned as never before (Lincoln not excepted, though equally meritorious). During his illness prayer was universal for his recovery, "yet he died under natural law and all prayer, to be effectual, must be in harmony with said law," said an eminent M. E. divine at the Garfield memorial service. The murderer was found guilty, as charged, in January, 1882, after a long, tedious trial. He had sought office and failed, craved notoriety; was hung June 30, 1882.

LIEUT.-GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT, ex-President of the United States, had a remarkable history; I will give it only brief mention. He was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822, of Scotch

descent. He attended the military school at West Point, at the age of seventeen, but did not rank high in his studies, and graduated in 1843. He went through the Mexican war, and received two brevets for gallantry. He married Julia T. Dent in 1848, at St. Louis. He resigned his captaincy in the army and moved on a farm near St. Louis in 1854; had four slaves, but made a failure of farming and land agency and in 1860 moved to Galena, Ill., and engaged in the leather business, where the firing upon Fort Sumter found him, and on April 19, 1861, he was drilling a company, and in four days took his men to Springfield, there tendering his services to the Adjutant-General for the United States, in any capacity. He was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois, and in August, Brigadier-General. He first captured Paducah, Ky., and saved that state to the Union; next, Belmont. Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, his motto being, "No terms except unconditional surrender can be accepted," he got it, and a Major-General's commission besides; next, Shiloh, Vicksburg and Missionary Ridge, which earned him the commission of Lieutenant-General. He was then placed over the Potomac army-on to Richmond, "I propose to fight it out on this line." General Lee surrendered to him April 9, 1865, at the McLean residence in Appomattox, Va. Afterward the great general was made President of the United States from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1877, after which he traveled around the world. He became a slave to cigar smoking, causing a cancerous condition of the throat, which caused his death. He died July 23, 1885, at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., at the age of sixty-three, which event gave rise to the following appropriate lines:

THE DYING COMMANDER.

What is the sad rumor flying? Grant, the sturdy soldier, dying? Grant, the grim, yet glorious Mars, Savior of the stripes and stars— Grant, the warrior, dying?

Grant, whose cool, intrepid bearing
Stimulated deeds of daring
In the hottest of the field,
And whose cry was "Never yield!"—
Grant, unconquered, dying?

Grant, whose many faults are hidden
'Neath the cloak that waves unhidden—
Royal robe of purple dye—
In the loom of memory—
Grant, the hero, dying?

Ah! 'tis worth a nation's sighing!
On truth's wings the rumor's flying.
Softly, friends! a hero falls
Whom the unwelcome angel calls—
Grant, at work, is dying.

OUR PRESIDENTS.

Personal Facts About Them—The Day and Date of Birth, When They Were Inaugurated, How Long in Office, When and Where They Died.

The New York Mail says: George Washington was born in Virginia on Friday, February 11, 1732, old style; February 22, 1732, new style. Became president Thursday, April 30, 1789, at the age of 57 years, 2 months and 8 days. He served continuously eight years less two months. He died in Virginia, Saturday, December 14, 1799, aged 67 years, 9 months and 22 days.

John Adams was born in Massachusetts on Wednesday, October 19, 1735, old style; October 30, new style. He became president on Monday, March 4, 1793, at the age of 57 years, 4 months and 4 days. Served only four years. He died in Massachusetts, Tuesday, July 4, 1826, aged 90 years, 8 months and 4 days.

Thomas Jefferson was born in Virginia, Tuesday, April 2, 1743. He was inaugurated Wednesday, March 4, 1801, at the age of 57 years, 11 months and 2 days. Served eight years. He died in Virginia on the same day with John Adams, Tuesday, July 4, 1826, at the age of 83 years, 3 months and 2 days.

James Madison was born in Virginia, Tuesday, March 16, 1751. He was inaugurated Saturday, March 4, 1809, at the age of 57 years, 11 months and 16 days, and served eight years. Died Tuesday, June 28, 1836, aged 85 years, 3 months and 12 days.

James Monroe was born in Virginia on Friday, April 28, 1758. Became president on Tuesday, March 4, 1817, at the age of 58 years, 9 months and 4 days. He died in New York on Monday, July 4, 1831—the third president who died on Independence Day—aged 73 years, 2 months and 6 days.

John Quincy Adams, eldest son of President John Adams, was born in Massachusetts on Saturday, July 11, 1767. Became president on Friday, March 4, 1825, at the age of 57 years, 7 months and 21 days, and served four years. He died in Washington (while a member of the House of Representatives) on Wednesday, February 23, aged 80 years, 7 months and 14 days.

Andrew Jackson was born in North (or South) Carolina on Sunday, March 15, 1767. He was inaugurated on Wednesday, March 4, 1829, at the age of 61 years, 11 months and 17 days, and served eight years. Died in Tennessee on Sunday, January 8, 1845, aged 77 years, 9 months and 24 days. (Died on the anniversary of his great victory, the battle of New Orleans, thirty years before).

Martin Van Buren was born in New York on Thursday, December 5, 1782. Was inaugurated on Saturday, March 4, 1837, at the age of 54 years and 3 months, and served four years. He died in New York on Thursday, July 24, 1862, aged 79 years, 7 months and 19 days.

William Henry Harrison was born in Virginia on Thursday, February 9, 1773. He was inaugurated on Thursday, March 4, 1841, at the age of 68 years and 23 days, and died in the office just one month later, Sunday, April 4, 1841, aged 68 years, 1 month and 23 days.

John Tyler was born in Virginia on Monday, March 29, 1790. Became president on the death of Harrison, Sunday, April 4, 1841, at the age of 51 years and 6 days,

serving out that term only. He died Friday, January 17, 1862, aged 71 years, 9 months and 19 days.

James Knox Polk was born in North Carolina on Monday, November 2, 1795. Was inaugurated Tuesday, March 4, 1845, at the age of 49 years, 4 months and 2 days, serving four years. He died in Tennessee on Friday, June 15, 1849, only eleven weeks after going out of office, aged 53 years, 7 months and 13 days.

Zachary Taylor was born in Virginia, on Friday, September 24, 1784. He became president on Monday, March 5, 1849, at the age of 64 years, 5 months and 9 days. This was the first instance in which the 4th of March, the day for inaugurating a new president, fell on a Sunday. But it happened at Monroe's second inauguration, and also at the inauguration of President Hayes. Taylor died in office on Tuesday, July 1, 1850, at the age of 65 years, 9 months and 15 days.

Millard Fillmore was born in New York, Tuesday, January 8, 1800. He succeeded Taylor on Wednesday, July 10, 1850, at the age of 50 years, 6 months and 3 days, serving out the term. He died in New York on Sunday, March 8, 1874, aged 74 years, 9 months and 1 day.

Franklin Pierce was born in New Hampshire, on Friday, November 23, 1804, and was inaugurated on Friday, March 4, 1853, at the age of 48 years, 3 months and 9 days, serving only one term. He died on Friday, October 8, 1869, aged 64 years, 10 months and 15 days. Born, inaugurated and died on Friday.

James Buchanan was born in Pennsylvania, on Saturday, April 23, 1791. He became president on Wednesday, March 4, 1856, at the age of 65 years, 10 months and 11 days, serving one term. He died in Pennsylvania on Monday, June 1, 1868, aged 77 years, 1 month and 8 days. He was the only president who was never married.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky on Sunday, February 12, 1809. He became president on Monday, March 4, 1861, at the age of 52 years and 20 days. He served until his assassination in Washington on Good Friday, April 14, 1865, (died the next day, April 15) at the age of 56 years, two months and three days.

Andrew Johnson was born in North Carolina on Thursday, December 29, 1808, and became president on Saturday, April 15, 1865, (on the death of Lincoln), at the age of 56 years, 3 months and 17 days. He died in Tennessee on Saturday, July 31, 1875, aged 66 years, seven months and 2 days.

Ulysses Simpson Grant was born in Ohio on Saturday, April 27, 1822. He was inaugurated on Thursday, March 4, 1869, at the age of 46 years, 10 months and 5 days and served eight years.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes was born in Ohio on Friday, October 4, 1822, and became president on Monday, March 5, 1877, at the age of 54 years, 5 months and 1 day.

James Abram Garfield was born in Ohio on Saturday, November 19, 1833, and was inaugurated on Friday, the 4th day of March, 1881, at the age of 49 years, 3 months and 13 days. Shot July 2, 1881.

Chester A. Arthur was born in 1830. He was vice-president and became president at Garfield's death, and made a good administration. He died in 1886.

Grover Cleveland was born in 1837 and was inaugurated March 4, 1885, serving four years.

Benjamin Harrison was born August 20, 1833, was inaugurated March 4, 1889, and is making a model administration.

AGES AND TERMS OF SERVICE.

| NAME. | AGE WHEN PRESIDENT. | | | LENGTH OF SERVICE. | | | AGE AT DEATH. | | |
|---|--|---|---|-----------------------|--|--|--|--------------------|--|
| | Years. | Months. | Days. | Years. | Months. | Days. | Years. | Months. | Days. |
| Washington. John Adams Jefferson Madison Monroe J. Q. Adams Jackson. Van Buren Harrison Tyler Polk Taylor Fillmore Pieree Buchanan Lincoln Johnson Grant Hayes Garfield | 57 57 57 57 58 57 61 54 68 51 49 64 52 56 48 65 54 49 | 2 4 11 11 9 7 11 3 0 0 4 5 6 3 10 0 3 10 5 3 | 8 4 2 16 4 21 17 0 23 6 2 9 3 9 11 20 17 5 1 13 | 74888484034124443840 | 9 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 11 0 4 7 0 0 0 0 0 0 | 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 | 67 90 83 85 73 80 77 79 68 71 53 65 74 64 77 66 67 | 983527971979210127 | 22 4 2 12 6 13 24 19 23 19 13 14 15 9 3 2 |

To be eligible for Representative in Congress one must be a male citizen (native or naturalized), 25 years of age, a resident of the State from which he is chosen, and seven years a citizen of the country. No matter about his color.

The qualifications for Senators are the same, with the exception that he must be 30 years old and nine years a citizen. The pay of Senators and Representatives is \$5,000 per year, 20 cents per mile for going once at each session to and from the capital, and \$125 a year for newspapers and stationery. We believe the only instance of a Senator under age was Henry Clay. He was appointed or elected to fill a vacancy, and took his seat December 29, 1806, but was not 30 years old until the 12th of the following month.

The congressional apportionment is made every ten years for the lower House of Congress. The Senate is composed of two members from each state. Presidential electors are elected one from each congressional district and two at large in each state. Those elected meet at the state capital of their respective states, all on the same day, and cast their vote and send one copy of the result of the vote by mail and one by carrier, to the president of the Senate, who is the custodian of them till they are counted before him by Congress. The President's term of office begins at noon on the fourth of March following his election.

The greatest political honor that attaches to any office, in our little world, we think rightfully belongs to the President of the United States of America, not excepting any of the thrones of the Old World. Still there is higher and more lasting honor in many of the more common spheres of life if the highest attainable perfection is reached in mechanical skill, engineering, inventing, the

arts and sciences, statesmanship, philosophy and morals, mother-hood and fatherhood, and that which is the highest on the up grade toward God is a Man—one that can touch bottom from the philanthropist down in all that is good from his noble height—a true, manly Man.

With two such souls harmoniously united in love and conditions, the climax is reached for true honors; it is not an impossible height, and should be the beacon star to be reached by this time at near the close of the autumn of life, in my ideal of a natural life.

Those approaching nearest this point are not all in congress nor out of it; not all in the churches nor out of them; not all in heaven or out of it. I think the world is growing better. There was a time when certain men looked upon others from their own standpoint and said they were "totally depraved;" such a judge is not favorably looked upon in these days. There were good and great men as far back as we have any history, in fact, some of them real prodigies, and the masses are improving in every succeeding The fathers of our country were great and good generation. men. Our most prominent and best informed people say that the American Congress of 1890, and especially the Senate, was superior to any body of the kind ever convened in any country under Time, in this as in all things, will tell. It is not the sun. always those who profess the most that possess the most. Work. work, work, makes you better and others happier, and you must be a good worker if you would gain eminence and become a leader in anything. The high or low may take a pleasurable hint from the following:

CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

Jes' turn de back log ober, dar—an' pull your stools up nigher, An' watch dat 'possum cookin' in de skillet by de fire; Lemme spread my legs out on de bricks to make my feelin's flow, An' I'll gin' you a fac' or two, to take befo' you go.

Now, in dese busy wukin' days, dey's changed de Scripter fashions, An' you needn't look for mirakuls to furnish you wid rations; Now, when you's wantin' loaves o' bread, you got to go and fetch 'em, An' ef you's wantin' fishes, you mus' dig your wums an' ketch 'em; For you kin put it down as sartin dat de time is long gone by, When sassages and 'taters use to rain fum out de sky!

Ef you think about it keerfully, an' put it to de tes'.
You'll diskiver dat de safes' plan is gin'relly de bes';
Ef you stumble on a hornet's nes' an' make de critters scatter,
You needn't stan' dar like a fool an' argerfy de matter;
An' when de yaller fever comes an' settles all aroun',
'Tis better dan de karanteen to shuffle out o' town!

Dar's heap o' dreadful music in de very fines' fiddle; A ripe an' meller apple may be rotten in de middle; De wises' lookin' trabeler may be de bigges' fool; Dar's a lot o' solid kickin' in de humbles' kind o' mule; De preacher aint de holies' dat w'ars de meekes' look, An' does de loudes' bangin' on de kiver of de book!

De people pays deir bigges' bills in buyin' lots an' lan's; Dey scatter all deir picayunes aroun' de peanut stan's; De twenties an' de fifties goes in payin' orf deir rents, But Heben an' de organ grinder gits de copper cents.

I nebber likes the cullud man dat thinks too much o' eatin; Dat frolics froo de wukin' days, an' snoozes at de meetin'; Dat jines de Temp'rance 'Ciety, an' keeps a gittin' tight, An' pulls his water-millions in de middle ob de night!

Dese milerterry nigger chaps, wid muskets in deir han's, Perradin' froo de city to de music ob de ban's, Had better drop deir guns, an' go marchin' wid deir hoes An' git an' honest libbin' as dey chop de cotton rows, Or de State may put 'em arter while to drillin' in de ditches, Wid more'n a single stripe a runnin' 'cross deir breeches.

Well, you think that doin' nothin, 'tall is mighty sof' an' nice, But it busted up the renters in de lubly Paradise!
You see, dey bofe was human bein's, jes' like me an' you,
An' dey couldn't regerlate deirselves wid not a thing to do;
Wid plenty wuk befo' 'em, an' a cotton crop to make,
Dey'd nebber thought o' loafin' 'roun' an' chattin' wid de snake.

-J. A. Macon, in Scribner.

THE WINTER PERIOD OF LIFE.

Why not Be Happy.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder,
One may escape from its troubles and care;
Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garment we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited, Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song; Lovers grow cold and friends are slighted, Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Everyday toil is everyday blessing.

Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share,
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just as we mourn that there are none to be friend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

-George Heuer.





MRS. E. S. SILCOTT,
Sister and Brother.



Oh, "the snow, the beautiful snow" crowned heads of our worthy grand parents. "Somehow or other" grandmother and father have worried along, till they have now just begun the last one-fourth of a natural life here. How grand and good and happy they should be. Naturally during the spring time of life the good seeds should be sown; the summer time given to culture, and in the autumn the fruits come freely if all has been well done, and just as naturally, when the outer show of foliage and flowers fade. the fruits garnered, winter comes with its flakes. We house up and look within for the social, congenial life surrounding the family The neighborhood circle, where there is or should be a cultivating revival of everything good within; the circle of society. head and heart. Why, oh why, should not "December be as pleasant as May?" Why should it not be the holiday of life to the good, cultivated, old saint, as well as the spring season is to the voung and buoyant.

If we have given away to bad habits, bad management and bad surroundings during the past life, we will hardly be prepared for a happy conclusion, for circumstances will be all against it.

We are creatures of circumstances, to a certain extent, but when they are against the advance of the right, then is the time that the God like spark within should assert itself grandly and rise above the circumstances. Then you can feel yourself a man among men and before God.

Wealth in property is not essential, but desirable if honestly gained, but it should be accumulated in mind, for it is the mind that makes the man. It does not do for the old, any more than the young, to give up and say, "I am old and cannot cultivate." Notwithstanding the body may be weak and failing the mind should be constantly cultivated till the dissolution comes. It's when people are prospering that they are happy. Why not keep right on enriching the storehouse of knowledge and not fret and complain of all around you simply because you have fallen behind the train of progress. The fog has arisen; there is a clear sky just beyond the mist - even the heavily laden freight train is just ahead of the clouds. How much better if you were on that, if not with the passenger express train. Those who are prepared for the great passenger train and always on time, will enjoy it; it will glide along pleasantly, while the fault finding brother and sister have taken a seat in the depot and are waiting for it to start, but think it too much trouble to even get on the passing trains if they were going to glory. Those who get on the express train flit by all else so fast

that a jealousy arises and they are unpopular for a time, at least till the other trains catch up to their station.

Remember how it was with Socrates, Galileo, Luther, Harvey, Fulton, Morse, and many others whom the people thought beside themselves, but when the slower trains came up, and the forerunners said to them, "The things that I do ye shall do, and greater things," for I go on to the next station, then all the people worship them and concede that they were sane all the time. If you cannot be a good leader you can be a good follower, and if it is a heavy load on an up grade be ready to put a "scotch" behind the wheel to prevent its going backward, and you will be more useful and happy than those throwing impediments in the way of the trains. The world moves on, and our good people with it, onward and appward, and we should all keep abreast of the times and in line with the march of progress, and, if possible, be found at the head of the procession.

AGED PEOPLE.

When we look about us it is plainly to be seen that "three score and ten" does not kill, if unwholesome conditions do before that length of time. Among my old friends that visit me occasionally is my own dear mother, eighty-four years of age, hale and hearty for one of her advanced years, who even now does more work and reads more than many young women. Stepfather Van Tassel, at the age of ninety, is in like condition, and is engaged in wrestling with the mysteries of perpetual motion, with a fond hope of realizing a practical solution of the vexed problem—a living example of patience and devotion for ambitious young men who have a desire to fathom the depths of mystery and reveal to the world hitherto hidden principles of philosophy which will advance science and immortalize the discoverer. My loving old uncle, R. Richards, reached the age of seventy-six, though rather feeble, he died hopeful and cheerful. The oldest person living in Iowa is supposed to be Mrs. Madden, of Plymouth county, who is 110 years old. She is still strong and hearty, and retains her faculties to a remarkable degree. A local paper says: "It is no task for her to walk to town from home, a distance of two miles, and back again. She distinctly remembers events that occurred eighty and ninety years ago."

All are interested in the subject of the duration of life; I therefore annex the following cases of longevity, which I trust will be interesting to the reader:

Old Mr. Ferguson, of our place, states that his parents are still living in Scotland, his father being 115 and his mother 111 years old, and that they were married when his father was 23 and his mother 19 years old, and hence have been married 92 years. Does the world furnish a parallel case?

BORN IN 1773—DIED IN 1883.

The death of Bernard Doran, janitor of Grammar School No. 30, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and ten years, was reported yesterday. He was a native of Ireland, and his son, John, says that in 1829, he saw the old family bible, in which his father's birth was recorded as having taken place on January 7, 1773. Doran's father was land agent for Sir John Stewart, and it is said, lived to be one hundred and four years old. The late janitor came to this country in 1839, and was appointed in 1845 to the position which he held up to the time of his death. he has twice married, and had nine children, three of whom, now very old, survive him. Doran never drank a drop of liquor and never used tobacco. He had always enjoyed the best of health, and never had occasion to consult a physician until within a few days of his death. He died from general debility incidental to extreme old age.—From the New York World.

OLDER THAN THE G. O. M.

There is an older man than Gladstone in the new British parliament. Gladstone was born in 1809, while Isaac Holden, who represents the Keinhley division of Yorkshire, was born in 1807. He is the oldest and probably the richest member of the house, having an income of a round million a year from his silk and wool manufactures. He is even more vigorous physically than is the grand old man, and eight miles a day is his constitutional walk, rain or shine, hot or cold. His political sympathies are all with Gladstone, whom he styles a very bright and promising young man.—From the Boston Herald, August, 1892.

Mr. Gladstone has been a worker daily, systematically, physically as well as mentally. That makes men useful as well as ornamental in history. Try it, and be useful.

But the number of brain-workers who passed three and four score is two large for mention in this space. Fontanelle outlived a century; and when asked, as he was dying, if he felt pain, said: "I only feel the difficulty of existing." (Singularly, an exactly similar sentiment was uttered by the dying Garfield.) Again a friend of 90 who approached him said: "Death, I think, has forgotten us." "Hush!" whispered Fontanelle, "he may overhear us." Bacon declared that literary life produced longevity. Plato died in his 81st year, while writing. Isocrates wrote his Panathenaican in his 94th year, and lived five years more. Georgias, the Leontine, completed 118 years, laboring to the end of his life. Cato learned Greek at 80, and wrote his seventh book of Antiquities in his 84th year. Cicero found it recorded that Arganthonious reigned at Gades, on the island of Cadiz, eighty years, and lived 120. Longfellow, in immortal verse, has limned this:

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles Wrote his Œdipus, and Simonides Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers When each had numbered more than four score years; And Theophrastus, at four score and ten, Had but begun his character of Men.

Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales, At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales; Gothe at Weimar, toiling to the last, Completed Faust when eighty years were past. These are indeed exceptions; but they show How far the gulf-stream of your youth may flow Into the Arctic regions of our lives, Where little else than life itself survives.

-J. M. McMichael.

The Popular Science says:

On a full examination of the question of patriarchal longevity, the disparity of their ages to those of later times disappears. A very slight error in the translation of the Hebrew numbers has led to all this apparent disparity. The age of the antediluvians was not to exceed 120 years. Genesis vi., 3: "And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with men, for that he is also flesh, yet his days shall be 120." This was the regular good old age of men, with special variations, both before and for some time after the days of Abraham.

In reading concrete numbers the Hebrews gave the large number first, thus: Ninety and seven for 97, forty and seven for 47. The reversal of this rule in the translation of Genesis v., 3-5, as an illustration, will show the error in all similar cases. "Adam lived a 130 years, begot a son," etc. This is correct according to the rule. Seth was born when Adam was 130 years old, and was his last child. But if the rule were here reversed, as it is in the authorized version, in the fifth verse, it would read thus: Adam lived 3000 years, and begat a son! This shocked the consciousness of the Christian translator, and he was driven to the true rule of the Hebrew uses in case of concrete numerals.

In the fifth verse we have the force of the violated rule, thus: "And all the days that Adam lived were 930 years, and he died!" A. V. The true reading of the rule would be, "and all the days of Adam which he lived were a hundred years and thirty and nine years, and he died," making the entire age of Adam 139 years instead of 930 years.

It will be seen, on examination, that concrete numeral adjectives in Hebrew, as in other languages, agree in number with their nouns. In the cited in the A. V. the nine is made to agree with hundred in the singular and not with the years in the plural. The error is seen at a glance or the difference between "nine years" and "nine hundred years" is too great to be overlooked in any careful translation of the sacred book. The translator assumed that nine here agreed with the hundred, when it had no such agreement; hundred in the text is itself a concrete numeral, and separately agrees with years, meaning a hundred years; at the date of this writing "nine hundred" or any number of hundreds above one, without repitition or circumlocution.

In the case of the age of Terah, the father of Abraham, the translators have made the attempt to make two hundred out of one hundred in the word mathim, used in the pural as it might be to agree with years, thus making Terah 205 instead of 105 years old at his death; holding the theory that the word mae (or 100) would in the plural mathim make 200. This is contrary to all rule. The Hebrews could by pluralizing a numeral less than 10, add ten-fold to the unit, thus: hemosh, 5 hemoshim, 50. This rule, applied in case of Terah, would make him ten times 150 years old, or 1050 years old. In the case of Terah the historic record conclusively contradicts the translation, and hence demonstrates the rule that pluralizing 100 does

not, in the Hebrew tongue, make 200, while as to the numerals between 2 and ten the rule might apply thus: Shelesh, 3 Sheleshim, 30, and in like manner to 10, with these corrections referring to the age of the patriarchs before the Noachian deluge, the article of M. de Solaville would show a wonderful uniformity in the age of man since the dawn of history.

From Adam to the flood the ages would read as in the table below, subject to a few uncertainties in the numbers below 100, as the numerals are sometimes pluralized for the purposes of agreement, when they were not increased ten-fold. The cases are not always certain; the table to the flood is substantially true. The table is added, giving the ages of each at the time of his death.

- 1. Adam, 130 years, and not 930 years.
- 2. Seth, 121 years, and not 912 years.
- 3. Enos, 114 years, and not 935 years.
- 4. Cain, 119 years, and not 910 years.
- 5. Mahalaleel, 122 years, and not 832 years.
- 6. Jared, 117 years, and not 965 years.
- 7. Enoch, 114 years, and not 365 years.
- 8. Methuselah, 124 years, and not 969 years.
- 9. Lamech, 117 years, and not 777 years.
- 10. Noah, 159 years, and not 950 years.

Average 120 plus years.

The world's statistics, so far as there have been any kept, indicate that the average length of human life has increased about ten years. In the light of this fact there seems to be no natural way to account for the great age of Mathuselah, only to conclude that the account is traditional or that it is miscalculation as above represented; otherwise it would require too much credulity to establish the fact. Our ablest ministers tell us they cannot account for the discrepancy in any other way. If the world is on the upward grade, as history seems to indicate, why not continue to develop more and more in bodily vigor and tenacity of mind, taking hold of the physical sciences and unraveling the mysteries of one world at a time? But some people are fearful of delving into the mysteries of God's domain or Godliness. Nothing but good can come of it if we earnestly search for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and the man who has had a long life, and good, moral culture, should be the very man to dip deepest into the mysteries, for it is this that will induce him to look up to the Highest of the High for the cause of all things. These things, they will undoubtedly conclude, did not come by mere chance, but by some process of development under universal laws that under like circumstances act the same everywhere.

Such grand, old mothers and fathers will have something worth telling to the confiding children that would look up to them with awe far above the wonderful, stately mountains, that best represent them in age and in their rich treasures within—represented in all the valuable metals from the commonest up to the pure gold. Then if the outward appearance is not as smooth as it was once, it is grand and reverential, and we know where to look for the gold; they will be safe counselors and tell you many things in past history, and of his or her youthful hopes and disappointments or successes, sorrows and joys; but somehow or other they have worried along, and like the stately oak, the adverse winds have made them stronger; and, at this age, their star of hope is anchored somewhere in a higher sphere of action, hence they will take more interest in that subject and go with you further in climbing Jacob's ladder than in any other direction.

HOPE.

There is a star that shineth
Above the thickest gloom,
And the sorrowing heart divineth
Its light beyond the tomb.
With steady, constant ray it gleams
"Upon the path of Youth,
And tingeth all its golden dreams
With colorings of truth.

Far out upon the ocean

Its cheering light is shed

Yet hath no mortal seen this star,

The living nor the dead.

But in the heart and in the soul

Where death and danger cope,

Assuming with a firm control

Doth shine this Star of Hope.

-Rear Admiral Stevens.

THE HEAVENLY RAILWAY AND FULL TRAIN OF THINKERS.

We will here collect a few thoughts and opinions on religion and morals, and those things calculated to make the reader think for himself and try and become purer and better, under natural law principles, which are safe and abiding as the great author of them; just such things as the writer wishes his own numerous offspring to know, think and profit by, for the present and future good of them and all who may read these pages, is the sincere desire of the humble author.

Do not think it is best for you to sit down in the depot and let all the trains pass that would furnish you the latest and best information. If you would open your eyes and ears you might learn

that it was actually necessary for you to do something. At least make effert enough to get your eyes open and read the advertisements of each heavenly railroad if you expect to go there, and try and determine which route is the best one. In doing this, if you are well balanced, you will cultivate yourself and others physically, mentally and morally. Then in the investigation you may find many of them were built of very poor material in the first place, and then set up on total depravity stilts which require a constant bracing, and frequently special providence to keep them on their "pegs." The material and construction being so poor it causes much friction and consequently fire and brimstone that requires much water to quench the flames. So much extreme heat and then cold suddenly injures the material used for rails, and the friction has worn them out till they are very weak and vibrate with the least possible breeze, making it unpleasant, unsafe and uncertain about ever reaching the destination. If it does it will probably be the lowest station or sphere. Their purpose may have been good and pure, but not well advised in the construction, for the want of knowledge that time and the progress of events have developed.

If now, in the light of the nineteenth century, these companies or societies could be reorganized and the weak doctrinal stilts, rotten rails and ties thrown out, and with an effort to live not altogether by faith, but go to work like men and lay a good and substantial foundation on tried and proved natural and moral laws, which may be strengthened from time to time as experience teaches to be safest and best, we would then have a foundation upon which to place the ties of affection for any given good work. Then put on the best steel rails possible, for a determined course of work. with all the switches necessary for safety and feeders; then get on the track with a good will for an engine and a healthy body for a tender and train, put your willing, working hands and feet in motion to bless all mankind, doing so with proper care for yourself, and the friction by coming in contact with opposing elements will keep your engine and machinery bright—so bright that it will be better than a light set upon a hill top. By the way, you may find it profitable to widen and improve your track as well as the machinery; if you should have to lay by for repairs on account of some unforeseen accident, you may improve the time in some other way and thus cultivate at other points, so that when the last station is reached in this sphere and the external machinery is worn out and no longer tenable, the inner man, the more refined machinery, is developed for like loved employment in higher

spheres, and thus go on from station to station, up toward the great I Am of the universe. Watts says:

There we will sit and sing Ourselves away to everlasting bliss.

There may be a beautiful ideal in that to a lazy professor of the old train; but no live progressive man, who knows anything of the natural law principles and believes them universal, conceives any such an idea or desire. Sixty years trial in this life satisfies me that it is not my ideal of Heaven.

Success toward the star of progress is what gives good men pleasure here, and we think the law and analogy will hold good hereafter, developing the divine spark which every man possesses by nature.

Look through nature up to nature's God.—Pope.

A PLEA FOR LIBERALITY OF THOUGHT IN THE CHURCHES.

This may sound strange in free and independent America. Yet it is not very strange when we take into the account the source from which the creeds, discipline and various articles of faith of some six hundred different denominations come. But I shall claim here that the masses of the people in free and enlightened America are far superior in thought to their society creeds or doctrines of These doctrinal articles were gotten up, quite generally, by well meaning men, based on the traditions brought to them from past ages, taking it for granted that men are "totally depraved," and that a special providence of God is essential to salvation, and in proof of the claim give an account of the creation of the world and all things therein in six days, and how the "snake" took the advantage of God's absence and led men astray; then charge God with having fixed, planned and located an eternal hell, where his creatures, in human form, would be sent and tortured throughout endless ages in fire and brimstone fume if he did not pay tribute to such and such creeds.

As a sample of such extreme self-righteousness, with bigoted intolerance and silly credulity in the teachings of past ages by such people, I clip from a county paper here of February 18, 1892:

The only persons of earth who will or can inhabit heaven is the purely unselfish ones. It makes but little difference what their condition in life may be, they will be taken care of by Christ, the great leader and exemplifier of an unselfish human nature. This rule will send to heaven of adults about one out of every five thousand of the human race. Yet Horace Greeley, after a long life of dealing with his fellows came to the conclusion and on one occasion said that "not one half enough men went to hell."

This is an editorial item in full, by a man who has had advantages far above the average, and makes a loud profession as a church member, still would "send to heaven of adults about one out of every five thousand." Did you ever hear of a "purely unselfish" person? If so, they were not of sound mind. Nature or grace don't develop them to that condition, and Christ did not come to "take care" of such, "but to save sinners," which certainly gives us all a fighting chance of heaven. Every minister appeals to our own self interest; every good person works for self interest. It is the extreme abuse of it that injures others that makes it a sin. These self-righteous ones tell us "God created man for his own glory." Is that selfish?

The assertion about Horace Greeley does not sound like truth or any of his humanitarian teachings. Is it pure "unselfishness for me to sacrifice my life, my all, to save others—few or many—or a principle, when common sense tells me there is great good or glory to follow it? I trow not.

Now for a sample of church creeds. These are the sentences in the chapter which are thought by many Presbyterians to be too strong:

3—By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death.

4—These angels and men thus predestinated and forcordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

6—As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so hath He, by the eternal and most free purpose of His will, foreordained all the means thereunto. Wherefore they who are elected, being fallen in Adam, are redeemed by Christ, are effectually called unto faith in Christ by His Spirit working in due season; are justified, adopted, sanctified and kept by His power through faith unto salvation. Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified and saved, but the elect only.

7—The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth, for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of His glorious justice.

We have great respect for the Presbyterian church and her ministry, but abhor the above statements. It is not likely that one Presbyterian out of a thousand to-day would be willing to go into the pulpit and preach and defend "God's eternal decrees," which is the title of the third chapter containing the above statements.

Thank the God whom we serve that such false theories are fast losing their superstitious force among the better classes of think-

ing people. I love pure and undefiled religion, that which makes men better and purer from day to day, in body, mind and spirit; a religion that enables one to love his neighbor as such—no matter what his creed or profession—and to be found doing good works, as Christ did, and permit every person to become a savior of men from evil to the extent of his influence and ability. How much superior is such a man to the well meaning good brother who is creed-bound and credulous to the extent of being all wrapped up so tight in the old superstitious notions of things that he cannot see a fellow being without that old "mote," who perverts his vision and makes others appear to him much worse than they really are?

Such as do build their faith upon The holy text of pike and gun, Decide all controversies by Infallible artillery, And prove their doctrine orthodox, By apostolic blows and knocks.

Shall I hope the reader will have moral courage enough to do himself and me the justice of investigating, as I have done, before he disputes my statements, or calls in question the intentions or advanced position on these important subjects. And I think no man who has religion enough to do him any good, here or hereafter, will be likely to do so, unless he sets his own judgment up against evidence. If truth is orthodox I want all I can get of it from all sources, high or low; but if there are things called othodox that are not true in the light of God, in nature and experience; let us be liberal enough to let it, slip, if it is in our creed or bible; for we know of nothing that is perfect; even the bible has been revised and many passages left out entirely and others changed, materially improving them. In a number of places buried the word hell in hades. It is a very ancient word, older than Moses, as taught when people had more of the revengful spirit than now. The venerable old book has gone through other revisers' hands, before this council. I will here speak of one of them you may not have known of as I find there are very few ministers or others who ever knew of there being an Apocryphal New Testament. I have a very ancient one, that gives in a preface, the account of the circumstance of the compiling of our New Testament; and the Apocrypal one is said to contain all the books and chapters thrown out, that were called sacred during the first four hundred years after Christ. It contains the "Infancy of Christ, and all the writing, that is preserved, of his own. Then the writings of Paul, and other books called Nicodemus, Clementis, Barnabas, Ephesians, Tralleians, Romans, Philippians, Hermas and others, making a book about the size of the New Testament. It is written in the same way as the part in common use; it contains many things interesting and that explain many things in the accepted version.

Now you may be anxious to know why it is not included in the one in use. It says it was in this wise: "Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, and Arius, who was a presbyter in his diocese, disputed together about the nature of Christ, and the bishop being displeased at the notions of Arius, and finding they were adopted by other persons, was very angry. He commanded Arius to come over to his sentiments, and to quit his own. As if a man could change his opinion as easy as he can change his coat. He then called a council of war, consisting of nearly a hundred bishops, and deposed, excommunicated and anathmetized Arius, and with him several ecclesiastics, two of whom were bishops. Alexander then wrote a circular letter to all the bishops, in which he represents Arius and his partizans as heretics, apostates, blasphemous enemies of God; full of imprudence and impiety, fore-runners of anti-Christ, imitators of Judus, and men whom it was not lawful to salute or bid Godspeed."

Then it goes on to say there was no doubt of the probity and sincerity of Arius and his friends, and the above language of Alexander does not prove that he had any religion if he was the highest bishop and authority. But Constane could not settle it. "To settle this and other points the Nicen council, consisting of about three hundred and eighteen bishops, was summoned. The first thing they did was to quarrel," and present charges to the Emperor against one another, who burned their "by bills" and counseled them to proceed; and they took the hint and decided, another account says, by ballot. What should be canonical and what you have was the result, but you got revelations by a bare majority, and James, Jude, Second Peter, and Second and Third John by a little majority, and others were excluded by small majorities. From the spirit manifested by some of those bishops, I cannot think they were the equals of the ministers of our day, and don't think their decisions are worth any more, especially as they were mostly illiterate men and very superstitious.

At this time, August, 1892, is the latest: The Register says:

A new version of the Bible will soon be printed. The translating has been done by eminent scholars under the leadership of Prof. Haupt of Johns Hopkins College. Among the assistants is Prof. Briggs of Union Theological College. To show the manner in which the work has been done the following comparison of the verses beginning with the ninth verse of the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastics is made. In the new translation they read:

But rejoice, O, youth, in thy childhood,

And let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy manhood;

Walk in the ways of thy heart,

And in the sight of thine eyes,

Banish moroseness from thy heart,

But keep away evil from thy flesh,

For childhood and manhood are fleeting.

In the old translation these verses read as follows:

Rejoice, O, young man, in thy youth; and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh; for childhood and youth are vanity.

The difference in these renderings of the same passages is very marked. There are fewer threats of judgment in the new. One of the leading spirits in the work,

Dr. Alexander Johnson, says of the new translation:

The higher criticism of the Bible has received much unmerited abuse from those who do not fully comprehend its nature and scope. It is, however, merely the exercise of the reasoning faculties with which man has been endowed by the Creator. The Bible is not itself the inspired word of God, but contains that word, and critical investigation is necessary in order to determine what was the original word of God and what has been added by man. Let any one, for example, cut out from the New Testament the genuine sayings of our Lord and paste them together, rejecting all additions of narrative and commentary, and he will easily see what is inspired and what is not. A number of distinguished scholars all over the world are now engaged in the literary study of the Bible, but, obviously, all critical investigation becomes an impossibility if the book be considered as verbally inspired. The object of the highest criticism is, therefore, to separate the everlasting inspired substance and quintessence as the Bible from later additions and interpolations, and to assign to each book in the sacred writings its proper place in the development of the chosen people.

GREAT MEN'S OPINIONS.

Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D. D., an able Presbyterian divine, in a sabbath school lesson on Philip and the Ethiopian, says that the words, "If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest," are spurious and not in the original. The same is true of the seventh verse of the fifth chapter of First John, and it was in brackets since Luther's first edition, and then since removed (as to the trinity). Then many able divines claim that the Bible is largely historical only from the writers stand point.

Old Version, II. Tim., iii. 16.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

New Version, II. Tim., iii.

Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, which is in righteousness.

In the Apocryphal testament, you may find the Apostles Creed of interest, the account of Christ's descent to hell, and a large number of Christian authorities that lived from two to four hundred years after Christ, and wrote catalogues of the books thought genuine, that did not regard some of the common version as genuine. So with the changes going on now, the credulous brothers have certainly not got very solid foundation on which to assert, as I have heard them, that the Bible is perfect and of divine origin, that if there is one word of truth in it every word of it is true and of divine origin. Such simple faith cannot be grounded on evidence, and it prevents a natural love for progress on the natural law principles, that would lead us closer and still closer to God. It has retarded the advance of the sciences and philosophy in the past. Look at the history of the inquisitions which put men to death as heretics, for advanced notions, and required Gallileo to recant or be beheaded, when he said the world moved, and showing that the world was not flat as they claimed. And in the same spirit, Calvin burned at the stake, the great, good and pure Servetis, because he did not believe that Christ was God in the way Calvin taught it, but now-a-days, parties of that spirit, cry out, "infidel," at all parties who do not agree with them, or question the plenary inspiration of the Bible.

While the most intelligent divines do not claim it. "No man hath seen God at any time," John 1:18; "Whom no man hath seen nor can see," I. Timothy 6:16; "Ye have neither heard his voice at any time nor seen his shape," John 5:27. So He hardly told the writers of these passages what to say, and as to an inspiration by or through angels will hardly be attempted except by spiritualists. The agency presumed in the angel that John the revivalist was about to fall down and worship, does not tell us he ever saw God, but said that he himself was one of thy fellow servants and of thy brethren the prophets, Rev. 22:9.

Credulity, whether orthodox or not, allows men and women to go to sleep and become drones in God's hive. While doubt causes investigation, and thus makes strong men and women. I will here give the opinions of a number of the ablest divines of the nation: The Rev. Dr. Wheedon, the able editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, in the October number, 1876, page 727, in speaking of the Bible says, "save the decalogue alone, the text is merely human, and in what proportion the human and divine are mingled is a problem not wholly soluble." Then no man should find fault with others till he can solve the problem himself.

JUSEPH ERNEST RENAN.

A Frenchman Whose Name is Known all over the World.

Joseph Ernest Renan, the orientalist, and philological and philosophical writer, was born in 1823, at Treguier, Cotes-du-Nord. He originally studied for the church, but his wonderful aptuade for oriental languages opened to him paths that led him away from the priesthood. His papers on the "Study of Greek in the West, During the Middle Ages," and "On the Semitic Languages," both won prizes. His investigation of the origin of Christianity comprises several books: "LeVie de Jesus," "L'Aporte" and others. He translated the Canticles and the Book of Job with commentaries, "Caliban," a sequel to Shakespeare's "Tempest" and "L'Abbesse de Jouarre," a drama in five acts, are two of his remaining works. He holds the rank of commander in the "Legion d'Honneur." His great work, however, is the research of the origin of Christianity, which he slaims has grown out of the circumstances of the times, like any other event in the history of the world.

In answer to Ingersoll's request in a public lecture at Chicago, about the first of May, 1879, a number of ministers of that city said as to what they thought of the Bible and its inspiration.

Rev. Robert Collyer said:

"It is a splendid book. It makes the noblest type of Catholics and the meanest bigots. Through this book men give their hearts for good to God, or for evil to the devil. The best argument for the intrinsic greatness of the book is that it can touch such wide extremes, and seem to maintain us in the most unparalleled cruelty, as well as the most tender mercy; that it can inspire purity like that of the great saints and afford arguments in favor of polygamy. The Bible is the text book of iron-clad Calvinism and sunny Universalism. It makes the Quaker quiet and the Millerite crazy. It inspired the Union soldier to live and grandly die for the right, and Stonewall Jackson to live nobly and die grandly for the wrong."

"I look upon the Old Testament as a rotting tree. When it falls it will fertilize a bank of violets."

"There is threefold inspiration in the Bible, the first peerless and perfect, the word of God to man; the second simply and purely human, and then below this again, there is an inspiration born of an evil heart, ruthless and savage there and then as anything well can be. A threefold inspiration, of heaven first, then of the earth, and then of hell, all in the same book, all sometimes in the same chapter, and then, besides a great many things that need no inspiration.

"The scriptures make no such claim for themselves as the church makes for them. They leave me free to say this is false, or this is true. The truth even within the Bible dies and lives, makes on this side and loses on that.

"As to the curse on him that adds to or takes from the book I have but one answer to this question and it is: Let who will have written this, I cannot for an instant believe that it was written in a divine inspiration. Such dogmas and threats as these are not of God, but of man, and not of any man of a free spirit and heart eager for the truth, but a narrow man who would cripple and confine the human soul in its quest after the whole truth of God, and back those who have done the shameful things in the name of the Most High.

Rev. Doctor Thomas said:

"My opinion is that it is not one book, but many—thirty-nine books bound up in one. The date and authorship of most of these books are wholly unknown. The Hebrews wrote without vowels and without dividing the letters into syllables, words or sentences. The books were gathered up by Ezra. At that time only two of the Jewish tribes remained. All progress had ceased. In gathering up the sacred book, copyists exercised great liberty in making changes and additions.

"There may be the inspiration of art, of poetry, or oratory; of patriotism—and there are such inspirations. There are moments when great truths and principles come to men. They seek the man and not the man them.

"But still I know of no way to convince any one of spirit and inspiration and God only as his reason may take hold of these things.

"The story of Eden may be allegory; the history of the children of Israel may have mistakes.

"It is a mistake to say that if you believe one part of the Bible you must believe all. Some of the thirty-nine books may be inspired, others not: or there may be degrees of inspiration.

"The Bible may be wrong in some statements. God and right cannot be wrong. WE MUST NOT EXALT THE BIBLE ABOVE GOD. It may be that we have claimed too much for the Bible, and thereby given not a little occasion for such men as Ingersoll to appear at the other extreme, denying too much.

"We must take a middle ground. It is not necessary to believe that the bears devoured the forty-two children, nor that Jonah was swallowed by the whale."

Rev. Doctor Kohler said:

"I will not make futile attempts of artificially interpreting the letter of the Bible so as to make it reflect the philosophical, moral and scientific views of our time. The Bible is a sacrea record of humanity's childhood.

"Orthodoxy, with its face turned backward to a ruined temple or a dead Messiah, is fast becoming like Lot's wife, a pillar of salt.

"I greatly acknowledge our indebtedness to men like Voltaire and Thomas Paine, whose bold denial and cutting wit were so instrumental in bringing about this glorious era of freedom, so congenial and blissful, particularly to the long abused Jewish race.

"Of course there is a destructive axe needed to strike down the old building in order to make room for the grander new. The divine origin claimed by the Hebrews for their national literature was claimed by all nations for their old records and laws as preserved by the priesthood. As Moses, the Hebrew law-giver, is represented as having received the law from God on the holy mountain, so is Zoroaster, the Persian, Manu, the Hindoo, Minos, the Cretan, Lycurgus, the Spartan, and Numa, the Roman.

"All that can and must be said against them is that they have been too long retained around the arms and limbs of grown-up manhood to check the spiritual progress of religion; that by Jewish ritualism and Christian dogmatism they became fetters unto the soul, turning the light of heaven into a misty haze to blind the eye, and even into a hell fire of fanaticism to consume souls.

"True, the Bib!e is not free from errors, nor is any work of man and time. It abounds in childish views and offensive matters. I trust that it will in time not far off be presented for common use in families, schools, synagogues and churches in a refined shape, cleansed from all dross and chaff and stumbling-blocks on which the scoffer delights to dwell."

Rev. Mr. Herford says:

"Ingersoll is very fond of saying, 'The question is not, is the Bible inspired, but is it true?' That sounds very plausible, but you know as applied to any ancient book it is simply nonsense. Four thousand years ago polygamy existed among the Jews, as everywhere else on earthh then, and even their prophets did not come to the idea of its being wrong. But what is there to be indignant about in that?"

Rev. Professor Sweney says of the Bible, "I think it a poem." Rev. Doctor Ryder says:

"Like other nations, the Hebrews had their patriotic, descriptive, didactic and lyrical poems in the same varieties as other nations, whatever may be the form of their poetry, it always possesses the characteristic of religion."

Our great grandmother, the Catholic church, claims that:

It was delegated to the Catholic church to receive, interpret and expound the divine constitution on which the entire Christian faith and belief in salvation was founded. They were the architects and builders of the Christian theology, selecting and deciding upon the material that should go to make up the Holy Bible.

They were the sole judges of what was to be God's law to man, and were the exclusive arbiters of every amendment, and of every revision of its code.

ANCIENT SOURCES OF EVIDENCE.

The Catholics organized the New Testament, and claims the Pope to be the vicar of God and infallible, so you can see where the infallible part for the book comes from, and why there is so much want of harmony in different parts of it.

The Jews organized the Old Testament, hence they should be the best authority as to it. Dr. Aaron Hohns, a Jewish Rabbi and historian, says:

"Religion is the consciousness and the adoration of a Supreme Being, and the science of things divine and human.

"The Bible, written by men as every other book, is of human and natural origin. It is the product of the religious genius of the Jewish nation of old.

"(fod has never spoken to men in any human or vocal language. The efficacy of the laws of nature the urging force of the truth, of justice, of liberty, of beauty, of goodness and generosity, is God's voice, and he who appreciates and practices them conscientiously, hears the voice of God, just as loud and distinctly and in the same manner as Moses or the prophets of old did.

"The reason, the conscience, the ideas of truth, of justice, of liberty, of goodness, are called angels. The same are called benefactors, the prophets, the honest priests, and the teachers, angels of God.

"What is Satan? The obstructors to a good cause, and the evil propensities of man are called Satan.

"In our religious life we shall be actuated neither by the expectations of reward, nor by the fear of punishment, only the consciousness, the preservation and the exhibition of our dignity as men and Israelites ought to be the motive, the higher aim, and the sweetest reward, for any of our religious works ever so hard or difficult.

"God is the eternal being, the space and the soul of the Universe. Immutable and above any resemblance to men, it is the wisdom, the will, the life and might, in perfect unity.

"Between God's and man's attributes there is no equality whatever, on a similarity of names, therefore is silence recommended as the most becoming praise to

God.

"God cannot do anything; God's might would not be in unity and comformity with his wisdom if he could do anything.

"As God's might is restricted by his wisdom we shall pray only for things that are not foolish to ask him, neither shall we expect or believe in miracles. God has worked marvelous things, but has never worked miracles.

"The miracles of the Bible, Talmud, and other books, which are absolutely against reason, against historical course and against the natural laws, we may consider as fables, as traditions and fictions of the Jews of old. But we may believe in them, if they are to be interpreted in a rational or natural way, or if we can suppose that they were effected by lost arts, or natural forces unknown to us yet.

"Judaism can always be reconciled to science for 'knowledge is the main principle of Judaism,' the Rabbis never 'refusing to acknowledge facts and real knowledge; whenever facts contradicted their traditional or subjective views, they abandoned their personal views and tried by any way or mode to make the result of science acceptable and to give it in the Bible a point of support.'

"Illustrious Rabbis have maintained 'The eternity of matter, and variation of species,' is taught in the Talmud, as is also the 'rise of life from inorganic mat-

ter.'

"Man's body has no resemblance to God whatever.

"Man, composed of a body and soul, has to take care of either, and he can do so by self-preservation, self-knowledge and self-respect.

"In general we have these duties towards our fellow-men: First, to be just towards them; secondly, to respect them; and thirdly, to love them.

"The golden inscriptions of the code of Moses are, 'one law for you and for the foreigners within your gates.' 'Love thy fellowmen as thyself.' Love the foreigner as thyself.

"Man is from nature pure and good, no 'original sin' and no depravity contaminates him, till his passions and evil propensities and the bad examples and influences of his fellowmen stain his character and the purity of his soul.

Here is a most admirable solution of the question over which many reformers have stumbled. Does the end justify the means?

"Man being able to control his acts only, but not their consequences, has no right to do anything that is wrong in order to attain good ends. According to the teachings of Judaism, 'good ends do not justify evil means.'"

The third item of this brief summary of the Rabbies, in relation to the voice of God, is worth your study; it arouses the Godlike spark in every man's nature, which only needs the nourishment of faithful harmonious culture as a free, moral agent to develop it into true manhood, before God and man, but he cannot do this and submit his own manhood, and cringe and bowin submission to other men's foolish creeds and dogmas. A story of Lyman Beecher is to the point by H. W., he says:

There are thousands of things as presented that men may not believe and yet be not only innocent but in some respects praiseworthy. There are things stated in ways which if a man believe them I am sorry for him. I have heard the sovereignty of Ged presented in a way that if a man accepted it he ought to be damned. I recollect during a revival a minister talking with a young woman convert said to her, 'Madame, are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?' She was somewhat startled, it had not occurred to her in that way before. And my father, who was sitting in the pew behind her, said to him, 'What are you asking that woman?'

" 'Whether she is willing to be damned for the glory of God,' was the reply.

"'Would you sir?' said my father.

"'I hope so,' was the reply.

" 'Then you ought to be damned,' said my father.

"There are many of the dogmas that I abhor; they are miserable, detestable and damnable. I believe in the sovereignty of God, not the imperial sovereignty as of kings, but the true sovereignity of love. They are a great many men who think that they are not believers in Christianity, but they are; they may not believe in the Christianity of the churchmen, but in God's definition of it they are believers. Many and many a man thinks himself an infidel who is no more an infidel than I am, for I am called infidel because I don't believe in things that he calls religion. The direct and worst argument for infidelity is the church at large. We rail at Voltaire, but he was more nearly Christian than the priests and teachers about him, and there have been periods of the world when infidelity was a great deal more Christian than belief was. At present the church is full of men who have let go of the old beliefs; this church is full of them. I am full of this opinion, and all the churches are full of it. Men are letting go a great many things, but they are not vital things—they are instruments. It is better to be called an infidel and train with God than to be called orthodox and train with the devil. Christianity is a living thing. There is no Christianity in books, creeds or catechisms; it is in the hearts of men. It is to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself."

Don't crawl before the dignitaries of heaven. I never crawl on my belly before God; I never say I am so filthy and sinful; I am not so. We are all sinners, but not criminals. I have no remorse because I do not love God enough. I don't love anybody as I ought. God is not a crabbed judge to say when he has heard a confession, "Open the prison door and shove him in." I go before God as a nobleman, and say, "Nevertheless, I am Thy son." He has the best clothes brought out and the ring put on my finger. The true theory of life is to rejoice always.

"I believe that all true religion consists in the heart and the affections, and that, therefore, all creeds and confessions are fallible and uncertain evidences of evangelical piety.

Iowa State Register says Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the successor of Henery Ward Beecher, startled his Plymouth church congregation last Sunday by vigorously expressed disbelief in eternal damnation. He boldly charged that the spirit of traditionalism, fostered by the Princeton Seminary and other church influences, is the breeder of schism and division and the mother of skepticism, and that traditionalism engenders hypocrisy, because it drives men from the church if they do not believe, thereby depriving the church of some of its best and noblest men. Dr. Abbott believes in a progressive Bible religion, not in creeds that have been handed down through the traditions, prejudices and persecutions of past ages, as shown in this strong indictment of traditionalism in his last Sunday's sermon.

I indict this spirit of traditionalism because it is the mother of skepticism. While it pretends to defend the faith it is destroying the faith, and it is destroying the faith because it is demanding that men shall believe, not the great truths of religion, but the traditional addenda that have gathered about the great truths of religion. Faith is faith in God not in a creed. Faith is faith in Christ not in a Westminster divine. Faith is faith in the life that is revealed in the Bible, not in the teaching of the nineteenth century concerning the teaching of the sixteenth century about the Bible.

The Bible is a sufficient guide for intelligent people. All barbarisms, superstitions, traditions and prejudices should be eliminated from all church creeds and regulations in order that they may be made stronger and more effective in every good work.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Finally, I believe that Christ has imposed on all his disciples a life of active benevolence; that he who refrains only from what he thinks to be sinful has performed but a part and a small part of his duty; that he is bound to do good and communicate, and to love his neighbor, to give food and drink to his enemy, and to endeavor, so far as in him lies, to promote peace, truth, piety and happiness in a wicked and forlorn world, believing that in the great day which is to come there will be no other standard of merit, no other criterion of character than that which is already established.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

FOLLOWING THE MINISTER AS HE WOULD A FUNERAL.

Our good brother Col. P. Gad Bryan, said in making an argument for more social pleasures in the churches as well as outside that, "In modern times the observance of days of festivity has, to a great extent, gove out of use. Our own country has only one holiday peculiar to itself. The sour religion of our Puritan forefathers, like that of the Roundheads, in its teaching and tendencies, was opposed to holiday amusements and festivities. was a peculiar bias in their piety, which would have repealed the law of nature that allowed the ant and the bee to work on Sunday, as being opposed to grace, and at the same time believe it right to torture and put to a disgraceful and cruel death a woman because she was old and wrinkled and poor and endowed with second sight, or because she was young and beautiful, and of delicate, nervous organization, and heard whisperings and caught glimpses and impressions of another world. The fanaticism that could at the same time sing a psalm and cut a throat, would necessarily enter its protest against all amusements as ungodly."

If we could only remove those ideas inherited from past ages, which makes some men go through the world like it was a funeral procession, when a kind word or act with a cheerful face, would make others happy, with frequent holidays to promote social

brotherly feelings, and a natural, common sense, intellectual feast for the Sabbath that would attract the masses where they could be taught those things pertaining to their physical and mental wants in harmony with the moral necessities, then the world would get rid of the evil of intemperance in many things.

There is about as much intemperance among professedly good people on the question of amusements as on doctrines. They will say hard things about anyone going to shows or theatres, as though there was no difference in the grades of them; when, in fact, they vary about as much as church members in quality.

A high toned moral theater is an educator far above many sermons. So are circuses of that grade, of which we have just had a sample, August 5, 1892, showing some of the finest trained animals and men, doing things calculated to make me say: "Who created such beings and laws that make it possible to cultivate up to such a point? O God, Thou art the author." Seek only the best, never waste time or money on others.

> Tho' a 'little ponsense pow and then Is relished by the wisest of men."

On the theological points you will enjoy the following from my old friend, Alexander Burns, D. D.

The Chicago Tribune says: Dr. Thomas received among other letters vesterday one from Dr. Burns, a minister of the Methodist Church of Canada. He was Vice-President of the Iowa Wesleyan University at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, when Dr. Thomas was pastor of the church at that place, and was with him a member of the Iowa Conference. Later he was President of the Simpson Centenary College, in Iowa, and some three years ago received a call to Grace Methodist church of this city. At present Dr. Burns is Governor and Principal of the Wesleyan Female Seminary at Hamilton, Ont. The following is the letter:

"Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, Ont., Sept 3, 1881.—Dear Mr. Thomas: Although driven almost to death by the pressure of opening college this week, I cannot refrain from saying to you, Courage, courage, my dear old friend. You are certainly emphatically right in your position regarding the inspiration of the Scriptures. More, I do not know a well-read, scholarly minister on this side

that does not hold your views.

"It is the very quintessence of absurdity to consider all parts of the book called the Bible of equal authority. Where is the scholarly man that does so? I could quote names—the highest in the Church—whom I have heard express themselves on the question. Several of the greatest of the reformers laughed at the idea. Calvin forbade the German divines reading the Revelation. He certainly was orthodox enough. Luther considered the epistle of James a right strawy epistle.' Dr. Adam Clark thought, the 'Songs of Solomon' an epithalamium, or marriage song, composed for Solomon's marriage. The Roman Empire was converted to Christianity before the Second or Third of John, the Second of Peter, the Hebrews, or the Revelation or Jude was received into the Canon. It is our own absolute or the Revelation, or Jude was received into the Canon. It is our own absolute stupidity that has saddled us with such a notion as the equal, and complete, and verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. I don't know a man unless a tenth or twentieth rate man who believes it I could put Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the stand, and, if they will testify, they will agree with me.

"As to the doctrine of the atonement I know of no scholarly minister that holds to the old idea—that the Father had to be pacified, reconciled, or bought over to a merciful attitude towards the sinner. 'God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself.' In other words Christ came to show humanity the love of God. I need not enlarge here. I have conversed at great length with very prominent men—the President of our university here, and the best preachers, and I have myself preached against the substitution theory before them, only to be commended by them for my views. The substitution theory is dead, and almost buried. It were well for our theological atmosphere if it were buried. I don't know a thinking minister to-day who considers the doctrine of eternal conscious torment as an essential doctrine. I myself preach that it is not. I have changed my views very materially on this last

question.

"If I were not so tied down I would rush to your side this week. I am satisfied that you are right, and that it is a matter of a very few years when our church and all other living churches will be preaching as you do. I have heard multitudes speak of your case, and they generally sympathized with your views.

"I can't expect to have a letter from you in your great hurry, but I hope that these few hurried lines will stiffen your theological vertebræ. I wish you owned

a body equal to your head and heart.
"With much love from an old and unceasingly attached friend. A. Burns."

In conclusion of this, my rather long plea for liberty of thought in the churches, my reason is the case is so important a one, and long, faithful, earnest investigation for the truth, and a consciousness as before God of the correctness of my position affords the moral courage to strike at the root of the errors. For if all doctrines, articles of faith, creeds and disciplines - with these contradictions so often among the six hundred—are to have for their foundation a revelation direct from God or by an authorized agency, it should be so harmonious with natural laws and itself, that it would be so plain, common sense and evident that "The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." There is proof and example for slavery in it, also for war and bloodshed. and "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," the slaying of women and children also, besides the proof and example for the wine bibler that needs to be stopped, both in the church and out of it; also polygamy, and some say proof that the soul will sleep for ages and that the world is growing worse and worse and was to have come to an end in 1881.

If you think all these things are right, it is your privilege, with free agency and a free country, and I won't call you totally depraved, because you may have some good quality. We are each our brother's keeper in a proper sense, also influenced by our surroundings, but we are not bound to "do as Rome does," if she does not do right. Self government is the true idea in this country, and we do not propose to farm out to another, the thinking that we can just as well do for ourselves. Hence the "new wine" of progressive thought will have to be put in new bottles, unless the old ones are more elastic and better material than the old, old

fashioned crisped leather ones, that are so tightly corked, yet fermenting so they are ready to burst—if not already cracked—and lose much that is valuable, with that which is not good.

But what the author wants to see is a few of the best of the progressive churches that have done good to drop off the untenable dogmas, that are only stumbling blocks to thinking men that are not in the ruts on the subject. Then they will be able to take in all the other churches in time, and make the tax lighter for church purposes and pay more for a better class of instructors, and more for the poor and needy, sick and afflicted, widows and orphans, and those that go astray in sin, to bring them back like "the lost sheep." If you can't or won't do it because its right, do it for Christ's sake, remembering inasmuch as ye did it to one of these children ye did it unto me. Remember also that Christ said, when ready to leave, the things I do ye shall do, and greater things for I go to my Father. And then improve in all that is good and known to be in harmony with scientific truths as developed on God's natural laws to love good works. And then we will have our religion on a basis that will command the respect of God, and develop manhood, then with culture for all will bring harmony that will open the heavenly gates here and hereafter. God pity the back sliders and those who refuse to go forward. I like Longfellow's creed:

> My work is finished; I am strong In faith and hope and charity; For I have written the things I see. The things that have been and shall be Conscience of right nor fearing wrong; Because I am in love with love, And the sole thing I hate is hate; For hate is death; and love is life, A peace, a splendor from above; And hate a never-ending strife, A smoke, a blackness from the abyss Where unclean serpents coil and hiss! Love is the Holy Ghost within: Hate the unpardonable sin! Who preaches otherwise than this Betravs his master with a kiss.

FIAT VS. RELIGION ON A BASIS.

A little theology as well as nonsense, now and then Is relished by the wisest men.

Please allow a layman a few remarks on the difference between flat and practical religion.

In "A Sermon" in the *Herald* of the 25th inst., by the Rev. Pastor of the Presbyterian church, he takes the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, to task for suggesting that "The atonement is no such thing, that a murderer can send his victim to hell forever, and he turn around and walk into heaven." and thinks it is "hard and cruel" for Dr. Thomas that "common Christian belief as held by orthodox churches on this subject is not true. It may be hard and cruel on creeds and disciples and their fiat religious teachings on this subject, but is it not hard and cruel to teach that intelligent men and women that are doing good, yet do no believe in the "Orthodox" plan of salvation, and who die, perhaps by some fiendish hand, in this condition are sent directly to an eternal hell? And this is the true spirit of much of the teaching. But when they begin to doubt and weaken on this point, they say, "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" We say yes, and it is a good reason why the above cannot be true.

But our pastoral brother straightens up again and says there certainly has been a change in the general Christian belief. This change is not in regard to the general principle on which men and women are saved. The change he now admits is that all infants and imbeciles are to have a home in the good world. This certainly is good news and an improvement on Calvinism. He thinks possibly God, in his mercy, may save some outside of the church who believe in Christ.

Now this is liberal, but he winds up with the idea that when man dies or is killed, "his case is made up." Then I suppose he must go down in that pit to all eternity, or with Watts, "We will sit and sing ourselves away to everlasting bliss." This certainly is not a very comforting doctrine, and not in harmony with the better judgment of intelligent unbiased men in this nineteenth century.

Say not thou what is the cause that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.—Eccl. 7:10.

Then let us live in the present under God's universal laws and judge the future by the present light and progressive knowledge, and learn that mankind must suffer here and hereafter, just in proportion to how much he violates those universal laws, whether that be physically, mentally, or morally, knowing that there is and must be harmony in nature everywhere if there is peace and happiness for those who do good or live in harmony with those laws. We know that man may progress here in every way, and by reasonable analogy say that he can do the same hereafter, or we may sigh, fret, complain, go backwards or downwards here; and it is reported by good authority that one-third of the angels in heaven did the same thing at one time. This would probably arouse a presumption in the minds of some that they do not sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss even though they were strictly "Orthodox" while here. Eternal life and activity must be the motto here and hereafter. Who is the happiest man here? The man who comes nearest doing his whole duty toward himself, his fellow beings and his God; so it will be hereafter, in harmony with God's natural laws. The man that is teaching doctrines and traditions brought up to us and not in harmony with natural laws, can not be truly happy here or hereafter until he outgrows them.

Christ comforteth his disciples.—John 14:12—Verily, Verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do because I go to My Father.

Are you his disciple? I trust that you are in the sense here indicated. We may all be saviors then just to the extent that we save men from their low perverted conditions. Swing, Thomas, and many others are using "grand words" and influences, mentally and morally at least, since they have got out of the ruts, toward lifting men out of their superstitious notions.

Christ was a great savior in these respects, and more, for He worked for man physically, saving him from disease and pain and sorrow. Is He not probably still doing so? I think he is. And it may be your privilege always to do so; yea, more.

There are three plans of salvation taught in the Bible: Faith, baptism and good works; all are useful, if rightly used but the latter has the strongest proof in the Bible, in natural and in personal experience. Then let us leave behind the fiats of popery and have a practical religion that is within the bounds of reason. Then we may hope for the final salvation of at least a few of those who were not called strictly "Orthodox," such as Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and others, who have worked for the freedom of the nation in word, thought, and deed. And now that superstitious notions are giving away so generally, let us all cultivate physically, mentally and morally, in harmony at home and abroad and find heaven a condition not far off.

"I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer.
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teachings;
I wish that practicing was not
So different from teaching."

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

"Wide as the world is God's command
Vast as eternity his love.
O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

GOD.

By analogy we reason from what we know of finite man and his capability of controlling the elements of nature to a limited degree, and with growing capabilities to understand them better, having dived down into the "mysteries of Godliness" and grappled with the problems of the universe. We then each with our varied capacities conceive an idea of what the great first cause of all things must be who has developed in the process of time, though it may have been myriads of years. Such a vast concourse of living, moving bodies of such a vast size as the starry realms have proved to contain with their retinue of living, moving, visible animal life from the least possible plant and insect up through all the varied grades step by step to the stately oak and immortal man with all their fruits. What must be the great source of all this life force, in knowledge, goodness, greatness, purity, love and wisdom. We intuitively say God,

Jehova or the great I am of whom we can know but little even from the great source of nature! Who by searching can find out God, "Whom no man hath seen nor can see." I Tim. vi-16. "No man hath seen God at any time." John i-18. "Ye have neither heard his voice at any time nor seen his shape." John v-27. Again it is said no man can see his face and live. This indicates that this great life force "is without body or parts" or so progressive that man never will attain unto the height. So the beacon "stars" will be drawing man on up through vast eternity to greater depths and heights of love and wisdom. Such a God we delight to adore.

HOLY GHOST.

The author will claim Holy Ghost to mean, Holy, to be good, Ghost to be law or good law under which the universe and all that is good therein has been developed, hence the Mother of all. The beautiful, harmonious, graceful loving Queen of Heaven and all the realms of unlimited space. The true co-equal companion of the great I am of the universe.

The unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost is in violating those Good Laws, by such a sin against the physical, mental or moral man as will leave a scar that time will not erase. Then with what avidity should we seek a knowledge of natural law, so that we may always be in loving harmony with our God Mother. Thus eventualy do our whole duty to self and every fellow being. This will fill us with the Holy Ghost or law of love for the supreme source.

We cannot conceive the beginning of these originators, or that one could exist without the other any more than comprehend making something out of nothing. In our mundane sphere we should say these things were impossible; but when we leave this tenement of clay and live in more refined elements, which may be more and more refined at every progressive stage of life in the great future, then we may comprehend more of the origin of things, but the time will never come in vast eternity when you and I will not have more to learn; though you possess spirituality in its highest degrees of intuitive nature in affection, thought and volition, and all the attributes of personality to investigate the unlimited and hence infinite realm of spirituality, which involves the idea which we would convey by the term God and the infinite series of degrees.

"Thou apart,
Above beyond; O, tell me mighty mind,
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the deep?
Call to the sun, or ask the roaming winds

For their Creator? Shall I question loud
The thunder, if in that the Almighty dwells;
Or holds the furious storms in straightened reins.
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?
The nameless He! whose nod is Nature's birth,
And Nature's shield the shadow of his hand.
Her dissolution, his suspended smile,
The great First Last pavilioned high he sits
In darkness from excessive splendor borne,
By gods unseen, unless through luster lost.
His glory to created glory, bright,
As that to eternal horrors; he looks down
On all that soars and spans immensity."

CHRIST.

The holy Nazarene no doubt was the son of God in the same sense you and I are, if we are seeking that which is pure, high and holy, and notwithstanding the love and wily conduct of the high priest, or the fabled account of his origin. Christ come in all respects, under natural law principles, and he—and probably his mother—as pure and innocent as angels born now-a-days. Those in high authority those days used mechanism and were very presumptuous, while the people were ignorant and credulous. From the account of Christ's infancy in the Apocryphal new testament, it would seem he was a "survival of the fittest;" yet gave his mother some trouble in his leadership among the boys, by using his magnetic powers and strong will in too forcible a manner, for their comfort or peace among the neighbors.

All this before he was twelve years old, at which time we find him disputing with the doctors in the temple at Jerusalem. The New Testament gives no account of his life from this time till he is thirty years old, yet, while there is but little on the subject in history, I am fully persuaded in my own mind, that one of these doctors who appeared to be incensed at Jesus in the temple disputing, was the high priest spoken of in chapters eight and nine of the Protevangelion, Apocryphal Testament, that was fearful lest Mary, who "received her food from the hand of an angel," at twelve years old in the holy temple, might defile it; and at fourteen years of age gave her "the true purple" to spin for "a veil for the temple." Now this said high priest was so impressed with the intelligence of the boy Jesus that soon after he was found in the temple, "in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions," the high priest secured him privately in a school, where it would not be known by the people or authorities, where he

remained till he was about thirty years old, and then came forth and was made a high priest "after the order of Melchisedec;" then showed his faith by his works, in healing the sick, doing some things called miracles, upbraiding sinners in high places, encouraging the weak and lowly, and teaching them all to do as they would wish to be done by. Truly a golden rule, that showed him a positive character, while the same thing had been taught in a negative form by philosophers five hundred years before that time, indicating some progress. On this foundation he taught an improved code of morals, that was grand, yet was incumbered by his followers with many things which suits many people to build creeds upon, which impede progress.

Notwithstanding these things his influence spread abroad and he became the greatest of Saviors; still when he healed the lame man, spoke of it as casting out his sins, which no doubt came of violating some natural law. You, reader, may become a savior to the extent of your ability and influence among men. Remembering that Jesus said when about to leave his followers, St. John xiv, 12, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." Every living being that can reason seems to possess, as it were, a spark of the great I Am; each inheriting in varied degrees, which may be cultivated to any degree in harmony with his conditions and sphere under natural law, till he will become too divine to live or enjoy life in so low or mundane a sphere as we live in. When so much in advance of his fellow beings are looked upon with a jealous eve and persecuted till they give up this life for their principles, Christlike.

THE BIBLE-THE OBJECT-THE INSPIRATION.

There are many grand truths both in and out of Scripture which are worth more than their weight in gold, and seem to bear divine impress, but the writer fails to find any evidence of plenary inspiration or harmony that would indicate anything of the kind; in many cases they lack harmony with the beautiful God-given natural laws; they rather bear the impress of a historical character, and tempered with special kinds of inspiration peculiar to the various writers, with special reference to the object to be attained; some of them very lofty and holy, and others not far-reaching enough to be of use in our day, for any purpose other than as history, showing the degree of vileness man had reached in those days and how it

was charged to God as being the cause of it; this history does not stand unsupported and alone, but is corroborated by other history. There is a large class of ministers to-day who claim to be "inspired to preach the gospel," and no doubt it is the same kind of inspiration under which the best part of the Bible was written; some of them may be superior to its authors, but do not claim perfection in themselves or for the book, while others with little knowledge or moral courage do; the former class of men have recently made many changes, which does not indicate perfection, and, no doubt, 'ere long more changes will be made and our code of morals improved. Perfect things cannot be improved; imperfect, living things do improve. We hope to see more golden rules added to the Bible and put in practical use as time passes. One of them might be: No parent should do anything wrong or not best for the children to do under like circumstances; another: Develop mentally, morally and physically, so as to become God-like.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

(I think you have not located them yet.) They are conditions wherever you may be. Pleasure comes by living constantly in harmony with physical and moral laws, and making advancement, while if you violate these laws or retrograde you will feel more or less of the power of hell, and it may increase on you here and hereafter if you do not change your course, which you can do at any time while there is a spark of manhood left. But the sooner the change for the better is made the better, for every sin against these natural laws brings the penalty with it on the physical, moral, or mental, and when the acute pain is gone, if ever, the scar will remain, and mar your pleasure with this hideous feature and twitting reminders in mind in the great future. You may make a slight wound "with your little hatchet," or the ax, in a tree and it may grow over, but the scar will be there, larger or smaller, in accordance with the circumstances and injury. So you may expect in the future, as sure as the mind is the man, if you violate those moral laws. "Turn ve, turn ve," why will you suffer?

PROBATION.

Probation will last while the mind lasts, but this is no reason why you should procrastinate, turning away from sin and their terrible results, wherein you become more hardened each day, year, or century, as time rolls on in the great future, making your punishment terrible, when the light of truth is but reflected on

your mind. An angelic mother or father may be the savior, reflecting the light of love, truth and knowledge on you.

MAKE PROGRESS NOW.

Can you bear the thought of causing them and all your friends to suffer on your account when you know your duty and do it not? You can not even respect yourself, a thing of the first importance. to enable you to look up without fear or trembling, even in God's sunlight in this world. How do you imagine, now, you would feel mingling promiscuously in a more pure, refined sphere of action in the future with the effulgent light you conceive of a more Godly kingdom? Then set your mind on following the great beacon star of purity and duty to self, country and God, for you will find death-bed repentance will not materially change your nature. habits, or welcome into good society in that debatable land, that we reason by analogy to be an improvement on this, at least in quality, but under the same law and Ruler as we now are, so far as the laws apply to the varied conditions. Hence you may find your change in the transit may not be as great as you have imagined and will be still free moral agents and may rise and make progress or fall like "His Satanic Magesty" and "third part of the angels," as reported, but may rise again notwithstanding your doctrine. Mr. J. L. McCrery says:

"There is no death! the stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

"There is no death! the dust we tread, Shall change beneath the summer flowers, To golden grain, or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

"The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

"There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

"There is no death! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away—
And then we call them, 'dead!'

"He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

"For where he sees a smile too bright, Or heart too pure for taint of vice, He bears it to that world of light To dwell in Paradise.

"The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now her everlasting song
Amid the Tree of Life.

"Though past beyond our tear-dimmed sight,
"Tis but a larger life to gain;
We feel their presence oft—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

"And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life: there is no dead!"

ANGELS.

Angels are messengers of mercy, love and kindness, occasionally manifest in reproof, whether in this world or other spheres of life.

"O, ye of little faith," says the selfish bigot with so much faith that he thinks Christ has and will do it all, and never extends a helping hand, unless it is to be seen and known of men; this is that other kind of angels that we read of.

If you want to be Angelic, show your faith more by your works, than your pretentions. Then the poor and needy, sick and afflicted, widows and orphants, down-trodden and "heart-broken" ones will rise to bless you, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Such persons, young or old, will finally drop off this mortal coil, or coarser tenement and rise to a higher and purer life, and there continue their good work in helping the lowly to a higher life, and thus be angels there. Oh, where? say you. It is where angels are "ascending and decending," any where in God's universe that his conditions under law will permit, and that owing altogether to the advance made in becoming more God like. It may be in mid air on invisible plains to mortal eyes, it may be on this or some other planet, where we may meet others from millions of worlds, and study each others good, and become stronger and happier by doing missionary work in going among the dark benighted heathen,

wherever they are found in the realms of God's kingdom, then why not sing now:

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,"

But let your crown be the fruits of a good life and work, thus you will honor God, and fill your cup to the brim of the pure waters of eternal life on which to live and grow forever.

We all no doubt would wish we had ground to hope that all disembodied spirits would take the upward grade but our experience here does not warrant us in entertaining such a hope, vet as long as there is a mind or spark of good in you capable of reasoning and suffering, there are grounds to hope for a reform, but if there is a point in the future beyond this condition where the last God like spark dies out and there is nothing but the ashes left (what could be more horrible to think of?) But the idea of torturing your child or companion in the commonly taught hell through myriads of ages. Man only aims to punish according to the crime committed and frequently only to restrain from other wrongs, leaving the persons mind free to the pangs of natural laws. You should not make your God out worse than inferior beings who are sometimes bad enough to burn men at the stake for improving, as in Servetes case and many others. I don't understand that angels are perfect or a third part would hardly have fallen from Heaven besides many supposed to be in our midst. You may be genuine angels of mercy and still fall away or float down stream. But with your spark of God kept shining you may reach the highest spheres.

THE SABBATH.

Sunday is held sacred by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews. So you see every day of the week is a Sabbath to somebody. I would suggest that you make it a reason, if you have no other, for being good every day of the week.

The Sabbath, if kept uniformly in any country or nation is a grand, useful day, but is much abused at each extreme in this country; first by those who hold the day too sacred to do good works and teach credulity in the creeds of men; second, by those who spend the time in the beer garden in drunken revelry, and in the drugstore whisky shops and gambling holes and dens of prostitution. Nature, in the order of things, calls for such day, for purification and rest and revival of activity. You should not neglect

to assemble yourselves together in the manner of worship, to be taught and encouraged by the sermons and lectures of wiser heads, and consult and counsel each other as to what is best for the elevation of mankind; also to look after the poor, the needy, the distressed and the afflicted, and supply wants and relieve distress wherever possible.

GOD WANTS US ALL.

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys;
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave

His heroes brave
He'll have them be
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls;
God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect His holy face,
And bring them to His wondrous grace.
That heartiful

That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

-Selected.

SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

Man's absolute knowledge is exceedingly limited in many things, especially when we undertake to climb the hill of science in mental thought.

Is it possible by searching to find out God? We think it is possible to find out good. It is our duty to seek for both.

Love of truth frequently requires us to read between the lines.

In this sphere of thought we must not take the traditions of men only, so far as they harmonize with what we call the natural laws of God.

Which is the grandest revelation vouchsafed to man?

So that a mental philosophy, based on the science of mind—so well established—is the solidest foundation on which to build a common sense structure of the soul.

Soul is defined as the "immaterial" and spiritual principle in man, which survives the death of the body.

We are unable to separate the soul from the mind, and we certainly do not wish to do so. The brain is only the medium through which the mind acts on a large developing blank book.

The soul "was created" in the image of God, or rather is a spark of Himself.

The mind, the instrument or active working forces, are the medium in man calculated to use the physical machinery, with many and wonderful functions, thus leaving man a self-poised, relatively independent being to work out and develop his own individuality.

We are said to be created in the image of God. You will hardly claim that it is physically. Oh, no, you say, God is a spirit, everywhere present.

Then if it is true we are created in the image of God, it must be in soul and spirit. When this is known to be true, we then have the science of the soul. Who doubts it.

Then I think I may take it for granted that man's first conception of a soul and immortality come to him intuitively. As the organization of man's mind, with special faculties for all the wants of humanity, craves immortality, as surely as the noble, pure, loving woman craves offspring.

But that Godly spark, vouchsafed to mankind through natural laws has been transmitted, cultivated and illuminated through the knowledge of higher natural laws, with their finer qualities and uses, which makes man able to reason from what he knows up to higher stages of existence.

Then the science of the soul may be shown by its immortality and powers manifest through the mind, to do things that illiterate and superstitious people would call miracles. Soul power, to develop the mind, when cultivated, shows itself to be scientifically wonderful.

That goodly spark developed Seems to become will power.

As was recently manifested at Des Moines by a little woman that only weighed about one hundred pounds, as Dr. J. C. Clark tells me. When she willed to do so she could stand straight on glass, or otherwise, and no man could lift her up. Then she could lift five or six men sitting on each other on one chair by taking hold of the bottom of the back legs of the chair as high as her head, and not manifest any strain of muscle or show the least sign of effort.

She could not explain it, claimed it required no effort only the exercise of her will, but proved that she had such power to the satis-

faction of a congregation of men investigating.

I humbly believe it is soul power developed in an unusual degree naturally under law by certain cross in parentage and conditions at the time, a little in advance of present knowledge of God's laws without any special providence. We have seen and heard of such things in less degree and called miracles. Many things are miraculous to us for want of knowledge, yet this God-like natural power seems to be the key. "He spake and it was done. He commanded and it stood fast." One of authority said, "The things I do ye shall do and greater things." So if this is true, you should, Christlike, develop your soul science and powers to do great things.

"Soft roll your incense, herbs, fruits, and flowers, In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts, Whose breath perfumes you and whose pencil paints.

Quality, other things being equal, always gives the greatest power. So size, other things being equal, is the great power. The one you worship most "Thought it not robbery to make himself equal with God." Our "elder brother showed the science of the soul in his acts, passing through where the doors were shut, healing the sick and doing 'many mighty works."

Our ability to use the machinery through which the mind acts proves the existence of a soul, something akin to God and his mighty works that we stand in awe before. The more we cultivate all good qualities the greater the awe and reverence.

EVIDENCE OF SOUL SCIENCE IN IMMORTALITY.

If we are cumbered with a coarse tenement for a time, we should try and find out whether there is immortality for us or not.

There are many ancient theories about it, principally based or

said to be communications with higher spheres of life.

Perhaps the natural laws between us and higher spheres should make it plain to us where the qualities and conditions are attained to. Tens of thousands of people claim they know it to be true by practical tests and experience. Many claim this to be the source of the Bible. As set forth by John the Revelator in his last chapter and eighth and ninth verses he says: "I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things." Then sayeth he unto me "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren the prophets." Other passages of similar pur-

port. Nearly all "orthodox" teachers fly to these sources of evidence to combat materialism and it is the stronghold to prove practically the immortality of the soul. I think we have proof that every faculty of the mind when not perverted or abused in some way but in a well balanced naturally cultured condition only requires hopes or desires that which is right, just and natural for us to have. The conditions being favorable, so that our normal hope of immortality is a natural proof it is for us.

Even Col. R. G. Ingersoll, the great anti-orthodox, who seems to be happy in making home and others happy, said in a lecture on Immortality, in Chicago:

"Oh," but they say to me, "you take away immortality." I do not. If we are immortal it is a fact in nature, and we are not indebted to priests for it, nor to bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief.

As long as we love we will hope to live, and when the one dies that we love we will say: "Oh, that we could meet again,"—and whether we do or not it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in nature. I would not for my life destroy one star of human hope, but I want it so that when a poor woman rocks the cradle and sings a hullaby to the dimpled darling that she will not be compelled to believe that ninety-nine chances in a hundred she is raising kindling wood for hell. One world at a time—that is my doctrine.

It is said in this Testament: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and I say: Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof. And suppose after all that death does end all, next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those we love and those who have loved us, next to that is to be wrapped in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace.

Next to eternal life is eternal death. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave. Eyes that have been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the touch of tears. Lips that have been touched by eternal science will never utter another word of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep, and I had rather think of those I have loved, and those I have lost, as having returned, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world—I would rather think of them as unconscious dust. I would rather think of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the clouds, bursting in the foam of light upon the shores of worlds, I would rather think of them as the inanimate and eternally unconscious, than to have even a suspicion that their naked souls had been clutched by an orthodox ideal Deity.

But for me, I will leave the dead where nature leaves them. And whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish; but I cannot believe there is any being in this universe who has created a human soul for eternal pain. And I would rather that every God would destroy himself; I would rather that we all should go to eternal chaos, to black and starless night, than that just one soul should suffer eternal agony. I have made up my mind that if there is a God, he will be merciful to the merciful. Upon that rock I stand. That every man should be true to himself, and that there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime. And upon that rock I stand. The honest man, the good, kind, sweet woman has nothing to fear, neither in this world nor the world to come. And upon that rock I stand.

Dr. Wheeden, when editing the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, in 1876, on page 745, in contending for immortality and combatting materialism, said: "Personally we believe the spirit of man surviving the death of the body has often made itself visible to living men * *." We say there are too many well authenticated narratives furnished by unimpeachable authority of the actual exist ence and disclosure of spirit separate from the body to allow of reasonable denial.

With Henry Moore and Wesley we meet materialism with this argument and deny its proof from experience.

The following is an extraot from a sermon recently delivered by that eminent divine, Bishop Simpson, of the M. E. church: "The very grave itself is a passage into the beautiful and glorious. We have laid our friends in the grave, but they are around us. The little children that sat upon our knee, into whose eves we look with love, whose little hands have clasped our neck, on whose cheek we have imprinted the kiss—we can almost feel the throbbing of their hearts to-day. They have passed from us, but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers who educate us-that directed and comforted uswhere are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our lives, that walk along life's pathway, those with whom we took sweet counsel and who dropped from our side—where are they but just beyond us?—not far away, but now it may be very near us. Is there anything to alarm us in this thought? No. It seems to me that sometimes when my head is on the pillow there comes whispers as of joy which drop into my heart thoughts of the sublime and beautiful and glorious, as though some angel's wing passed over my brow, and some dear one sat by my pillow and communed with my heart to raise my affection toward the other and better world. not dark. It is glorious. Sometimes the veil becomes so thin it seems to me that I can almost see the bright forms through it, and my bending ear can almost hear the voices of those who are singing their melodious strains. Oh, there is music all around us, though the ear of man hear it not; there are glorious forms all about us, though in the busy scenes of life we recognize them not. The veil of the future will soon be lifted and the invisible will appear."

These are strong, sweet thoughts from great thinkers that could be multiplied by the best thinkers in the world.

UNSEEN FRIENDS.

How many are the friends we do not see

Nor hear, as thro' the open door they come and go,
With voices full of wonderous melody

And footsteps soft as sunshine, to and fro.

We cannot touch their hands, yet they are near,
Our lips are impotent their language to repeat,
Their smiles beguile us not, we see no tear
Nor walk their way adown the mystic street.

They lead us, as it were with silken bond,
They bend above with yearning tenderness,
The songs they sing are breaths of memory fond,
And glint of heaven adorns their shining dress.

By day, by night, in waiting, hope or pair, When the starved lips so long for one caress, These friends, whoe'er they be, unsight, unseen, With joy upraise their willing hands to bless.

And when toward home the soul returns alone,
And the drawn sob of parting wets the wearied eye,
We hear a mellow murmur in the undertone
That bids the heart look into gclden sky.

-P. C. Huntington.

We find ourselves here in what is called a natural world. There is no reason why it should be called anything else; for unnatural things are, certainly, not good things. But good things may be abused and overdone, and become unnatural. That is the reason why it is said, "We, by nature, are prone to evil." Said writer's judgment was warped because we may have inherited from ancestors such dispositions, as the result of their abuse of nature.

As in the case of Adam and Eve they naturally became ashamed, and in that early day began to sew leaves together to cover the abused parts of the natural body to prevent temptation, and perhaps add comfort to the person. Hence the traditional account of the beautiful fruit and its results. But, thank God, man became wiser and generally knew right from wrong. And where they have cultivated the right they have been happy, and good results have followed. Hence there have been many natural born prodigies that have been looked up to, if not worshiped. Historians remember the best things in nature. That shows there is a divine spark of good in man, though he may be called an infidel, that causes him to keep an account of the good things in life, and history occasionally represents the evil, hoping the warning may result in good. Thus the goodly spark is nourished, cultivated and developed till it craves existence after death; naturally cries out for immortality. Such men would be ashamed of violating any good law of God or man, even in breaking his bones, burning his flesh or otherwise carelessly. While sin makes some call for the mountains to fall on them, and then change their course and hope for immortality.

True life and virtue gives hope and pleasurable anticipations, yet cannot be perfectly happy only as they improve and realize stronger hope of immortality. Even the well-balanced blind man

is cheerful in hopes of realizing his ideals. But I am sorry there are so many badly organized by inheritance that their sphere must be very low, till cultivated away from here or hereafter. Some authors speak of man as all immortal. Part of it must be of a low order, yet some people propose to take it all to heaven. regardless of the seven years' changes that go on in removing the worn out material and replacing with new. Yet the mind, under the same great law giver, must be of vastly finer fiber or quality above the mortal grade, as shown by the tenacity of mind of the oldest persons, recollecting their earliest impressions as from the camera of life. The mind is not a part of the brain, but the factor in its development, all important to its life and force of development. Mind power is wonderful and can be made felt far and near. Strong ones have thrown their powers hundreds of miles on the negative sensitive subjects, as proved by letters dated at the time, (see soul power and theory, pages 187 to 195), giving particulars in many cases. Again thousands of honest people claim to have had communication with departed friends in other spheres of life, and verified by known or certain facts among the living. Also persons dving at great distances often appear to the living, which we have no reason to dispute in the light of the known powers of mind over mind, which would be positive proof of immortality of the soul.

This indestructible part seems to hold the human body together, you will note how quickly the body dissolves when the spirit departs. Hence the immortal part must have been first formed, and be the prototype of the physical.

The innate desire for immortality is proof additional that the germ is within, and as natural as any thing we see, feel or realize from the senses. Yet language is inadequate to express even what I

feel, realize or know, to make it plain to others.

There are but few who can demonstrate in any way how the grass grows, yet who doubts it. When we see the future in all its reality, we won't doubt the continuance of life. How could the mind that takes in the universe cease to exist. Is there any reason to think the mind could be blotted out. Other things change their form, but don't cease to exist. Mind can create thousands of new things out of such as we can find, yet can't comprehend how a divine one could do so out of nothing. So we will say that is be yond our credulity.

While the noble, cultivated, intelligent person that comprehends the most of nature and the great planetary universe, feels that immortality is present with them, and higher spheres of life almost tangibly present, and as natural as the divine can make it; why not take his word for it, as you do for other things, if you can't comprehend it.

We may now realize the grossness of this mortal body, and know that we can make it still more gross and vile, bringing it below the low grade of animal, and degrade the mind to the lowest sphere of life much easier than to elevate it, even on the best of Jacob's or Christ-like ladders. But the normal man can cultivate, refine and purify physically, mentally and morally to a very high degree, so that we naturally begin to reason as to what constant culture of the mind and soul would bring us to in qualities necessary for future spheres of existence; then with a clearer vision we will realize more and more the glory to be attained by so improving as to reach beyond the thin veil, and then step by step advance until we recognize that we are in the inner sanctuary, and still only at the portals of the grander and more beautiful beyond in still higher spheres of glory and immortality, with higher degrees, to continue for time and eternity - spheres of supreme purification and refinement beyond our present comprehension. God has planted grand and lofty desires in our immortal souls, and natural anxiety to see God in all His glory naturally follows. I seem to realize such an immortality now, and I no more doubt it than I do my present existence here. The science of soul power is practically demonstrated on pages 187 to 195. Read the article carefully.

PROGRESS OF THOUGHT.

"To seek for truth, wherever found,
On Christian or on heathen ground,
For I doubt not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the progress of the sun's."

I will here give a few thoughts only from the Rig Veda, the Brahmanism Bible, that has some beautiful thoughts running through it, as have many other Bibles, all striving to find out God and duty, showing there was a divine spark in man seeking light as far back as there was mind and thought, whether that was before Adam or not. "The Veda," says Max Muller, professor in Oxford University, "is the most venerable of books," and dates it back centuries before Moses. Brahmans date it back 400 years B. C. The object to be attained was no doubt the inspiration, even so far back in

history as ever since, hence the growing Bibles. The Veda seems to have been the light of the first sparks of knowledge, that has radiated through all other religious thought.

The Veda says: "Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?" "He who gives life." "He who gives strength." "Whose command all the bright gods revere." "Whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death."

"He alone who is God above all gods,"

"The kind mortal is greater than the great in heaven."

They seemed to recognize the divine in man in their Brahman, as others have in Christ, yet sacrificing to the unknown God all the time since to appease his anger, still sought inspiration or divine illumination. They believed in immortality, saying, "As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the soul having quitted its old mortal frames entereth others which are new."—From "Rhagootgeeta."

They also had many theories of belief, such as incarnation, good works, recluse life, the universal spirit and absorption of the divine nature, moral duty, the soul its own witness.

BUDDHAISM IN CHINA, ETC. -COMMANDMENTS.

First-Not to destroy life.

Second-Not to obtain another's property by unjust means.

Third—Not to indulge the passions, so as to invade the legal or natural rights of other men.

Fourth-Not to tell lies.

Fifth-Not to partake of anything intoxicating.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

Buddha said a man who foolishly does me wrong (or regards me as being or doing wrong) I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love, the more evil goes from him, the more good goes from me.

Buddha's followers sought "the illuminating energy of the world," so that "passing through the various worlds, we would rescue the countless beings yet immersed in sin and in the end with them find rest." Thus through love helping each other to work out their own salvation, showing Buddha to be a great saviour.

BUDDHA'S IDEA OF GOD.

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure.
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

It will not be contemned of any one; Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains; The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all;
Do right—it compenseth; do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made,
Though Dharma tarry long.

It knows not wrath or pardon; utter, true
Its measures mete, its fruitless balance weighs;
Times are as naught, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;
The unjust judge has lost his own defender;
The false tongue doomed its lie; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob to render.

Such is the law which moves to righteousness,

Which none at least can turn aside or stay;

The heart of it is love, the end of it

Is peace and consummation sweet. Obey!

—Sir Edwin Arnold, in "The Light of Asia."

Confucius—Born 551 years B. C., said: "It is when you go abroad to behave to every one as if you were receiving a great guest to employ the people as if you were assisting at a great sacrifice not to do to others as you would not wish done to yourself.

This looks like the negative from which Christ's great commandment was printed in a positive form.

Do unto others as you would wish to have them do by you.

Comfucius also: "What I'do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men. Also of perfect virtue required gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness and kindness.

Confucius said of the conduct of life: At fifteen I had a mind bent on learning; at thirty I stood firm; at forty I had no doubts; at fifty I knew the decrees of heaven; at sixty my ear was an obedient organ for the reception of truth; at seventy I could follow what my heart desired without transgressing what was right.

He also said:

How vast the power of spirits— They are everywhere above us, On the right and on the left.

Again, The great man is he who does not loose his child's heart.

ZOROASTER, of Persia—Some authors say he lived about Moses' time.

He says: All good do I accept at thy command, O God, and think, speak and do it; I believe in thy pure law; by every good work seek I forgetfulness for all sin; I keep pure for myself the serviceable work and abstinence from the unprofitable. I keep pure the six powers, thought, speech, work, memory, mind and understanding.

SOCRATES' PRAYER.

Oh, beloved Pan and all ye other gods of the place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I may have may be at peace with those within. May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ. Do we need anything else, Phædrus? For myself I have prayed enough.

PLATO ON WISDOM.

I mean that wisdom is the only science which is the science of itself and of the other sciences as well. Then the wise or temperate man, and he only, will know himself and see what others know and think that they know, and do really know, and what they do not know, and fancy that they know when they do not. No other person will be able to do this. And this is the state and virtue of wisdom or temperance and self-knowledge, which is just knowing what a man knows and what he does not know.

God is Truth and Light. This shows there was a divine spark or intuitive preception in those prodigies of their day as named before and called savior of men far back of Moses.

Besides, there things show the progress of thought and knowledge through natural law principles, as plainly as from the acorn sprout gradually up through time to the sturdy oak. By looking back to the Brahmans, rich Sanscrit, or the sacred language of the Hindoos, with their credulity, and on up through Buddhaism and many other redeemers for other localities and time up to Mohammed, Jesus and Catholicism, where the world nearly stood still so long to fight the battles of their varied supposed sacred doctrines, that caused devastation of valuable time, property and life, and

murder in all of the most hideous forms down to the Inquisition of Spain and similar slaughter elsewhere.

Then that Godlike spark in man's moral nature began to brighten and sparkle, and light and knowledge began to spread; yet Galileo had to recant to save his head, "But the world moves."

Then Protestanism began, and it was an improving protest. But soon a protest protested and it has been protest and division, protest and division ever since; and moral and immoral battles have been fought the intelligent world over, till a few years ago there were 600 branches. Every one was supposed by some of the adherents to be perfect, and some infallible and fought the old battles over and over again like cats and dogs, till there is so many of them that you can only see a little wiggle of the tail left, and it very short.

But on the three hundred and third round for some of them about fifty years ago, they began to falter and then rest, then falter and rest, each year since, then doubt and find fault, till the last twenty years it has been principally doubt as to the sacredness or truthfulness of their doctrines. The revision of the New Testament helped many to see their error and remove the infallibility of it in many minds, so that for the last few years all living or progressive churches are moving formally, or in the spirit of the members to change or discard doctrines heretofore thought to be true and venerable. Then the still more hopeful sign now is no fighting among the churches. Doctrine is a dead letter among the more intelligent teachers, ministers, and laity, they finding something better than total depravity with its supposed remedies or special providences to talk about.

Some of them can begin to see that love drives the chariot wheels, while the kicking mule tugs away at the mud cart. Still many of the churches, that were built on the traditions of the fathers, have their cart loaded with stumbling blocks, so heavy that the wheel horses (poor fellows that are blind in their right eyes and dim vision in the others) have a hard task of it rolling the wheels part of the year; while the driver cracks his whip, saying something about a theory of salvation, that he nor the hearer can comprehend, so out of harmony with God in nature, and everywhere else in common sense business; where people pay their own debts or become defaulters, and suffer the disgrace and penalty. God's laws are universal and in harmony, when understood.

Yet the blind lead the blind and part of the year the cart rolls backward, and so back and forth till the ruts are worn so deep the

propellers can't see their way out. Perhaps some of them never will till they pass over Jordan. Then they will discover what their credulity in depravity and its remedies have led them to; disappointment in their expectations. They will hardly find the depraved, defaulter, thief, fornicator, adulterer, the liar, destroyer of the good reputation of a fellow being; the cultivated hypocrite, teaching errors that he does not believe, and the murderer (of a wicked vile wretch that goes to perdition immediately, according to their doctrine) guilty of all the above crimes, gets scared when caught, pleads for mercy and forgiveness by God and the church and yet swung off into another world by the law and the gallows, all in a few days.

Can you, dear reader, hope or reasonably expect to meet such a one high up in glory and happiness, just as your doctrine teaches? I think not.

Now it is not to pull down, but to get rid of the stumbling blocks by one that has had forty years of honest, faithful experience; not a backslider, but a diligent, progressive thinker, seeking after pure light and knowledge of God, and what is best for himself and family, and your dear immortal soul.

GOD'S NATURAL LAW PROGRESSIVE.

Thank God the starlight of the morning of truth is dawning when credulity—worse than infidelity—in thought is giving away and our Godlike spark of wisdom will open the eyes of all who are seeking the light and truth with an honest purpose to better their own and other's condition, physically, mentally, and morally, so far above the common credulous ideal.

God's laws seem to be progressive in their very nature, and in everything living, moving or existing seems to prove it, so that culture at every point seems to be what is required to put us in harmony with God's expectations in giving us rule over ourselves and this little world, preparatory for higher spheres of life under the same universal laws that we see through more clearly, as we improve and become more in harmony with the divine spirit. We don't expect perfection here or elsewhere, but believe in constant improvement everywhere. Neither do we expect plenary inspiration to guide us or the progressive churches, but the object will be the inspiration closer and still closer to God. We will hope and think with reasonable prospect that within fifty years or another generation there will be more progress made by the churches than in a thousand years past in getting rid of the stumbling blocks then

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and the brighter illumination of the divine spark in the minds of the members will come so they will have abler ministers and higher objects in attending than now as well as a clearer idea of God.

> Ring out the false, Ring in the true.

"Knowing that what is excellent as God lives is permanent."

"Raising their voices in a chant sublime,
They sing the glory of the coming time
When error shall decay and truth grow strong
And right shall reign supreme and vanquish wrong."

"Truth alone is indestructible
The eternal years of God are hers."

TIME.

"Time is indeed a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well,
To man on earth and God in heaven."

Old people have learned, by their experience, the great importance of time and would heartily wish to impress it on the young, and we hope those who read this will seek to profit thereby.

"There is a time to do all things," and for all things that are right, yet how few relatively appreciate the importance of time. Not thinking, to them it is that part of duration allotted to make a good or bad beginning for a great future life, but when we remember this fact and appreciate its importance we are constrained to look about us and see if we cannot economize the short time we may have to mature and wear out in this sphere of action, before we take our exit into another. Think of it as only a beginning, as it were, only a second of time, yet we cannot compute the endless duration to follow. When we think of this fact how inconsiderate must we be to waste or misspend the very short period that the average of the human race live, say about thirty-three years, or if we should live to a hundred, or more, the time is still short for making preparation to move into another state or sphere, and to have a good start there, for, rest assured, as you leave this you go to that, so far as mind and spirit are concerned.

You inquire, quite naturally, "What shall I do?" My answer would be, seek the means to "know thyself." Thus learn what your natural and acquired ability and means will enable you to do the greatest good to the greatest number. And be careful not to set

your star too low, and then make good use of your time, and cultivate body and mind in faithful discharge of duty. Those who do not know themselves as well as others know them, occasionally set their star too high and fail, but if faithful in the use of the means used to promote health and wealth, we may live far beyond many of our race or comrades, and accomplish wonderful things in their estimation, do good and be honored. It takes steady persevering in the best light of the age in which we live, to the close of life here. It is well to remember it takes many drops to make the ocean, and many grains to sand the shore, so we must sow much seed and cultivate before the harvest comes, or plant one tree at a time, prune and guard long and carefully before we get the ripe fruit that pleases the palate; with like care and culture of mind and heart we will love good works as the ripe fruits and give joy and peace beyond time. Having learned by experience that we must do one thing at a time, and do it well, requiring patience as well as perseverence to economize time. Such experience teaches the necessity of good rules and order in business, and them lived up to carefully.

One of the greatest importances is probably the proper division of time, say eight hours each day faithfully employed in some useful avocation that will result in providing for all of the temp-

oral wants of man, and develop body and mind.

Then the same length of time, after deducting say two hours for partaking of our food, to be spent in reading meditation or such places of instruction and pleasure as would develop the mental and moral man, thus preparing you to do good at all times. And then eight hours for sleep and repose. This we think sufficient for the well balanced adult. It will be well for the weak or nervous to sleep more if they can, but for the sluggish or lymphatic temperament it would be well to come down by degrees strictly to this rule and it will aid you in getting rid of surplus flesh and bad habits. You will find it better to wear out than rust out. Be cheerful and kind, seek those amusements that will be edifying and not waste of time or leave a sting in time to come as many do in using profane or vulgar language or in reading low, vulgar, trashey and silly books and papers, as they say, to kill time. There is reason to fear time will hang heavily on such reckless persons in the future if they don't mend their ways; if they do, the scar may be left there as a reminder so the fewer the better. To-day is the time to do the right and always put off the wrong to do to-morrow. Youth, like the morning of each day, is the most precious time of life to commence

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good habits. Those that put off till to-morrow that which should be done to-day will find it becomes harder to do day by day that calls for a change of heart, or mind, or resolution.

Mr. and Mrs. Procrastination are the worst thieves of time you can keep about your premises. He lets his tools lay around and rust, so that when he wants to use them they are not fit, and would require a long time to put them in order; he neglects the lawn, the fences, fails to chop wood, plant trees, plow, sow, reap or mow. or strike while the iron is hot; fails to read a good book or to prepare himself for anything, and when the harvest comes he cannot possibly get ready to gather the fruits until the best of it is wasted in some way; with a favorable season and an abundant yield everywhere else, at the end of the summer he finds that he has not enough to pay his expenses, or pay the interest on one or more "talents" inherited or acquired by circumstances; then he imposes on others and kills time by self-gratification in some bad habit. egotistical notions, or talk that wastes other people's time. Procrastination may have many of the same faults and some others. She has no more care than he has for the good rule of "early to bed and early to rise;" is sure to have a late breakfast or be late in getting ready for it; so it is all day long, her work always pushing her more than she pushes it; she worries, frets, scolds, complains, and declares she is "not going to be a nigger all her life." If she ever gets to church she is sure to show her new bonnet. or dress to the best advantage when the congregation is all there by coming in last; all eves turn to her and she undergoes full criticism as to appearance and habits, if not reputation and character, as one may be good and the other bad.

This is bad enough, but worse to disturb the domestic peace and pleasure, where she has a live, wideawake husband by her slothfulness. If she has a washing to do frequently puts it off to the middle, last or next week, and then can't get at it till nine or ten o'clock when the best half of the day is gone. Then "O dear me, I have such big, hard washing and the sewing must be done next week, for the children and I are getting ragged and dirty," etc.

No good children ever follow in the footprints of such parents, but seek a model elsewhere.

If it is hard for you to learn to rise early and make everything move by a system or order in good time, try and try again. If you have to, go to bed when the chickens go to roost to make you feel like getting up before the sun and see the grandeur of that glorious orb. It will give you brighter thoughts; it will give you additional

courage that will help you "get the start and keep it." It will pay every way, health, beauty and happiness, besides it is said "the early bird catches the worm," and when you get the start it is easier to keep it. Like the two women running the race a talking, when the second arrived for commencing one of them began promptly "I got the start, I'll keep the start," "I've got the start I'll keep the start," and so on to the end. Of course she won the prize but the other learned a lesson on time. If you are now convinced of the importance of time and keeping pace with it from moment to moment, from day to day and from year to year, in little things, big things and all things, then the present moment, now, to-day -is the very time for you to form a firm or determined resolution that will guide you as a compass in all your future time and movements in life into that straight and narrow path that never leads you to the wrong place. What do you say now? Methinks I hear you sav. I will.

Then there is good reason to hope you will so cultivate the bright and cheery morning of life, that you will have the necessary preparation to bear much good fruit in your mature life. Clean and fill your lamps in the morning and save shame, if not an explosion, in the evening. Forethought saves borrowing and begging later. Self respect prompts to action in time. Having done your simple duty you have no reason to fear for the future. This course will lead to peace, joy and contentment through a consciousness of faithful discharge of duty.

Having divided and subdivided your time as it should be, you will find you have no time for fretting, whining or complaining of your duties or responsibilities. But you must go at them with a will, let them be what they may, and if you do not at first succeed, try and try again till you do. Some things may seem hard at first, but in time, if they are your duties, they will become a pleasure if you have been rightly trained.

If you have not it will be the more necessary that you should persevere, for your own good and that of future generations, to enlivate the weak points, and thus become strong and well-balanced, which is necessary for the best success. A top must be well poised to run well and an unbalanced mind may run astray. Still worse, "An idle head is Satan's work shop," then all moves backward or downward while all nature says move onward and upward through time which is just as necessary for your success as for the sun, moon and stars to rise and set at their appointed time. As we find ourselves the highest development of natural laws, shall not man

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imitate these laws in keeping perfect time in some corresponding periodicity? These things, we trust, were not all developed in vain or man for no good purpose. Then why should we mar nature and happiness by disregarding time? I trust we will do so no further. Our natural demands for food, sleep and exercise call for the regularity of natural clock work for our own good and happiness. Still we are free agents to modify these things within certain bounds to our wants and circumstances. The misuse of time is a sin and brings sorrow and suffering. The more closely we observe law the more virtuous and happy we will be.

Let us then have a specified time to rise, bathe, do our chores, partake of our meals, labor, study and improve the body and mind in every possible way; then pleasure will be mingled all through, even to retiring.

This course will promote health with all its attending blessings (frequently prized most by those who lose it), and then we can accomplish so much more in a given time. Mothers could enjoy more by putting the little ones to bed, and tucking them up and giving them food at regular periods, besides conferring a great favor on the rising generation in many ways. If you expect to accomplish much in life, you will have to keep doing or preparing to do, all the time. Idleness is the prolific parent of vice, the great clog to progression and canker worm of enjoyment. Who ever knew a great and good man not literally crowded with things urgent to be done—too much so to find any time to waste?

The greater they are the more incessantly is their time occupied: their greatness consists of their efficiency. We should use our very best thoughts and judgment as to what we should do, and what first, what is most important, and when done will confer the greatest personal and general good and happiness. Remember this as a rule of valuation of things to be done, and you will find no time to imitate foolish or weak-minded people who spend their precious time in worrying if not working to keep pace with the latest fashion in dress, or go to the other extreme, away back to the days of yore, when even intelligent people tacitly acknowledged by action that tea, coffee, beer, wine, whisky and tobacco, with their degrading tendencies, should have a respectable corner in decent society. I am grateful that we live in a better day, when people well informed on the subject think to the contrary, knowing that they are nar cotics, stimulants and poisons, not intended for man in that form, and in time will blunt, injure and destroy the mind, make drones. or worse, and cut off a large part of natural life; these habits entail

evils upon future generations mentally, morally and physically. To think of these enormous evils is enough to make one shudder if not "seared as with a hot iron." Does it not behoove us to do right and use all the influence we have to do away with these evils? Water is a beverage prepared by God Himself to nourish and invigorate his creatures. This will leave you a clear head, and not lead into evil.

We are by nature social beings and should cultivate it whenever we can do good and receive good, but never impose ourselves on others to kill time. Their time may be very valuable to them, and they do not care to use it up in kicking you out. I do not advocate much formality in etiquette, but a little training on this subject with some people would be a good thing. Some people seem to be looking through smoked minds, eyes or glasses; so that a polite hint does not suffice, and they soon lose a friend and waste other people's time. So take time to study easy, sensible manners.

When you make an appointment do not be tardy, it is waste of other people's time to have to wait on you. It would try your patience to have to wait on them; "Do as you would wish to be done by." If you promise to pay a debt at a certain time obey this rule. Seek to be in harmony with the highest natural laws of heaven and earth, and you will soon enjoy the pleasures of a good conscience; and order in everything you do or say, and have a place for everything and everything in its place, which is one of the best ways possible of saving time. Do these things faithfully and you shall have my blessing; yea more, God's blessing; and you will be happier and make others so, not only in time but eternity.

Then when our time is ended here we may hope to be worthy of having inscribed on our monument:

He (or she) tried to make home happier and better and the world is better by his having lived in it, etc.

He said: Time is precious; are you improving it? Systematic selfculture and good work are the great saviors of mankind. Remember this. Try it physically, mentally and morally in harmony, at home and abroad, and find heaven a condition not far off.

AGED PARENTS.

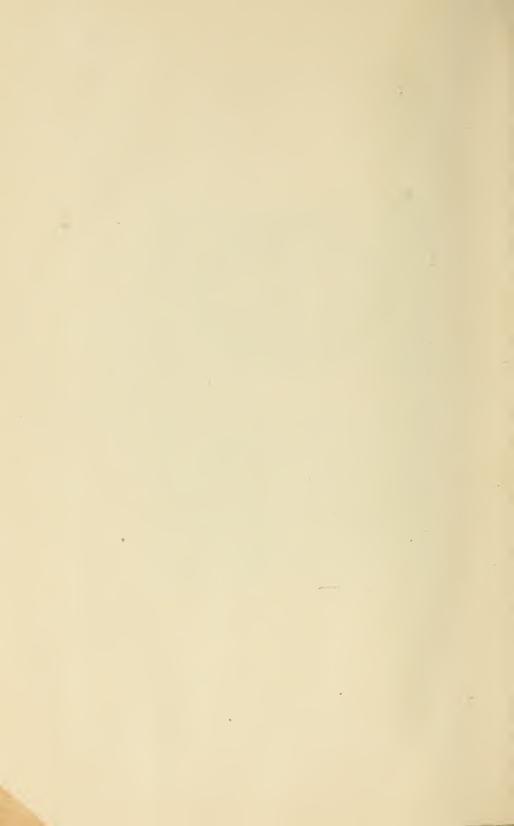
"Old to ourselves, but children yet to be, In the strange cities of eternity."

A most notable gathering was the one that occurred at the home of A. W. Richards, at Indianola, on the 12th inst. It was a birthday party given in honor of his mother and his father. It was the eighty-seventh birthday of R. Van Tassell, the aged father. Mr. Richards, well known as the invalid soldier of Indianola,





MOTHER AND STEP FATHER VAN TASSELL. 84 and 89.



sent out elegant invitations to all the old people in the city who had reached the age of eighty. Carriages were sent for them and thus about twenty persons who were over four score met and enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Richards. Some were unable to walk and others hardly able to see, but all were able to joke and tell stories of the years gone. After dinner Mr. Richards made a short address which was felt by all to have been one of the best things of the day. Indianola is proud of the fact that in a city of only 2,500 population there can be found so many persons who have reached such a good old age. May they still see many years and enjoy the good things of life which they richly deserve. Further Mr. Richards spoke as follows:

My venerable old friends, for the past week I have anticipated this treat to see so many that have had God's blessings in physical health and minds well balanced as to have steady habits enough to have lived over four score of years. My veneration for your white locks may come to me from my quaker ministeral ancestors, that lived beyond the usual alloted time, but the feeling for such old land marks are close akin to one we feel in looking at the snow-capped mountains, that seem to grow taller when we look back and contemplate the storms, upheavels and tornadoes they have endured, and then when we anticipate the wealth within and in like manner the strength of soul that must come of long faithful lives cultivated up to the standard of God in nature physically, mentally and morally.

The anticipations of higher spheres in life where these mortal frames fall off, must be very sweet. The winter of life may result in great good and like our winters be the harbinger of fruitful seasons. We will not forget the snow invigorates the roots of the grain, the cold strengthens the trunks of the trees, the winds cause the roots to take deeper hold, the heavy ice shut in the fish and protect many things and make them better.

The less vigorous succomb, but we still have the "Survival of the fittest," and make all nature radiant with its blessings.

Then you may notice in our colder climates where it requires an effort to live and protect ourselves, that it is here the social, moral, intellectual culture makes the greatest strides to educate the world up to a higher life.

Now since you began fighting the battles of life over 80 years ago, you certainly have developed great strength of character, if not an abundance of this world's goods. You should now shake off all care as to property and maintenance after having done your duty well and faithfully in raising families that will now care for you.

Then if we all cultivate a common sense agreeable disposition with due charity for each other, all will be provided for here and we may chant sweet melodies in the beautiful fields beyond life. May God bless you all.—Herald.

In concluding this chapter and winter period of a natural life, it is fitting that I should make a special plea for the old and infirm that are drawing so near the end of their time here.

May the following lines by Alice Cora Hammond touch a tender cord in your heart for those in the Saturday afternoon of life.

Through flickering leaves the sunlight sifting, Falls warmly across the tidy floor; The distant voices of gleeful children Comes faintly in at the open door.

The clock's low rhythm defines the stillness;
The house is resting from work well done;
The weary housewife with patient fingers
Knits'mid the quiet so hardly won.

She ponders the day's completed labors,
Finished betimes, ere the Sabbath rest;
The dainties stored in the well-filled pantry,
The mended garments, the welcomed guest,
The toil-worn fingers move slow and slower,
Her head drops forward, her eyes full soon
Close in a gentle and child-like slumber,
As she dreams in the Saturday afternoon.

She wanders with tireless feet of childhood,
Through meadows she knew so well of yore,
And laughs as she fills her tiny apron
With blossoms fragrant, in boundless store.
Forms long vanished step in at the doorway;
Sweet voices sing a forgotten tune;
Angels ascend and descend before her,
As she rests in the Saturday afternoon.

The fading sun sinks under the hill tops,
The shadows lengthen across the floor;
The birds chirp softly their good-night carol,
The children pause at the dark'ning door;
The tired sleeper no more they waken,
Pale in the rays of the harvest moon;
She waits the dawn of an endless Sabbath,
Gone home in the Saturday afternoon.

Aged parents and grandparents are occasionally treated unkindly by their offsprings, who would gladly rid themselves of them, apparently forgetting the debt of gratitude they owe to their fathers and mothers. Such cold, selfish hearts hardened against the ones they once loved with the tenderest, holiest affections, you may say can it be possible that anyone can become so hardened?

Examine yourself from the standpoint of the golden rule and see if there is any tinge of such feelings or actions on your part towards them. As a human being are you doing all you can to make them comfortable and happy? Was it not your mother who watched over you in the hours of infancy? Was it not she who spent so many sleepless nights by your side as you lay in your little bed, suffering from disease which she feared might take you, the loved one, from her sight; and when the danger was past thanked God that her darling's life was spared? She has earnestly prayed for you all along the journey of life, and is still anxious for your welfare. Oh, how you loved and trusted her when every childish

care and sorrow was poured into her listening ear, and you ever found in her a sympathizing friend and counselor! And your father, do you not remember when you used to stand at the window and watch him coming from his work where he had labored all the day long for weeks, months and years, that you should not want; and when the evening meal was over took you on his knee, caressed and told you pretty little stories that interested you, and called you his precious child and tried to teach you many things that would be useful to you; hoped you might become a good and great person, and sent you to school that you might become wise, giving you advantages that he never had? If you fail to became wise and useful and an honor to yourself and the world, don't reproach those who have done so much for you.

Stop and think of all these things and where the fault is, before you pronounce father and mother burdens. Consider that the vigor of life is gone, and they become weak and dependant, that their poor old hearts need cheering by pleasant surroundings and smiles, mingled with kind, affectionate words. Some of them become very sensitive and refined in their feelings, yet say little. who are sower, fretful and constantly worrying over little things, probably had that kind of children to care for when you were young, so be patient, loving and kind. It never pays to borrow trouble, you will get enough by your own acts and what others bring to you. But as you borrowed light, knowledge, food, raiment ane good cheer from your parents, now pay it back in kindness and you will have a good conscience. I believe many do this cheerfully, others would be glad of the chance to do so. Some parents are so afraid of being a burden to their children, that they make themselves feel that they are not welcome, when the children really enjoy it.

For these reasons some men and women appear to dread to become old, yet there is nothing so venerable as the gray hairs where there is something as pure as gold within. These may be signs that the bloom and vigor of youthful days are passing away, but they are also indications that you are stepping into a grander stage of even this life's existence, for grand it is to be a noble old man or woman.

As you step down or up into the land of beulah you have a wealth of treasured memories and you can afford to smile with a superior smile over your sons and daughters. You know more than they strong men and bright women though they are. You have been over the road where their feet tread so confidently. You know the

pit-falls, the ins and outs, the thorns, the joys. You remember that when you were twenty years old you thought you knew nearly everything, and what you did not know was hardly worth acquiring; at forty you began to suspect that what you did not know would make a large volume; at fifty you knew it would make very many of them, and what you knew would make a very small book. Now are you convinced that wisdom will not die with you? If so, you can smile at the middle-aged about you. Alas! if there is not the enthusiasm of a buoyant life within you, there is the calmness and satisfaction of mature judgment.

You know what life really is. You are not easily deceived by appearances, and the life to come puts on warmer, richer tints in prospect as you draw nearer to the golden portal. If the eye is dim, the ear heavy, remember there are lights that die not away with the dying sunbeams, there are songs that cease not when the singing of the birds is silent.

A writer in Arthur's Home Magazine says: "I know an old man of ninety, of whom the world is scarce worthy, who is both blind and deaf. Last week when I sat by his side he said: 'No one can rob me of the sounds within; I hear the sweet voices of children and of birds, echoing from the past, but never one harsh or wicked sound. I am greatly favored, more than the rest of you, I suspect,' with a smile lighting up his pale, spiritual face.

"We answer in tones suited to his deafness: 'But your blind-

ness shuts out everything pleasant from you.'

"'Oh, no, you are mistaken, he answers, brightly, 'I do not forget my children's faces, or the sunset over there, or that field of green, or that grand old oak, I see them all, and much beside, but nothing ugly or disagreeable. Oh, I am a happy man.'

"Dear old man, who shall say you have passed off of the stage of action while you preach such a sermon as that? Why, the long day of that man's life, active influential and rich in good works, is

nothing compared to the glory of such a sunset."

If you, dear reader, are sixty, seventy or eighty years old, do not say: "We are passing off of the stage; younger men are taking our places; we just step aside for others." Not so; they are only on your trail and cannot fill or take your place now.

When the sun comes up on a summer's day and has business on hand, he is very beautiful, and brighter still is he as he sails through the white-fleeced clouds; and beautiful still as he sinks to us westwardly, silently and slowly in the horizon. You can look it full in the face now, as it seems to hang for a moment without moving,

and then there is sheeted all over the landscape such glowing, gorgeous colors, that the whole world is glorified. Is not this light more beautiful than that at any other time of the day? It soon passes from our vision, yet we may see the reflected light on the moon and stars.

Now there is many a matron and many an old man that, during their sunset days, are giving us more beauty than at any other period of their lives, and when gone, their light will still reflect on the stars left behind. Therefore, however venerable you are, though your steps are slow and your outward physical functions are obstructed, you are not laid aside. Do you say, "Our children and neighbors do not take this view." Then your children do not deserve their parents and are planting thorns for their own old age; your neighbors are incrusted with a coarse materialism.

There must be something pleasant in having the landscape of a well spent life behind you, and below you, so as to take a retrospective view of many things not understood while climbing the ladder of life, that now seem quite clear, the mist having vanished in the light of some newly discovered law or principle.

Then in the light of these discoveries, reason by analogy on into the future, to get some illuminated glimpses of God's wherefore; to have the long up hill all but over, and to find the upland slopes of duty all but merging into the table-land of glory. The veil becomes so thin to such that they will not call it a debatable land, but seem to see the new sunrise just ahead. There are thousands of our fathers and mothers almost there, let us show them the love and respect that our late beloved president and the nation showed his mother as far as we can. At the inauguration of President Garfield, the following loving touching scene occurred, as described by Rev. Boynton in the Cincinnati Gazette:

At the outer edge and in the center of the great platform erected at the east front of the Capitol for the inauguration ceremonies there was a small one, rising a few inches above the floor. Along the center of this were three chairs. General Garfield sat in the middle one, with President Hayes at his left and the Chief Justice at his right. Mrs. Hayes sat back of the Chief Justice with General Garfield's mother next to her on the left and Mrs. Garfield next to her. The balustrading along the front, heavily draped as it was with flags, almost entirely, if it did not wholly conceal these ladies from the vast audience in front, while those who stood back of them shut them in from the sight of the mass of officials on the platform. A few of the correspondents who had been given seats close to the Presidential party, and a few of those near General Garfield as he turned from the platform in common with all the rest, saw that he stopped to kiss his old mother, and then his wife who sat next her. It was an act as far removed as possible from the spectacular, and

there was scarcely a dry eye in the whole circle which noticed this beautiful act of filial and manly devotion.

There had been a multitude of moist eyes in the Senate Chamber, as one after another of the great crowd there recognized the white haired mother of the President. There had been many more as she was helped down the steps of the east porch and forward to a seat near her son. Her presence was the one touching feature in the magnificent pageant. American manhood and the representatives of foreign nations uncovered as she passed, to do her honor. To every one, while the tears started, there evidently rose up a vision of the long road from widowhood and poverty over which she had struggled with her boy, seeing him rise step by step from one success and honor to another, up to this position of crowning triumph. It was the subject of general mention in all the crowds throughout the day, and to the honor of all, rough and cultivated, the act was referred to in tones that indicated deep feeling, and with eyes which told how strongly the incident appealed to the most sacred feelings in the heart of man.

What memories must have rushed through his mind as, turning from that platform a President, his eye rested first upon that aged, white-haired n'ether, and under these circumstances he stopped and kissed his mother and the wife who was supporting her, while tears stood in the eyes of the little company of witnesses. And in thus honoring his mother he surely honored both himself and the high

office which he holds.

THE GLORIOUS SUNSET.

Your father and mother may be just as deserving as was Mrs. Garfield, if their sons and daughters have not yet attained to the same eminence as her son, who has now preceded her to that goodly land, as many of you may yet do e'er your parents take their leave of our sphere of life. Our observations here teach us that though you are growing old and feeble, it will add to your pleasure to keep on developing the immortal mind up to the time you leave the body, and then if your children do likewise, they will learn to respect your feelings, and remember that old and nervous people need love and quiet.

May the richest blessings of this life and that to come be showered on all who do their duty to the aged parents.

REMEMBER.

Your father's growing old,
His sight is very dim;
He leans on his faithful staff,
For he's weak in every limb.
His years are well-nigh told,
His earthly hopes are fled;
He soon will slumber cold
Among the silent dead.

Your mother's old and weak, Her locks are thin and gray; Her aged form is bent. She soon will pass away. The one who loves you ever, You soon shall see no more, Until you cross the river. And stand on the other shore.

Be kind to the old folks, then They've done enough for you, They've braved the storms of life With spirits strong and true: And, now, when age has come, And earthly hopes have fled, Oh, share with them your home. And cheer their dying bed.

GENEOLOGY OF THE AUTHORS FAMILY.

The author is not so much concerned as to where he come from as to "whither he goeth." He has no doubt the goodly spark of his very great ancestors was among the Adamites or Pre-Adamites, where Cane found his wife and built a city. Possibly among the cave builders beyond history, or whether it came on through animal life, is not important, so it improved all the way through the wars, floods and worse religion of the first few thousand years.

But the first locality that our tradition finds the "survival of the fittest," was in West England or Wales, a hardy class of people, "never conquered," and a line of

Quaker ministers, that seem to have had it rooted and grounded into their faith, for it was bred into our great-grand-father and our grand-father. But I have not had access to their ancient church records, that would probably clear up the record of the family many generations, I do not know when they came over the briny deep; but find our great-grand-father, Roland Richards, over a century ago was preaching and teaching in New York State, Pennsylvania New Jersey and Virginia, where he lived at Falmath, Louden county, or near "Crooked Run." He had two sons by his first wife, Abijah and Eli, the first Abijah, was our grand-father, and lived in Columbiana county, Ohio, where he had a large family. Our father was his youngest son, Eli, named after his uncle. Our Grand-Webb. Mother Richards' maiden name was Esther Daniels, and she also was a Quaker minister, and lived with us some after grand-fathers' death (1819). She lived many years. Now to go back to great-grand-father. His son Eli had a son Townsend, that emigated west to Illinois, we think. He had a sister Pheby. Besides the ancient grandfather had married a second time and had eight daughters.

I bave a dozen of his ancient letters that shows he was a fine scholar and pensman, one of them is dated "Crooked Run," November 25, 1793, which was in Louden county, Virginia, written to his son Abijah, our grand-father. He speaks of a large number of yearly meetings attended in said adjoining states, speaks of the following persons as relatives: Catherine Louis, Townsend Speakman, Samuel Richards, Thomas Harrison, and Bulah Richards as if his sister.

March 4, 1801, another letter tells of him and wife, son-in-law, Ezekial Cleaver and Daniel Holloway, starting from Bridgeport down the Monongahala for the "Miamis," till they got to Wayneville, Hamilton county, Ohio, atterward called Warren county, as the address was still Warrenville, where he speaks of being eighty-three years old in 1811. Soon after he first went to Cincinnati (1801), he speaks of having organized the first "Friends" church, and tells something of its progress.

These honored, ancient propaganda's were successful in obeying the command to

multiply and replenish the earth.

Our grand-parents, Abijah and Esther Richards' offspring for three generations, so far as I know are as follows.* (There may be a thousand of the fourth generation).

* Samuel Richards married Rachel Walker, Fairfield, Columbiana county, Ohio. Their offsprings are:

Elizabeth R. married Mr. Young, a noted pedestrian, East Carmel, Ohio;

Esther R. married W. M. Booth, Achor, Ohio, and Joseph R.

* Abijah Richards married Sarah James, Fairfield, Ohio. Theirchildren are: Daniel R, married three times, Misses Baker, Walker and Rebecca Great; Mily Ann R. married Elasha Blundon, Kansas; Edith R. married Wm. Stocksberry, Fairfield, Ohio; Mary R. married Thomas Baker, Kansas; John R. married Margaret Thomas, Legrande, Iowa; Sarah R. married Jerry Booth, Achor, Ohio; Alfred R. married Phœbe Leach, Kansas; Daniel R, married Matilda Peck, Fairfield, Ohio; Eli R. married Mary Adas, LeGrande, Iowa; Louisa R. married Alfred Barnes, Elktown, Ohio; Elasha R. married Mary Strong, LeGrande, Iowa; Esther Ann R. married Henry Lawson, LeGrande, Iowa.

* Esther Richards married John James, Fairfield, Ohio.

* Edith Richards married Isaac Davis, Fairfield, Ohio. Their children are:
Elasha Davis, Salt Lake City; Isaac Davis, Onawa, Monona county, Iowa;
Esther Tiltson, Onawa, Monona county, Iowa; Ruth Peck, Mount Rose, Iowa;
Edith Riter, Colusa, Ill.; Harrison Davis, Salt Lake City; Elizabeth Davis, Salt Lake City; Élijah Davis, California; Malen Davis, California; Sabina Harrison, Ohio.

* Mary Richards married Caleb Fowler. Their children are:

* Mary Richards married Caleb Fowler. Their children are:
Milton Fowler, Springdale, Iowa; Axy Hale.

* Roland Richards married Tacy Walker, LeGrande, Iowa. Their children are:
Lydia A. R. married William Hayes, Legrande, Iowa; Lavina R. married Andrew D. Hanigan, LaGrande, Iowa; Phœbe R. married David Inman, Quirry,
Iowa; Matilda R. married Thomas McCool, LeGrande, Iowa; Abijah R. married Ann Hannah, LeGrand, Iowa; Oliver R. married Cordelia Bill, Grannell,
Iowa; Mily Ann R. married Anthony L. Babb, Tomah Ciity, Iowa; James D. R. married Rachel Traybern, LeGrande, Iowa.

* My father, the youngest of the old stock, is Eli Richards, born June 9, 1847; died December 23, 1844, married Elenor Wherry, born October 11, 1809, Indianola,

Their children † and grand children are:

† Arthur W. Richards (the author), born September 14th, 1832, married December 6, 1857, Margaret A. McKown, born October 26, 1839. Our children are.

Preston A., born September 25, 1859; Frank Arthur, born August 7, 1861;
Mary Ella, born March 9, 1864; John Madison, born July 1, 1866; Stella Captola, born November 10, 1868; Simson Bryant, born November 1, 1870; Sterling Jewett, born December 30, 1872; Lottie May, born April 15, 1875; Cory Burdette, born Lucy 2, 1877; Borge Hayes, born November 7, 1870.

born July 3, 1877; Rosco Hayes, born November 7, 1879.

† Albert T. Richards, born December 13, 1833, married February 16, 1854, Sarah Jane Tiney, born August 22, 1832, Indianola, Iowa. Their children are:

William Arthur, born December 13, 1854; James L., born November 9, 1856; Charles T., born November 7, 1858; Eleanor L. Truett, born December 10, 1860; Sarah M. Hines, born November 4, 1863; Burt H., born February 7, 1869; Madison, born February 29, 1872; Mary May, born September 3, 1873; Alonzo, born

July 4, 1876.

† Melissa Ann Richards, born September 6, 1835, married December 17, 1854, to Stephen S. Nelson, born August 15, 1833, Wilksville, Ohio. Their children are,

all near Wilksville, Ohio:
Elmer E., born July 5, 1856; Sumner S., born April 23, 1858; Elsay A., born October 3, 1859; Edward B., born September 16, 1863; Emmet C., born July 21, 1868; Warren P., born November 10, 1873; Albert S., born February 18, 1877.
†Caroline Richards, born June 25, 1837, married March 19, 1865, to Edward S. Silcott, born December 7, 1834, Indianola, Iowa. Their children are:
Harriett Melissa, born March 2, 1866; Flora Belle, born July 4, 1867; Madison Bishards, born Luly 21, 1868; Levis Edward born August 9, 1870, April March

Richards, born July 31, 1868; Lewis Edward, born August 9, 1870; Anna Mary, born April 20, 1872; Dora Ellen, born December 12, 1874; Stephen Nelson, born June 24, 1876; Gerty Caroline, born November 22, 1877.

† Mark M. Richards, born April 11, 1839, died June 29, 1859.

† Madison A. Richards, born March 24, 1841, married Anna Mary Stuart,

Seven-Mile, Ohio. They have one daughter, Leuella.
† Eli Harry Richards, born October 1, 1843; died less than two years old.
Mother again married, Russell Van Tassel. Hence I had a half-brother, Perry
A. Van Tassel, born May 9, 1856; died April 29, 1890.

WHERRY.

My grandfather, Arthur Wherry, for whom I was named, lived and died near East Palestine, Columbiana county, Ohio. His wife, my grandmother's maiden name was Nancy Michell. They had a large family of which my mother was the oldest. Her sisters and one brother with their children are given below. Most of the latter have large families.

Margaret Wherry married Charles Billingsley, New Waterford, Columbiana county, Ohio. Their children are:

Jemima E. Burt, East Palestine, Ohio; Nancy E. Randals, East Achor, Ohio; Martha A. Grimm, Ohioville, Pennsylvania; Mary J. Martin, New Waterford, Ohio; Sarepta Booth, Achor, Ohio; Almia Billingsley, New Waterford, Ohio; Frances Watson, New Waterford, Ohio; Alice Watson, New Waterford, Ohio.

Martha Wherry and Zephania Wherry, Negley, Ohio; Mary Wherry, East Palestine, Ohio.

Madison Wherry married Anna Mary Elliott. Their children are:

Harriet, Alice, Hiram, Meade, Amanda, Maria, Carlton, Anna, Susan, all East Palestine, Ohio.

Alice Wherry married Hiram Booth, East Carmel, Ohio. Their children are: Santford Y., East Carmel, Ohio; Tryphena, East Carmel, Ohio; Mary Heald, Centerdale, Iowa; Porter, East Carmel, Ohio.

Nancy Wherry married George Wilson, Beaver, Beaver county, Pennsylnania.

Their children are:

Joseph, Railtown, Beaver county, Penn.; Sarah J. Elliott, Darlington, Beaver county, Penn.; Alice Bell. Bridgewater, Beaver county. Penn.; Harrison, Beaver, Beaver county, Penn.; Clarinda, Beaver, Beaver county, Penn.; Seth, Beaver, Beaver county, Penn.; George Beaver, Beaver county, Penn.; Ella, Beaver, Beaver county, Penn.; Amanda, Beaver, Beaver county, Penn.; Phœbe Ann Richardson, Achor, Ohio; Mary, Emmaline.

Sarah Wherry married John Rundals, Achor, Columbiana county, Ohio. Their

children are:

Wade Rundals, Achor, Ohio; Nancy A. Shaffer, Achor, Ohio; William, Achor, Ohio; Esther Jenkins, Achor, Ohio; Laura, Achor, Ohio; Alice, Achor, Ohio;

Minerva, Achor, Ohio; Adaline, Achor Ohio.

There are now probably as many more of a later generation, children of the older members of the latest generation named above. Multiplying at this rate in about fifty years, from two families, what will it be a century hence. Then go on indefinitely and imagine what advance in this and everything else will probably be made. The world moves, why should we not all improve in every way possible.



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